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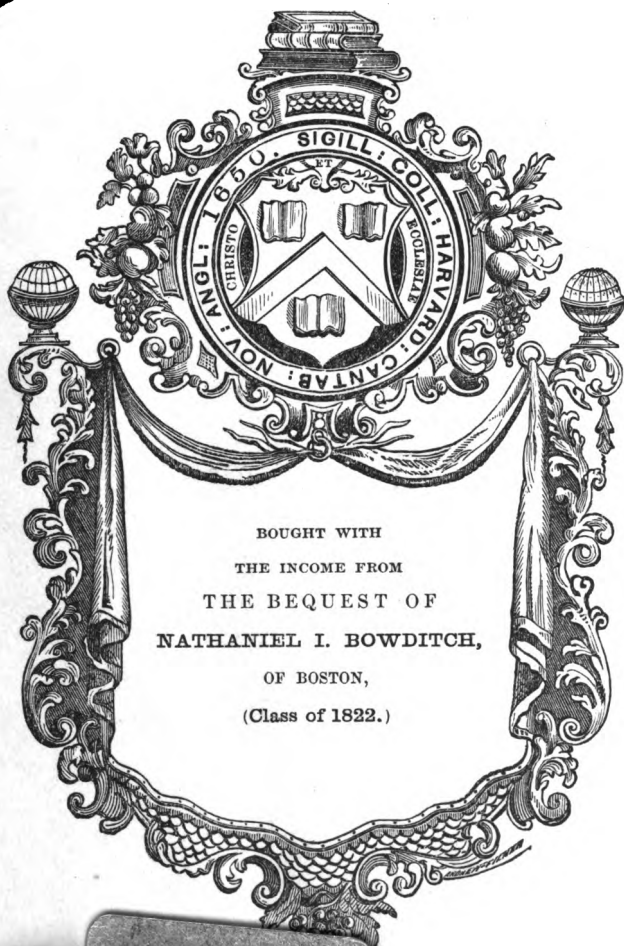
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THE CABIN BOY.

THE CABIN BOY.

THE CABIN BOY.



27

The Cabin-Boy.

THE CABIN BOY:

BEING

THE MEMOIRS OF AN OFFICER

IN THE

Civil Department of H. M. Navy,

WELL KNOWN BY THE NAME OF

“BILLY PITT,”

AND WHO DIED AT MALTA IN THE MONTH OF
AUGUST, 1839.

LONDON:

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Bowditch Fund

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

TO THE
OFFICERS,
OF THAT SERVICE IN WHICH THE BEST PART OF
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE WAS SPENT,
AND TO
WHICH HE WAS ALWAYS WARMLY AND
SINCERELY ATTACHED,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY

The Editor.

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THE CABIN BOY.

CHAPTER I.

Early incidents.—At School.—Resolves on a Sailor's Life.—Sailor's Song.—Leaves School.—Enters one of His Majesty's Packets, as 'the Cabin Boy.'

IN January 1790, being then eleven years and a half old, upon the opening of the School after the vacation, I was placed as a boarder at Mr. Wragg's classical and commercial Academy, Stoke Newington, about three miles from London on the Tottenham road, and for the first time in my life was separated from my sister, which, with a few occasional visits, has to this period been our fate; for, owing to the following circumstance, I was induced to embrace a profession, to which I have steadily adhered to until the 31st of March, 1837, when from sickness and debility, I was obliged to retire from public life.

A

In the month of September, 1790, according to custom, the scholars old enough to walk, were taken to the Aquatic Theatre, Sadler's Wells, for the benefit of Monsieur Brouguiere, our dancing master, who was the Chief of the Corps de Ballet. Among the numerous entertainments, was represented 'the Guardian Store Ship,' commanded by Lieutenant Riou, R. N., running upon an island of ice off the Cape of Good Hope, but providentially preserved, and got safe into that Port, (Table Bay) the 24th of February, in the same year it was performed.*

It must be observed he never lost hopes of saving the Ship, and persisted to remain on board, but gave the Boats to those who wished to leave him, and addressed a letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, recommending to their consideration, in case of foundering, an aged Mother and two Sisters; the ship got safe into Table Bay. A song was composed, very complimentary to the intrepidity and perseverance of Lieutenant Riou, and sung upon the present occasion by Mr. Harlowe, in the character of "Jack the Guinea Pig ;"

* I saw her ribs and trucks on the beach, when I was last there, in 1823.

it struck my fancy most forcibly, and with the assistance of Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarll, Peter Wilkins, and a few others, determined me on choosing a sailor's life, and having a good voice and fond of singing, I learnt it, and sung it to our dear Father one evening, (which no doubt, you well recollect,) as also how delighted he was, and from that period encouraged my preference for that profession, and in case of shewing these sheets to any body, I shall introduce the song here, better to enable them to form an idea of the impressions likely to be made upon a young and ardent mind,

SONG.

When the anchor is weigh'd and the Ship's unmoor'd
And landsmen lag behind Sir;
The Sailor joyfully skips on board,
And in swearing he prays for a wind Sir.

Towing here, yeoing there,
Steadily, readily, cherrily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a Sailor's life at sea.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And sings to landsmen dreary;
The Sailor fearless goes to sleep,
Or takes his watch most cheerly:

Snoozing here, boozing there, &c.

When we sail with a freshening breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick Sir,
The Sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
Whilst the Song and the Can go quick Sir.
Laughing here, quaffing there, &c.

When the sky looks black, and the winds blow hard,
And landsmen skulk below Sir;
Jack mounts up to the topsail yard,
And he turns his Quid as he goes Sir.
Hauling here, bawling there, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And landsmen cry all's gone Sir;
The Sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
And jokes with Davy Jones Sir.
Dashing here, crashing there, &c.

When the Ship d'ye see becomes a wreck,
And landsmen take to the boats Sir,
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
While a single plank's afloat Sir.
Swearing here, tearing there,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a Sailor's life at sea.

This last verse appeared to me so fine, so manly, and so descriptive of what I fancied to be the character of the sailor, so ably described by poor Charles Dibdin in all his best songs, about this time; viz. Poor Jack, Tom Bowling, Greenwich Pensioner, Honest Waterman, Sweet Little

Angel, and many others equally excellent; it cannot be wondered at, that so many were dazzled, and like me, embraced a sailor's life, and it is a lucky circumstance for Old England that they did.

I quitted Mr. Wragg's School at Christmas, and in January, 1791, went to a classical academy of a superior cast, with the Rev. Dr. Hall, Lewisham in Kent, who, the following summer, in consequence of his school much increasing, removed to a splendid mansion at East Acton, on the Uxbridge Road, and about four miles from London. The troubles in France furnished us with tutors of that language of the first description as scholars, and gentlemen of enlightened minds, and of first rate education; 1st and 2nd masters for Latin, one for writing and arithmetic; here I continued until July 1795, when I left school on a Saturday, and was at Gravesend the Saturday following.

I found to my no small mortification, I was not going into the Navy, but in one of His Majesty's Packets sailing out of Falmouth to the West Indies, and not in the character of an Officer and a Gentleman, but before the mast; and I was introduced to my future master, Captain Richard

Dodd, who did not at his first appearance impress me with any favourable feeling. My Father left my outfit entirely to him, which, God knows, was rough enough. It consisted of two pea jackets, two round jackets, two pair of blue trowsers, two pair of canvas, white, and two pair of blue and white, four pair of worsted stockings, and two pair of white cotton; six check shirts, four white; two hats, two pair of shoes, two black Barcelona handkerchiefs, all of the very coarsest description; with one suit of long cloaths with the packet button on, a cocked hat, a hammock, and bedding, and *me voila equipè*. I went down to Blackwall to look at my ship, and she was considered quite a picture on the Thames; the smell of her made me poorly. I called on Mrs. Dodd, and shortly after I got into the house I was quite sick: her kindness pleased me much, this was a bad beginning, and I was considered delicate, but it was only the smell of the ship produced the nausea; and now it is proper to explain why I was sent into the packet service, with a description of Captain Dodd and his lady, with further remarks of the Officers and Ship's Company, and also a description of my own situation with my line of duty.

CHAPTER II.

Explains why sent into the Packet Service.—Description of the Captain and his Family.—Bids farewell to his Sister.—Embarks on board the "Countess of Leicester," at Blackwall, and takes leave of his Father.—Arrives at Falmouth on his Birthday.—Some account of the Crew.—Description of Falmouth.—Sails for the West Indies.

THE house of Messrs. Bingley, Pitt, and Bingley, Ship Insurance Brokers, No 21, Birchin Lane, Cornhill, were agents to Captain Dodd; and my Father relying upon the interest he could command, in due time hoped to procure me a packet, and for which purpose, Captain Richard Dodd, of His Majesty's Packet, 'The Countess of Leicester,' called on my Father, and I was introduced to him; the following description from first impressions, and what I afterwards found him, will soon shew how far I had right to be pleased with my Father's arrangements.

He was a tall, raw-boned, vulgar, hard faced

looking man, very much pitted with the small-pox, and with a contraction of the upper lip, that bespoke an habitual bad temper. I learnt from my Father he rose from nothing, therefore a proper example of what perseverance is capable of arriving at; he was originally a shipwright's apprentice, learnt to work a ship's way, from a ship's carpenter became second mate, then chief, and ultimately, master of a small brig. I soon discovered him to be most profoundly ignorant, totally free from any religious feeling, and at all times the greatest bully, and the most low and vulgar man in his language, I ever met with in any situation in life. At the same time, he was remarkably sober, a very good practical seaman, indefatigable and persevering, stingy to the greatest degree, and would descend to any low, pitiful action, to make a guinea; add to the above, a most diabolical and violent temper, and there is a picture of Captain Dodd, my future mentor. My Father concluded I should despise him as an uneducated man, and cautioned me against too hasty a prejudice. At the same time I was introduced to the Captain's wife, and as I lived with them for nearly seven years, I shall now

describe the lady, who was a laughter-loving, jolly dame of twenty stone, with an exceedingly handsome face, and most beautiful complexion; in shape and figure, a downright Hottentot was a fool to her, "*Jamais de ma vie ai-je vu de si vastes fesses.*" So much for person; in mind as ignorant as her husband, in temper violent almost to suffocation, but generous and open hearted, and hospitable in the extreme. They had a daughter, an only child, (and spoiled of course,) and it appeared as if Pandora's box had been rummaged, to furnish ills and evils to load this unhappy creature with a diseased constitution, and a vile temper, void of redeeming charms, as a qualification. I never could endure the sight of this undesirable assemblage of disagreeables, and ultimately displayed such unconquerable disgust, that ended in the most inveterate hatred of the young lady's mama, as will be shewn hereafter. And having introduced to you the people I resided with so many years, I cannot close this chapter, without advising you to be void of prejudice, for in many points, during this relation, you will occasionally meet with traits in both of them to admire.

On the 10th of July, 1795, at eleven o'clock, P. M., I went up to my sister to kiss her, and say farewell, when to my surprize and astonishment, I found her bathed in tears ; I never considered myself before of so much interest to her, it made a lasting impression upon me ; from that moment I reposed all my griefs in her bosom, and in fact, with a correspondence, our friendship became firmer every day, and which still continues.

On the 11th of July, my Father saw me safe on board at Blackwall, and left me at eight o'clock with a hearty shake of the hand, and "recommending me to heave nothing to windward but hot water and ashes," parted, got under weigh, and on the 15th of July, (my birth-day,) arrived at Falmouth, after having suffered most dreadfully from sea-sickness : lived with the chief mate and surgeon at Flushing, a small village opposite Falmouth, and while in harbour, became very useful to my Captain, in making up his accounts, copying his letters, and filling up the weekly muster list. It was finally arranged that Charles Wiseman, (an apprentice from Christ's Hospital, and one of the King's Ward, (Charles 2nd,) educated for a school-master in the Navy, a first rate navigator,) and

myself, should mess with the Boatswain, Gunner, and Carpenter ; and although I did not find matters exactly as I expected, I was determined to put the best face on it I could, and after a growl or two, look on the brightest side of the picture ; and being naturally of an easy temper, and cheerful disposition, I made shift to face my new walk in life with a tolerable good feeling.

“The Countess of Leicester” packet, was 179 tons burthen, ship-rigged, and acknowledged a great beauty. I was then no judge. Our crew consisted of eight officers, and twenty men. Captain Dodd I have described. Mr. Newman the master, Mr. Mann chief mate, and Mr. Lax surgeon, were the *etat major* (as the French call it) of the ship, and lived with the Captain ; all the rest of the officers did the duty of seamen upon all occasions of emergency. The following particulars describe the society I mixed with, and how far I had a right to be pleased in my new situation, when compared with what I had left, and the difference between a school and a ship ; but first of all, let me announce my first arrival at Falmouth : it was on the 15th of July, 1795, when I was mustered as one of the boys, with

What is your name? William Pitt, Sir. How old are you? Sixteen to day, Sir. Why you ought to treat us. Perhaps I may be able in a few years, Sir. I was then in a common sailor's dress, but my smooth face, I suppose, carried something with it, that produced the familiarity, and then Johnny began to play his game, and annoyed me with his practical jokes; but I was given to understand, it was an ordeal I must go through, so I put up with it, although it did not raise them in my estimation. I was imposed upon by them at all times, to extract money from me; and in fact I found myself in a society of men very different to the notions I had imbibed from Dibdin. I was disgusted with the contrast; they were generally speaking discontented, and invariably great drunkards, hard to govern, but with a rod of iron, and most profoundly ignorant and superstitious, and by no means remarkable for honesty, and with such society I lived, slung my hammock amongst them, at all times exposed to language of the most low, vulgar, and profane description,—to hear my Captain and officers abused in most unmeasured terms,—my food, the common sailor's fare, salt junk, and nothing but

water to drink,—buffetted on all sides,—looked upon as a ship's cousin by the men, which is a toad eater, and no notice taken of me by the Captain,—ordered to feed the fowls, turn the spit, scrape the filth off the bottom boards, attend table, &c. I was then sixteen, a good French scholar, and well informed with the Latin authors; a perfect Arithmetician, and wrote a very fair hand, and accustomed until then, to mix in genteel and enlightened society; but I soon found, with all my fancied accomplishments and learning, I was looked upon with contempt by a set of men, who had not brains beyond the capacity of gutting a mackerel, and their knowledge of a seaman's duty. It was a very seasonable check to a conceited boy, and soon taught me to find my level. But before I proceed, I shall here give an account of the impressions made upon me at the first sight of Falmouth, which of course could not be much to its advantage, after quitting that Babylon of cities, London. The houses were built without the slightest attention to any of the orders of architecture, and for the most part, of a dirty coloured slate stone, in all sorts of shapes; and at low water, (for the tide rises twelve feet, full

and change,) the foundations of those built on the sea shore were covered with weeds, shell fish, and every species of filth from the sewers, beside the muddy beach, and was extremely offensive to the eye, and more senses than one besides ; the streets narrow, and the stones the wrong end upwards, with no pavement for foot passengers, and very dirty. But at high water the harbour is a beautiful basin ; all the disgusting objects concealed. The noble castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes, very imposing and picturesque ; the scenery of the country round, cheering and animating ; and the numerous splendid seats of the nobles and rich, present views of the prosperity of all around ; and it being the station for the foreign packets, is a source of constant wealth pouring in, and soon reconciles you to forget first impressions so unfavourable to it. Then at Trefusis, a beautiful estate of Lord Clinton's, I bathed in the sea for the first time in my life ; the bottom, a bright yellow sand, smooth as a Turkey carpet, the spot so retired, the Musidoras of Falmouth might with great security bathe their " lovely limbs in the translucent stream." I found it most refreshing and invigorating.

The chief mate, Mr. Mann ; the surgeon, Mr. Lax, and myself, took lodgings on the new road, at the very pretty little village of Flushing, and lived very comfortable, and amazingly cheap. I was much amused at the very peculiar way of speaking of the good Cornish folks, it was almost like chaunting ; they appeared to be very cheerful, and kind-hearted generally, and the constant arrival and sailing of the packets, always filled the town and villages with plenty of company, and furnished employment for the inhabitants ; to see a beggar was quite out of the question. It was the hay harvest, and in our walks saw several splendid specimens of village beauties glowing with buxom health, the York and Lancaster richly blended, like a bowl of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

“ With Hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather stout and brown,
Invidious barrier, why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by ?
Disclosing to th’ enraptured gazer’s sight,
Her full ripe bosom, exquisitely white.”

The lovely cornish peasantry cannot be looked on with impunity ; their attractions are overcoming,

generally most dazzlingly fair, light blue eyes, fringed with long eye-lashes, and with a profusion of auburn hair, soft as the finest silk, with a lusciousness of person, that thrills the heart with delight. Such bewitching objects I was doomed to leave in the course of a few days, for some months, to view others of a very different description, and scenes totally new; for in August we sailed for the West Indies, and experienced the horrors of sea-sickness again for ten days, which took us into the trades, when the smoothness of the water, the delightful weather, and I suppose downright exhaustion, nature rallied, resumed all her functions, and with the aid of a wooden bowl of pea soup and biscuit, I became quite another creature, but left extremely weak. The duties of the humblest sea boy was chalked out for me, and as I gathered strength and health, my natural buoyancy of spirits, (always of the most cheerful description) returned; I plodded through my duty and occupations with good nature, and reconciled my mind thereto, with a self conviction, it never could be worse:—time will show how far I was correct.

CHAPTER III.

Description of a Tropical Climate.—Arrival at Barbadoes.—Disgraceful ceremonies of the Sailors, on introducing new shipmates to the Natives.—Reflections.—Description of the Females.—Sailed for Martinique.—Chased by a French Privateer.—Arrives at Jamaica,—finds it in a state of revolt, and martial law declared.—Sickness on board.—Returns to England.—Reflections on the Voyage.

Nothing can be more magnificent or sublime than the dawn and close of day in a tropical climate; the glories of a rising and setting sun, with clouds of purple and gold, (the brilliant tints of which, nature is only equal to;) the nights too, with the mild and silver light of the moon, the ship under a crowd of canvas, swelling to the sight, and reflected on the blue sea, intermixed with thousands of luminous objects of phosphoric matter, glittering like stars; the ship's wake like a stream of fire, the gentle murmur of the waves, as the ship flies through the deep, filled my mind with

delightful sensations, and moods of contemplation ; but I felt myself upon these occasions something more than mortal, and have frequently been surprised by a tear dropping upon my hand, as I looked over the side, and wondered why I wept. The exquisite feeling of happiness was too much for my mind to bear, and in fact, amounted to something like pain, so nearly are they allied. Upon those occasions I used generally to rally with a song, and often I have beguiled a passenger to come upon deck and listen to me ; at this period, the world used to say my voice was powerful, and not void of melody, and my society was much courted in consequence, and I, spoiled by flattery.

In a month we saw the island of Barbadoes, the first foreign land that ever met my eye ; it looked to me but little more than a black cloud, and contemptible enough ; but as we approached, the line became more defined, yet nothing in it to convey any feeling of the sublime ; on the contrary, from the east end, until we opened Carlisle bay, it appeared a barren, rocky, and fruitless soil ; but having passed Needham's Fort, the scene was changed, and of a very pretty diversified

description, partaking much of that wild appearance you read of in the works of our celebrated navigators. I was all eyes, as you may suppose, and in fact all my senses were kept upon the stretch. We anchored close to two slave vessels laden with those poor creatures in crowds, and all in a perfect state of nature, male and female; this was new to me, I could not but shudder, on beholding human and fellow creatures crammed together, with as little consideration and comfort, as if they had actually been so many pigs; and now for an ordeal I little dreamt of undergoing. The ship moored, Captain and most of the officers went on shore; the natives in crowds flocked on board, applying to wash your clothes, sell fruit and spirits, and make purchases of all sorts and descriptions of articles for the Ladies' work bags, and all that sort of small ware; some merely to see their old acquaintances and *chers amis*. Johnny, who never lost sight of a joke at my expense, introduced me as a Johnny Newcome, to a celebrated character there, and quite a pet among the packets, who was known by the Sobriquet of old mother "Cumbo," and another female of great notoriety, Miss Nancy Nash. I was

literally dragged to the former, who appeared to be, and indeed was considered one hundred years old ; naked down to the waist, and displayed a shrivelled and wrinkled form, of the most repulsive and disgusting appearance ; her hair woolly, and of a dirty grey, like a half wet mop, which shewed itself through a seaman's old hat, without a crown, and half the rim gone, with a glassy look lustre eye, and a mouth divested of every tooth, came to me with a grin of the most hideous description. The insults I was forced to submit to, excited my rage to such a pitch, that I could have committed almost murder ; but it was not over with me yet. Miss Nancy Nash was next presented, and after mother Cumbo, I considered her a great beauty, if any human creature could be so, and of that colour. At any rate, she was not more than sixteen, with a very pleasing, though impudent face, beautiful teeth, and her whole person partook of the voluptuous ; I shall forbear a description of the vulgar and maddening proceedings practiced on me. To escape from these hardened and dissolute wretches was impossible, until their brutal sport, (to my horror, and at my expense,) was fully completed, unless I had jumped

over board, which they had guarded against. I could not help wondering how the black world became peopled, but it was the thought of a boy.

These disgraceful and infuriating ceremonies over, I went on shore with the Boatswain, my messtmate, to see the place; and so I certainly did, for he took a bag containing shoes, ribbons, thread, tape, &c., and dragged me to every house in the town to sell them, and I carried the money; we were at this fun until five o'clock. I asked for water at every house, and they gave me grog, and at last we dined off red herrings and beer; he then stuck a segar into my mouth, and made me both sick and drunk, and came on board in the bow of the boat, in a state of insensibility, and for which freak, I was never allowed to see the town of St. Pierre's at Martinique.

My reflections as a man, on the various persecutions I encountered as a stripling, from the error in the choice of a situation, for me to begin my life's career, has chilled my blood a thousand times. But God knows my heart. I freely exculpate my honored Father's memory for the measure he adopted; I firmly believe him to have been perfectly ignorant of the horridly debauching

habits of common sailors, in vessels where due order and discipline are not maintained, and which was but too natural to be supposed would be the case, on board a ship bearing the consequence of a West India packet, as being the means of conveying passengers of the highest respectability, to and from the West India Islands ; but good man, he was mistaken, and I was the sufferer. Captain Dodd's ideas were absorbed in his profits, and the safety of his ship ; he paid little or no attention to his own manners, it therefore could not be expected that he should interest himself much on those particulars, towards his crew. My Father's main object was, that I should be thoroughly initiated in the hardest and roughest branches of a nautical life, and not only be master of it from the root, but its very fibres ; that in the event of my ever attaining command, I might be a more competent judge how to dispense orders, as also to know when duty was properly executed. A fair argument enough ; the only wonder was, that I did not sink in the reasoning.

In our trip through Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes, I had an opportunity of seeing the inhabitants in all their variety of dress, and not

dressed at all, and was much amused; but even in the absence of lilies and roses, I saw many sweet faces and beautiful figures, with the style and carriage of Juno herself. Their dialect too, pleased me much, from its novelty; the words drawled out with a languor and lassitude, as if the exertion was almost too much; and to see them walk, no one would ever dream of their dancing, of which they are very fond, and excel in, with a graceful easy swim as light as gossamer, and set off their beautiful figures to admiration, and at the same time, with a degree of animation that surprises and delights you; and Marriott's description of a dignity ball at Barbadoes, is correctness itself, for in my time, I have been to several throughout all the West Indies.

We next sailed for Martinique, and were chased by a French privateer, a sensation quite new to me, and I must say, most humiliating to my feelings, and so being obliged to put up with the coward's blow, (a stigma that hangs by a school boy for ever,) this was another degrading position in which I was placed, and made me more than ever detest the service. The island of Martinique was beautiful as a picture, and that is all I

know about it, not being allowed to go on shore for my freak at Barbadoes. We arrived at Jamaica in the course of a week, and found that beautiful island in a state of agitation and gloom of the most alarming description. The Maroons had revolted, and carried on a war of extermination, and were guilty of the most outrageous cruelties ; and when we arrived, so formidable was the insurrection, that we found Martial Law declared, and every man a soldier ;* and the necessary restrictions attending thereon, put a stop to trade, and every social comfort. Independent of the numerous privations we were obliged to submit to, the yellow fever raged almost to a degree of total depopulation, and where the utmost energies of the mind were exercised to bear up against such accumulated ills. Our men took fright, nine ran away, and six died, leaving thirteen to carry the ship home.

The doctor was taken ill, and went to sick quarters, and as I could read the labels on the bottles, and understood the weights and scales, the keys of the medicine chest were left with me.

* For the particulars of the Maroon war, see "Bryan Edward's Jamaica."

My messmate, the Boatswain, and two of the men were taken ill, and sent on shore to sick quarters, and died ; the cook remained on board, and through providence was saved, and I rose in great estimation. The gratitude and kindness of the old creature to me ever afterwards, did honor to his feelings ; and when I was taken ill myself, Charles Trevenna was unremitting in his attendance. Fortunately for me, the doctor had returned on board, and my attack was but slight : I indulged too much in the pleasures of the table one morning, by eating half a pound of bullock's liver fried, and two pine apples, and was taken ill in the afternoon while putting the Captain on shore ; in an hour afterwards was delirious, and in a week convalescent. My old patient, the cook, always had something for me, and continued his supplies all the passage home. We saw Scilly lights the end of December, and arrived at Falmouth on Christmas eve. The sensations experienced at seeing your native land, is too exquisite to describe, and can only be appreciated by those who have felt it.

In looking to the various occurrences of the voyage, the humiliating and neglected situation in

which I was placed, to perform all the degrading offices of the commonest sea boy, treated with contempt and most abusive epithets by the men, with neglect and blows from my Captain, to a mind like mine, well stored and expanded, made me expect at any rate, I should meet with the treatment of a gentleman, which would have been the case had I gone into the Navy—at any rate the sailors never would have dared to insult me: knowing how different it would have been as a Midshipman on board a fine Frigate, chasing every thing, instead of running away from every dirty dung-boat of a privateer, and mixing with gentlemen of my own rank and society in life, I say, taking all these matters into consideration, can it be wondered at, I should have decided to write to my Father, either to place me in the Navy, or choose another profession, for I was disgusted with what I had undergone.

The letter was written and sealed, when Mrs. Dodd came alongside, (being in quarantine) and her good natured laughing face, her kindness, and assurances of a kind reception as her own son 'could expect, altered all my resolutions, and I tore the letter up. I was received as she promised,

and from that time considered one of the family. The Captain wrote a flourishing letter to my Father, and that, accompanied by my Journal, made him completely happy, and wedded me to the packet service.

CHAPTER IV.

Sails for New York.—Description of it.—Sails for Halifax, and returns to Falmouth, passing the great Newfoundland Bank, &c.—Another voyage to New York, with its Incidents.—Captured by the 'L'Insurgente,' French Frigate.—Conduct of the French Officers, and an account of our voyage to the French Port L'Orient.

THE winter of 1796, was a most disastrous one all along the English coast. Numbers of shipping lost, and thousands perished. We sailed for New York in February, and after experiencing gales, storms, and hurricanes, in which we expected repeatedly to founder, we reached that splendid port in April, and moored in the East River, off Fly Market, crowded with all descriptions of vessels, from 700 tons, to the smallest Hooker. The city was very extensive, the streets capacious, and well paved, and all the central part of the town. The houses were respectable, and built of brick and stones, but on the shores of both the

North and East rivers, they were constructed of wood, and were principally stores for cargoes, as well as for all sorts of ship chandlery, and of very great extent. Slips were formed all along both shores for the loading and unloading of small craft, and keeping the rivers clear, for vessels going up and down; and although very convenient, was a great nuisance, and productive of the yellow fever, and other fatal diseases; the stench at low water, when the heat of the sun acted upon all the filth thrown in there, as well as brought from the middle of the town by gutters and sewers, was overpowering, and its effects almost produced a plague. I have known all the east side of New York to be nearly deserted; and carts prepared for the occasion, lined with tarpaulins, were driven through the streets by a man with a bell, with the doleful warning, "bring out your dead:" that, with the echo of my own footsteps, and these harbingers of death, were the only objects I heard or saw. The destructive consequences of a fire, among buildings composed of such materials, must be obvious enough, but these dire calamities have produced their advantages; the slips are done away with, and the erections

are now of brick and stone, instead of wood, and it has become a magnificent city. The scenery from Sandy Hook through the narrows, is beautiful, and the approach to the city, most animating. The markets well and neatly built, with good arrangement, and abundantly supplied. The public buildings, chiefly of brick, and upon a grand scale. Being before the mast at this early period of life, there was no chance of mingling in that class of society, I had been accustomed to at home, therefore can say nothing of the Americans beyond the rabble, and they are alike in all countries; a rooted enmity existed from political circumstances, that we were not so well received as any other nation, and we traded for the mutual advantage of each other, without any friendly feeling.

In May we sailed for Halifax in Nova Scotia, a naval and military station; His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, commander in chief on shore, and Admiral Murray, afloat. Halifax I found quite in its infancy, the ground not being yet clear, but still grubbing up the roots of trees in the town and fast improving, as I understood. We sailed the latter end of May for Falmouth, hove to on the great bank of Newfoundland for two hours,

and caught fish enough for the whole ship's company for the passage. Passed close to an island of ice, and I thought of Lieutenant Reon, and got to Falmouth early in June, without any casualty. My treatment this voyage was very different from my last, much caressed by the family, my time fully employed on board and at home, and became very useful: took three more trips to America, and kept so constantly at it, could not help becoming conversant with a seaman's duty. In June, 1797, took another trip to the West Indies, as second mate, and returned in September, making my fifth voyage, and two years at sea.

We were now preparing for a winter passage to New York, and it is certain every body belonging to the "Countess of Leicester," was very unwilling to take the trip, something most unaccountably hung upon the spirits of every soul, and the very winds appeared to join against us. It was now October, 1797, and the good people were all bliss and gaiety, in consequence of Lord Duncan's victory, particularly so immediately after the mutiny. It was about this time I remember seeing a soldier of the Penryn volunteers, taking a French prisoner rather roughly, and rebuked

him for his barbarity, and gave the poor devil half a crown as a plaister, observing at the same time, (with a prophetic feeling,) that ere long, it might perhaps be my case.

We sailed the 29th of November with a very scant wind, and encountered constant gales, and only reached the 29 degree of west longitude in nineteen days. On the 9th of December, we were busied putting matters to rights after a tremendous gale; getting top gallant masts and yards up, when at eleven, A. M., saw a large ship through the haze, not far from us; turned the hands up, and made all sail to the S. E., and while the breeze continued light, got from her; but it began to freshen up at five, P. M., and before dark, she was too close to elude her by any manœuvre, and her shot going over us, (after she had fired three times,) shewed a light in our mizen rigging, and struck to "L'Inurgente," of 32 guns, Captain Violette, from St. Domingo, bound to L'Orient, (having sunk the mail and dispatches,) and now, for the first time in my life, was I to experience a little adversity. A tall, pale faced, ill made man boarded us; his mustachios very black, his eyes very round, and sunk deep

into his head, with very bushy prominent brows ; he wore a Carmagnol jacket, very short, and displayed a shirt once white ; he asked for the Captain in good English, and upon introducing him he said, " Sir, you are a prisoner to the French National Frigate ' L' Insurgente,' and I am desired by Captain Violette to say ' that being much crowded, and on short allowance, you are to remain where you are with your Officers, and if you have any stock to spare, he will thank you to send him some.' " Good heavens, thought I, is this an enemy,—do I hear right ? The stock was divided of every description. The Officer inquired if we had any cargo, and begged me to show him the hold ; when we came there I saw one of our poor lads busy opening a cheese basket. " What do you want there ? " said the Frenchman. Jack replied in a modest simpering tone, " I was going to ax you for a piece of cheese, Sir." Monsieur made a push at him with his cutlass, and Johnny was up the hatchway in a twinkling. We were desired to give up all Mathematical Instruments, books of Navigation, fire-arms, and all weapons, offensive and defensive, and all other property would be respected. The next day, this Officer left us, and

a young Lieutenant, and two Aspirants, were sent with forty men, taking all but twenty of us, including three passengers; viz., Captain, Master, two Mates, Doctor, Boatswain, Gunner, Carpenter, Cook, Sailmaker, and an Apprentice, with the Chief Mate's and Carpenter's Sons, and four Seamen to steer; for the Frenchman was so badly manned she could not spare them. We made all sail at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th, in a heavy S. W. gale; the Frenchman with a fore-topmast staysail set, and occasionally obliged to heave to for us to come up. On the 19th of December, being in soundings, the Frigate made a signal in the evening with lights, and parted company. The Lieutenant and young men displayed great uneasiness, put double guards upon the arm-chest, and allowed only the Captain, Officers, and Passengers of the Packet to come upon deck, confining the other twelve in the main hold. They also appeared quite at a loss as to the ship's position, and at 6, P. M., hove her to. My Captain, a very careful, good seaman, and also a very anxious man, called me at 10, P. M., desiring I would go to the Lieutenant, and tell him, "Unless he clapped sail upon the ship she would



H. M. PACKET, COUNTESS OF LEICESTER, OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE, DEC. 19, 1797.

drive upon the rocks before morning." He replied, "He could not get the men to work, he was aware the topsails and foresail should be set." I suggested the propriety of calling our men up, to which, after a time, the Lieutenant consented; they came up, we made sail, and one hour afterwards passed a rock called "La Jumant" so close, the recoil of the sea down the rock alone threw us from it, and being steep to, we were soon past it; the sea at this time was feather white to leeward; it was dark as pitch, excepting the lightning at intervals affording a glare that made the scene more awful. The little ship at times in the heavy squalls, had more than she could carry, and was occasionally almost on her beam ends. The waves at this time running high, wild, and short, threatened every instant to overwhelm us; and now and then green seas broke over us, that it was a doubt sometimes if she would rise again. The thunder and the wind appeared to contend with each other which should be loudest. Never did poor mortals wish more for day-light than we did, Never was day-light so long coming; at last it broke, and with it the gale; the weather cleared up, and we were close

off the Isle of Groa. Heavens, what a relief! we considered our being prisoners nothing, when compared to the lucky escape we had so providentially, and for many dreary, anxious hours, so unexpectedly met with.

CHAPTER V.

Arrives at the French Port.—Capt. Violette comes on board, and thanks us for saving the Ship.—Conducted to the Town Jail.—Full and interesting account of it.—Writes a letter to the Ordonnateur.—Obtains leave to take exercise, and attends a ball with Capt. Violette.—Attended the Theatre, and was highly amused.—After nearly a twelve months confinement, was marched with other prisoners to the general Depot, about two miles from Brest.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, a pilot came on board, and took charge of the ship, and we were ordered off the deck. Captain Dodd and myself were so fatigued we fell asleep at the table, and in that state we were found by Captain Violette, who came to see us, and thank us for saving the ship. The following day, Captain Dodd and myself were landed, and conducted to an Officer of the Marine Department, called the "Ordonnateur," who signified that we must be confined until orders came from Paris to place us on parole. We here fell in with Captain Ramage

of the 'Prince Frederic,' East Indiaman, which ship was in the act of foundering, when the Insurgente fell in with her, and took all the crew out; he had a young gentleman (Master Walsh) with him, a passenger going home for the purpose of education, these two, with Captain Dodd and myself, were conducted to the Town Jail, and occupied a room, containing one bedstead, one chair, part of a table, and indebted to light and air from one window, which looked between two high walls; no glass or shutters, but was secured by strong iron bars. The jailor pointing out to us our new dwelling, and to knock if we wanted anything, locked us in, and left us to our reflections. "I cannot get out," cries the Starling; "Oh! Slavery, thou art a bitter draught," with a few more reflections of the same nature rushed across my mind, and for a moment made me melancholy. I was roused from my reverie by my Captain, who, like myself, had been struck dumb with dismay at the appearance of his quarters, and at length broke out with "What the devil are you about, sitting there as contented, as if you had been used to a jail all your life time,—the fellow has made some

mistake, — this Gentleman being brought here is all very well, but I am a King's Officer, and must have my parole; so knock for the rascal, and tell him" — Captain Ramage merely gave him a look of thanks for the distinctive line he had so feelingly and politely drawn, and contented himself by observing, we should find it all right enough, and recommended him, for his own comfort, to be reconciled to his fate; he returned him a scowl *à la Newgate*, and began to bang at the door, when up came Cerberus, who prefaced by desiring us not to make so much noise, or we should be put lower down. I thought I should have burst to see my irritable Skipper, and observing he was just upon breakng out into one of his gusts of rage, I checked him by telling the jailor, "That as my Uncle was a King's Officer, and it being customary to place them on their parole, he was induced to imagine there had been some mistake in conducting him there, and therefore" — I was going on in this manner, when the jailor banged the door to, with "*Je n'en sais rien*," and turned the key twice; and we heard him growling every step he took, accompanied by Captain Dodd's usual genteel epithet, "a d-d

stinking french brute, and, what does the black-guard say ?” “ He knows nothing at all about it.” “ He’s a liar.” “ Well, you may tell him that.” “ I won’t.” How long this dialogue might have continued, God knows, but I was very thankful when the Officer who first conducted us here made his appearance, and began by recommending us to make ourselves comfortable, and brought with him a *Traiteur*, who would furnish us with breakfast, dinner, &c., ordered another bedstead, allowed us to have a fire and candles until ten o’clock, the jailor’s two pretty daughters to wait upon us, and gave orders for a boat for me to go on board the Packet, and get our baggage ; and then, for the first time, Captain Dodd spoke civilly to Captain Ramage, and it was arranged we should mess together, and matters began to wear a more smiling appearance, the fagots to blaze, the room was swept, table laid, and soup, fish, flesh, and fowl to smoke upon the board, with a bottle of good Bordeaux ; and I began to think “ they manage those things better in France, than in England.” My poor old boy of an Uncle, as I shall call him in future, could not overcome his John Bull prejudices, nor could I get him to eat

any dinner. "*Mais mangez quelque chose,*" cried the Frenchman. "Kick shoes! Bill, what does he mean? I shan't kick my heels long here, the vagabonds have put poison into the victuals, I suppose; at any rate, the confinement will soon be my death." Captain Ramage here interposed, and a very savoury dish being placed under his nose at the same time, with great confidence on the part of the cook, who seemed to say with Liston, "strike but smell," he ventured to taste it,—when I thought I should have died with laughing—he jumped up, the cook ran, he made all sorts of faces, and cursed himself for a fool in attempting to touch any of their beastly messes, calling out "Garlick, by Heavens," but soon sat down again, and almost finished the dish; and took a bottle of their "catlap," as he christened some excellent Claret; and in the evening, over a glass of grog, it was agreed upon, that I should write a letter, in French, to the Ordonnateur, requesting permission to walk out for a couple of hours every day, urging that confinement would soon put an end to us; and recollecting the greater part of Caractacus's speech to the Romans, when taken a prisoner to Rome, and which I had

spoken at school in French only two years before, I addressed him with every part that was at all applicable to our situation, and concluded by saying, "*Si vous persistez de nous tenir renfermés ici, nous serons bientôt effacés de la mémoire des hommes, mais si vous nous accordez la permission de sortir, nous vivrons à jamais les monuments de votre clémence.*" It was sent the next day, and succeeded; and Captain Violette himself came to announce the good news, and at the same time invited us to dinner, and a ball in the evening; where I had an opportunity of seeing a number of very beautiful women, and also several French Officers, Army and Navy, who were, generally speaking, tall, handsome men, very richly dressed, and carried themselves with an air "*tout a fait militaire.*" We here met with much civility and attention from them, as indeed, throughout our marches, the military were invariably very attentive. The pit was boarded over, for dancing, and in the back part of the stage, tables were spread for refreshment. The moment we made our appearance, the leader of the Orchestra called out to the dancers, "*Un air anglais,*" and struck up "'Twas in the good ship Rover;" and the

pretty French girls began to dance to it, smiling and smirking at us, as much as to say, come and join us. We returned to our quarters again, at ten o'clock, quite refreshed, and delighted with our day's amusement. The next day we dined with Messrs. Seton and Abbott, (our Passengers,) who took us to the play, a very pretty house, and quite crowded with lovely women in the boxes, and the pit full of soldiers, where there are no seats. "*La Maison isolée*" was the play, and the after piece, "*La Paix*;" the former was a very interesting little piece, and highly complimentary to the military character. The comic actor performed his part most admirably, and made a lasting impression, that at this moment I recollect his face as if I saw him last night, and it is now twenty-nine years ago; he was the support of the house, and made my sides quite sore with laughing. Before we returned to our retreat for the night, Captain Violette, who had dined with us, took us all to a Café, a very splendid room, hung round with pictures, and large plates of looking glasses from the ceiling to the floor, and being well lit up, it had a most dazzling and brilliant effect; this was the principal Coffee-house in the

town, where all the merchants met, and something like Lloyd's in miniature.

L' Orient was then (and I believe is now) the port expressly for the shipping of their East India Trade, as the name denotes, and very rich, at that particular period they were very successful with their privateers, and the harbour was crowded with prizes ; when we were carried on shore, Le Quatorze de Juillet, and Hercule, both 74's, were on the stocks, and my old Captain, remarking what fine ships they were, could not help indulging his vent of spleen by saying, " They will be ours before a year is over their heads, I will answer for it." The first was burnt on the stocks, and the Hercule was boarded by the Mars, Captain Alexander Hood, a few months afterwards, and almost proved Captain Dodd to be a Daniel. Upon our return to prison, on the third evening after we had received permission to go out, we found, to our great annoyance, that leave was stopped, and the room adjoining our habitation occupied by Captain Cartcheon, of the William, West Indiaman ; Mr. Smith, Quarter Master of the 26th Regiment of Light Dragoons ; and Messrs. Ratford, Wilson, and Davidson, Assistant

Surgeons, going out to join the different Regiments in the West Indies; we understood these wiseacres (not contented with the town for their prison) must need take a peep at the ramparts and fortifications, and we were all incarcerated in consequence. My skipper looked marling-spikes at them, and was never reconciled to be friendly ever after, though nearly a twelve-month together. The 25th of December was passed rather gloomily, we received orders to prepare for a march on the 26th, to join the prisoners at the general dépôt, at a place called Pontanezen, about two miles from Brest.

Having clubbed together to hire a waggon, for the conveyance of our baggage, we all breakfasted and took leave of our Jailor, and his two pretty daughters, Annette and Marie-Jeanne, who could not help the tribute of a few tears, so much had we ingratiated ourselves already, that they felt quite an interest for us. We started about eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th of December, in a smart shower of rain, through a lane of all descriptions of people, who appeared to be influenced by a great variety of feelings, just according to the circumstances in which they were placed ;

but sympathy was certainly predominant, for among many they had husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, and lovers to deplore, in a similar situation with ourselves ; others again, with strong revolutionary sensations, indulged us with a verse of one of their favourite songs ; —

“ Le duc de York avoit promis, (bis)
De marcher tout droit à Paris, (bis)
Mais son coup a manqué,
Grace a nos canonniers,
Dansons La Carmagnol,
Vive le son, Vive le son,
Dansons La Carmagnol,
Vive le son du Cannon.”

Others again, amused us with “I say Citoyen Jean Bull, Frenchman go to England by and by.” Cries Jack, “If you do, you’ll never come back again ;” but the instant they closed upon us too near, our escort invariably routed them with a show of the bayonet, and then the sabots would kick up a clatter, like so many horses running down the street ; they saw us outside the town, a little drummer at our head, beating the rogue’s march. Our trip was very fatiguing, the roads being very muddy, and rocky, with heavy rain all

the time. We arrived at Quimperle about three o'clock, a distance of twelve miles as the crow flies, but we calculated eighteen; there were two officers to escort us, who allowed us to go to a tavern, where we invited them to dinner (or rather supper,) put on dry clothes, and placed those wet by a good fire, to have them ready for the next morning. I sat down to a substantial meal, and afterwards was conducted to a comfortable bed, by a pretty, large, round, fat, good natured face Breton, (vulgarly called by the other provinces of France, Chouans,) they bear a strong resemblance to the Welsh peasantry, and speak a language similar, and I believe, were originally from Wales. We were well served, and upon very reasonable terms, and started next morning at the usual hour of eight, after a good breakfast, but the weather still moist. Arrived at a paltry, dirty village, (Rosporden) and left it with great glee the next morning for Quimper; by the by, the last stage was fifteen miles through mud. Quimper we found to be a town of some note, with an Archbishop's palace, notorious for its revolutionary principles, and the frequent use of the guillotine; it was in the reign of terror, the

principal dépôt for the English prisoners, and where many hundreds fell from ill treatment, starvation, and a malignant fever. I shuddered as I passed the spot, and rejoiced that Robespierre was dead. The Archbishop's palace was converted into an Inn, and a most superb edifice it was. I slept in the Chapel, richly ornamented with carved work, and gilt with several beautiful scriptural paintings. It was very cold, and we could only get a fire in the kitchen, where I was induced to remain longer than I intended, to gaze upon the face of a very pretty girl, who was occupied most interestingly lulling a child to sleep, as lovely as herself, with a very sprightly air, and the following words.

“ Cadet roussel a un habit, (bis)
Qui est doublé de papier gris, (bis)
Il le met quand il pleut, il gèle,
Que direz vous de Cadet roussel ?
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! Oui vraiment
Cadet roussel—Cadet roussel—
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! Oui vraiment,
Cadet roussel est bon enfant.” (bis)

This she said was a Royalist song, and she must not sing any more of it.

From hence we proceeded to a contemptible little dirty village, (Chateaulin) and were crammed into a pitiful hole, and I was obliged to get a bed at a neighbour's; this was a march of twelve miles. We proceeded next to Landerneau, a sea-port town, and were permitted to go to the first hotel in the place, and fared most sumptuously; this was a distance of eighteen miles. On the last day of the old year, (1797) the gates of Pontanezen prison were open for our reception, and closed upon us, for God knows how long. The sensation was unpleasant as it was new to me.

This erection was formerly an hospital for the troops quartered at Brest, a distance of two miles, and contained five wards, capable of receiving three hundred men each, comfortably; but they crammed seven hundred of our poor fellows into one, and much sickness was the consequence. Just before we arrived, the Commissary, Monsieur Dessessas, opened another ward, and ordered all the women, children, Officers of the Army and Navy, masters of merchant ships, and Gentlemen passengers to have the preference, as well as the indulgence of walking about the enclosure of one mile in circumference, the sailors and other

prisoners only once a week. We were here arranged in line, according to the vessels we were taken in, and our names, age, rank, profession, and description of person taken. Mine still continuing William P. Dodd, and which I retained until I left France. Captain Dodd and our party, (twelve in number) were conducted to the ward No. 2, where there was already about one hundred of every description, men, women, and children, and to me, appeared a scene of wretchedness and poverty. An hospital bedstead was given between two, and six feet square measured off for a berth, which you screened in at your own expense, and five livres, in addition to the prison allowances, afforded me a good meal every day, besides paying for my washing; and when I succeeded in procuring a cot from the Commissary, Monsieur Dessessas, (who was always disposed to be very civil) which I hung up between two uprights that supported the roof, and enjoyed the comfort of a bed to myself. I in a few days became reconciled to my fate, and resolved to put the best face on it; a great change certainly, but it was a fine lesson of adversity to a young mind, and threw me into a society that required much

caution to manage: but while I avoided giving offence by too much distance, I found it still more necessary not to be over familiar.

Our amusements by day, were cricket, trap-ball, fives, skittles, leap frog, pitch and toss, &c. In the evening, whist, piquette, cribbage, singing, dancing, music, reading, and now and then a fight, to complete the variety of the scene. The lights were extinguished at nine o'clock.

I here met with Mr. Charles Frederic Payne, a Mid in the Navy, and in him I rose upon a prize; he was about my own age, and from Dorsetshire; we soon became sworn friends, and it has continued ever since. He is now an old Post Captain.

I remained in this prison two months, and now and then was delighted with a letter from England from my dearest father and sister, "begging me to keep up my spirits; and the former, acknowledged he was rather glad than otherwise, because he was sure it would be a good lesson to me; I should have the opportunity of making my observations upon the manners of the people, their government, &c., and what was most necessary, I should perfect myself in the language;" with a great deal of very excellent advice as to my

choice of society, and this was always sweetened with an abundant supply of cash, and enabled me to live most comfortably, and keep up the appearance of the Gentlemen.

About this period, the old bug-bear of invasion was not only promulgated, but troops and galley-slaves were marched towards all the French ports on the coast of Brittany and Mediterranean, and every man in England became a volunteer. Three hundred convicts were lodged in one of the wards, and were afterwards landed in Wales, under General Hombert, and taken prisoners, and we had to feed the rascals instead of the French Government. About this time, a duel was fought between the prime minister of England, and Mr. Tierney,—a strange violation of the law. The jailor called out to me, “ Ah ! Billy Pitt, your old uncle is killed at last, and now we shall have peace soon. King George very good fellow, *mais ce coquin Petre* is von damn rogue ;” for notwithstanding I was called on the books William Dodd, it was soon discovered that was not my name, and got roasted ten times more, (very deservedly) than if I had let it remain ; but I had so lately

heard of the atrocities of the French, that when we struck our colours, I felt my head very queer upon my shoulders, but very soon found the precaution was quite unnecessary, and generally met with kindness and attention.

CHAPTER VI.

Mutual agreement between England and France to support their own Prisoners, and finally for an exchange.—Journey from Pontanezen to Fontainebleau.—With a description of the different Towns, and treatment of the Prisoners.—Embarks for England, and lands at Dover the 21st of October.

IN consequence of repeated complaints from the prisoners of both nations, to their respective governments, of their bad living and treatment generally, the two powers entered into a mutual agreement to victual their countrymen, and sent Commissaries to each capital, to arrange not only those matters, but finally to enter into an exchange, for which purpose, dépôts were fixed upon at a convenient distance from Paris,—viz. Arras, Valenciennes, Mezieres, and Fontainebleau, and on the 4th of March, received orders to prepare to quit Pontanezen on the 6th, for Fontainebleau. All the women, their husbands and children, and

gentlemen passengers, (non-combattants) were previously sent to Brest to embark in a Cartel, and those left, were put into three divisions of two hundred and forty each ; the first started on the 4th, and the second, (in which I was) on the 6th, and unfortunately for me, I sprained my ankle so violently the day before, playing at fives, I could not put my foot to the ground, and consequently obliged to ride in one of the carts. Landerneau was our first halt, eighteen miles, but we fared very differently now, to the last time, for then we were permitted to go to the first Hotel in the town, but now we were turned into a stable, so small too, we were regularly jammed together, and by midnight, we all felt such an insufferable heat and thirst, we could not help calling to our recollection the horrors of the hole of Calcutta, and with one voice, at the same time, called out for more air, and plenty of water. I lay by the side of a most unaccommodating bed fellow ; one of King John's men, about four feet high, with a huge hump upon his back, so that, turn which way he would, I was sure to be incommoded by his hump or his knees ; and his temper was as crooked as his person, but " misfortune sometimes obliges

a man to put up with queer lodging ;" as Trimulo remarks, when he lays himself under Caliban in the tempest, and which I took care to tell my crooked companion, for which he felt much disposed to give me a thumping, but I soothed him into good humour, with a pocket pistol containing good brandy ; at the same time also, several were taken out of this stable and put into another, the guards doubled, and doors left open. Next morning, the 7th, after a capital breakfast of *café au lait*, fine fresh eggs, cold fowls, and *Omelettes* ; our party assembled, and proceeded *en route* for Landivisieau, thirteen miles, and where we arrived at noon. We were put into a small church, bedizened with images of wood, variously and most ridiculously decorated. All the windows being broken, and raining a good deal during the night, the number of the images was considerably diminished by morning, the Johnny's having burnt most of them to keep them warm. We arrived on the 8th at Morlaix, 20 miles distant, and were again put into a church, and certainly a magnificent edifice, but completely gutted of every ornament ; several Officers of rank came into the church, and took out some of our party to dinner,

and not contented with that attention only, but gave them letters of introduction to their comrades in the next town. Some freemasons also, behaved equally kind. On the 9th, reached Belle Isle, *en terre* an insignificant village, twelve miles ; here the chimney was set on fire, and twenty-two of the prisoners made their escape : the fact was, Jack saw a great many American vessels in passing the harbour at Morlaix, and thought it a fine chance to try his luck, but they were afterwards retaken, and marched to Fontainebleau like galley slaves, with iron collars round their necks, and chains extending from one to another. We left this place on the 10th for Guingamp, fifteen miles, where we rested forty-eight hours in an old church ; the weather had now become very fine, every article of life exceedingly cheap, and we made it out very comfortably ; here as well as in every other town, was displayed upon a pole, the cap of liberty, and the tree by the side of it ; but withering fast, and put me in mind of the lines of a young Royalist, which cost him his life, poor fellow.—

“ Oh France tes symboles te menent a ta ruine,
Bonnet sans tete, et Arbre sans racine.”

On the 12th, off for St. Brieux, seventeen miles, and put into a barn. On the 13th, arrived at Lamballe, close to the sea, twelve miles; our retreat for the night was the Town Jail. The next day, March 14th, we started for Broons, thirteen miles, we lodged in a church; here one of our mess, Captain Padmore, began to give in, but I made Pat a mess of bread and milk, wrapped him up warm, and the next day he was as well as ever; the grateful Hibernian never forgot it. On the 15th arrived at Montauban, twelve miles, a small insignificant village, we rested in a church as usual, and the day following reached Rennes, the capital of Brittany, seventeen miles, and were comfortably housed in a spacious convent, and rested two days, viz. the 16th and 17th of March; this was a very spacious town, several came to see us, and were all extremely kind. Two young Royalists insisted breakfasting with us, to the no small annoyance of Captain Dodd, until he saw they provided a most sumptuous *dejeuné à la fourchette*, of which he was the first to partake; the kindness of those two gentlemen extended to the offer of aiding my escape, which they were pleased to say, could be easily accom-

plished, as I spoke French so well, but I could not think of leaving Captain Dodd, but left them with much grateful feeling on the 17th, for Vitré; twenty miles.

It was now spring, and the country assuming a more fertile appearance, nothing but orchards; the apple trees were beautiful to the eye, and most grateful to the senses, the air being perfectly perfumed. We were lodged in a castle, quite an Otranto. On the 18th, proceeded to Laval, seventeen miles, and were lodged in a beautiful church, and here, as well as Vitré, we were not permitted to enter the town, being staunch Loyalists; but crowds of pretty girls brought shoes, soup, and every thing they could afford, for the comfort of Jack: all hands eager to get something, the scramble was truly diverting, and sometimes, curious displays of the charms of the good natured creatures, who were tumbled down over and over, which set Johnny quite in a blaze; many a pretty face was crimsoned with blushes, and smothered with kisses, which the dear souls bore with the greatest good humour, and the recollection of what we had seen, kept us in good humour too, the whole of next day's march,

notwithstanding it was showery, and eighteen miles through mud : this was the 19th of March, and we lodged in a church at Mayenne. On the 20th we had a most severe trip of thirty-seven miles, and which I very foolishly undertook, and broke down so much, four miles outside the village of our destination, that I was goaded on among other stragglers, by the stimulating effects of a bayonet applied to my seat of honor, and here, I must beg to say, was the second instance only, of an appearance of harshness the whole time I was in prison, and I got the rascals severely punished for their brutality ; this place was called Pré-en-pail, and where we were most kindly treated and comfortably lodged. The face of the country, as well as the faces of the women, becoming quite of another cast, and both much improved ; indeed Normandy is well known to be celebrated for pretty women, with manly hearts, who appreciate and protect them ; and blessed with a rich and fertile soil. On the 21st, came to Alençon, a fortified and frontier town, which bore evident marks of contest, peculiar to its situation ; it was twelve miles from our last post, and we were all drove into the market like a flock of

sheep.* It was an extensive town, full of shops, and I dare say, flourishing in quiet times; we remained here two days at an hotel, and were well supplied. On the 23rd, proceeded to Marners, twelve miles, another Royalist town, and where every body met with the greatest kindness; and upon writing with a piece of charcoal, on one of the pillars of the church where we rested for the night,

“Vivent les habitans de Mamer.”

I was again urged to make my escape, but declined for reasons before mentioned. We left these good people on the 25th, for Nogent-le-Rotrou, a march of sixteen miles,—an insignificant village; we put up at a paltry cabaret, fared very badly, and paid enormously, in fact, fleeced and starved. A great deal less restraint was observed now, and we walked about where we pleased, having only the National Guard for our escort. On this occasion, the party was drawn up before the door of a barber's shop, where my Tonsor was very busy relieving a countryman of a regular scrubbing brush, and we were obliged to wait

* The Officers allowed to go to La Grande Maison.

until the job was completed, and immediately after it, he doused his white cap and apron, put on his boots, (downright fire buckets,) shipped his tremendous long sword, and mounted a horse, from a Heath, by its rough appearance, habited in a military coat, and his head almost lost in a large cocked hat; and drawing his sword, with a most martial look and voice, headed the column with—
“*En avant ! pas ordinaire—Marchent ! b - rs.*”
We arrived late in the evening at Mortagne, twenty miles, a small village, and few men in it, and observed during the march, the ground was tilled principally by women. On the 26th, rested at Montiers, sixteen miles, another picture of misery. On the 27th, slept at Courville, sixteen miles, a very pretty village; and on the 28th, Chartres Cathedral was visible the moment we got on the road; no hedges, and one horizon of corn as far as the eye could reach, we arrived early, being only twelve miles; the town extensive, though the streets were narrow. The cathedral was most magnificent, and much celebrated for its richness in statuary, particularly a virgin in Parian marble. We remained here two days, and had the refectory of a convent to take our meals in,

but slept in what was a chapel formerly attached to it, but now a riding school, the painted glass of which, was beautiful. We left it on the 30th of March, and while passing the Cathedral, a crowd was assembled to witness the demolition of the cross on the top of both spires; many cheering the workmen, others upon their knees deprecating the proceeding, and expecting every instant the dread lightening of an angry God would blast them in the undertaking. At 6, P. M., arrived, after a march of sixteen miles, at a very neat and flourishing village, (St. Arnould) where we were very comfortably accommodated in one of the best houses in the place, kept by a young creature not more than seventeen years of age, and her mother, her husband being obliged to follow Buonaparte. She was a beautiful creature certainly, but the dazzling black eyes of Marie-Jeanne her companion, the rosy cheeks, the snowy neck, with a rich plumpness of person, and a most good natured laughing face, altogether made such an impression upon me, I felt very much disposed to let Captain Dodd shift for himself, and quit the party. One word of encouragement from her, and promise of concealment, I should certainly have run riot,

played the fool, and got into a scrape. Two or three livres bought me as many kisses as one of eighteen could wish or desire, but she was a village coquette,—there it ended; she took my money and laughed at me, I thought of the little rogue for months afterwards.

On the 31st of March, I left my pretty Brunette and village of St. Arnould, and reached La Louppe early, being only twelve miles; what a contrast! a wretched, miserable hovel received us, and again fleeced and starved. On the 1st of April, after a sloppy, dirty day, arrived at the ruins of a magnificent Chateau, called La Ferté, after the name of its late unfortunate proprietor, who fell a sacrifice, like many others, to the revolution; the grounds were extensive, and laid out with taste. Sylvan deities, wood nymphs and satyrs, in the various groves and windings of the spot, with a large sheet of water, must, when in good order, have been a delightful retreat. On the 2nd of April, Dorbeil received us, after a delightful march of sixteen miles; the country, quite a garden, the weather beautifully fine, and altogether, with the prospect of having as we were told, a palace for our abode, the town of Fontainebleau for our prison,

and of meeting my young friend Payne again, I felt quite happy, notwithstanding the town bore a very sombre appearance, full of Cloisters and Convents, and famous for the controversies of Abelard of amorous, and unfortunate memory; here Monsieur Desessas invited our Mess to breakfast, and took leave of us to return to Brest, and I cannot part with him, without the tribute of our best acknowledgements for his endeavours to render our imprisonment as comfortable as it was in his power to do, always conducting himself with great independence, and highly honorable feeling, and never could prevail on him to accept a present of any description, however trifling it might have been.

On the 3rd we started for Melun, sixteen miles, and reached it about five o'clock; this march was partly on the grand route to Paris; the roads being paved with stones, and rows of trees on each side as far as the eye could reach, with scarcely any relief, was very tiresome and fatiguing. The town is prettily situated on an Island in the river Seine. We had most comfortable lodgings here, in a spacious Convent, where we remained until the 6th, on which day we commenced a

march of twelve miles through a deep forest, every now and then an opening or vista displaying a magnificent palace, Fontainebleau having been the hunting seat of the late unfortunate Louis the sixteenth, and where the Court assembled at the period of partaking of the sport of the chase. The forest abounded with beautiful Châteaux ; this was the most delightful march of the whole, and as the crow flies, amounted in all to four hundred and seven French miles, and averaging twenty miles a day ; we reckoned six hundred, and we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and most warmly greeted by my friend Payne, for whom I began to feel a very great regard, and after having refreshed myself with a comfortable wash, and clean linen, he shewed me the lions while dinner was preparing.

The entrance was by a spacious gate way, with the arms of France over it, but any device relating to Royalty, was chipped out and *Liberté* and *Egalité* substituted. Immediately inside the gates, was a spacious guard room on the right, and over it, the Commissary's apartments ; at the opposite side, a Café with stairs at each end, communicating with the quarters of one side of the

square, which opened to view through an arch way, placed in the centre of this outer court; the other three sides contained stabling for horses, and the enclosure altogether, would be called in England the "King's Mews," with barracks for the horses and troops.

The stables were converted into wards for the seamen, and they slept two in a bed; there was a mess room attached to each side. At the south corner of this square there was another arch way, wide enough for a carriage, and led into a second square, with a magnificent range of quarters for officers of the Army and Navy, and where each had a room to himself, furnished with a bed, table, two chairs, and a fire-place. The masters of merchant ships, &c., from four to eight in a room, according to its size, and each a bed to himself. The officers of the Army and Navy, had double rations, or one shilling and sixpence sterling per day; every other person, nine-pence, or single rations; viz. one pound of beef of the second best quality in the country, one pound of bread, one pound of vegetables, one quart of beer, or a pint of wine, sixpence a week for soap, and one shilling a month for tobacco. There was

also a most excellent hospital, with a surgeon, Dr. Boys, assistants, and nurses. The Café was a great accommodation, and supplied us with every thing that could be wanted, at a very moderate profit.

Captain Coates, R. N., appointed resident Commissioner at Paris, visited the Dépôts occasionally, to see that all was right, and in fact, every thing was done that could be for our health and comfort. Captain Dodd of the packet, Captain Archdale of the 4th Regiment, or King's own, Mr. Payne, and myself, formed a mess, and lived luxuriously for two shillings and nine-pence a day sterling, each; all the other expenses for clothes, washing, tutor's travelling, &c., until I reached my Father's house, cost him four shillings more, and in all since my capture, £106.—But to return to Fontainebleau. Soon after my arrival, I suggested to my friend Mr. Payne, the opportunity we had to perfect ourselves in navigation, as my mess-mate in the packet, Charles Wiseman, was brought up in the King's ward, at Christ's hospital, for a school-master in the Navy, and was extremely clever. He jumped at the proposal. I spoke to Charles, who was delighted at it, to whom we gave a

present monthly, and soon made great progress; devoting the whole of the forenoon to that particular study, an hour in the afternoon to music, and to keep up my French I subscribed to a circulating library, and from the day we sailed, to my arrival in England, I kept a journal of our capture, and every other incident relating thereto, which makes me recollect at this period, what I have just inserted; that journal I gave my Father in 1798, and have never seen it since; the above, with fives, marbles, shuttlecock, trap-ball, evening parties, with cards, singing, and other amusements, we made shift to pass our time very agreeably, and in some instances, profitably.

The history of the day, is the history of a year in the life of a prisoner, and there were very few circumstances occurred while there, to diversify or enliven. Among the few, was Sir Sidney Smith's escape from the temple at Paris, the order to the person who had charge of Sir Sidney Smith, purported—"He was to be delivered up to the bearer of that order, for the purpose of being conveyed to the Dépôt at Fontainebleau." The poor fellow was gulled by the forgery, and came express to Fontainebleau, where he arrived

in the middle of the night, and we were all turned out of our beds to satisfy him Sir Sidney was not among the number. Buonaparte passed through the town on his way to Toulon, to take command of the army of Egypt, and the air rung with cheers.

In consequence of the projected invasion of Ireland, orders came to get as many volunteers as could be persuaded among the Irish in prison with us, to join the French, hinting, at the same time, it had become a province of France; three only joined at that time. The French then divided us, and on the 16th of July, 1798, commenced our march for Mezières in the department des Ardennes on the banks of the Meuse. Our first halt was at Provins, sixteen miles through the Forest of Fontainebleau, where we met the Seine again; we were billeted out, and at perfect liberty to roam. The next day, the 17th, proceeded to Sezanne, twelve miles; here we encountered a most impertinent landlord of La Grande Maison, left him, and were much better treated in a humbler shed. On the 18th, arrived at Montmirail, twelve miles, a pretty village, and fared well, and on the 19th feasted on *Champagne Mousseus*, at the

town so celebrated for it, (Epernay) sixteen miles. On the 21st, after a march of sixteen miles, entered the city of Rheims, famous for its cathedral and antiquity, and where Kings of England had been crowned, as well as Kings of France; we were put into a convent. On the 22nd, we were locked up in a tower at Rhetil, after a fatiguing trip of twenty miles: and on the 23rd, reached Mezières, quite knocked up, my ankle being still very weak, and where our arrival was announced by the great bell of the cathedral tolling,—a signal, when any body of men appeared, (friends as well as foes,) at which time the National Guard assembled, manned the Ramparts, ready to defend in case of attack: this march was thirty miles, making in all, one hundred and twenty-six as the crow flies, but according to the route made out by the officer of the escorte, one hundred and eighty miles French, and nearly two hundred English, and quite rejoiced was I, once more to rejoin my friend Payne, and resume our studies together.

Mezières is a fortified town, our prison was extensive; barracks built close to the lines, with the river Meuse in front, where there were two

wide and deep ditches, with a range of Sentries ; the three other sides were palisaded off, and where a market was kept for our accommodation, and their profit : the sailors were paid their allowance in copper, and the town being miserably poor, the inhabitants were astonished to see money brought in every month in wheel-barrows for them.

The usual walk for the officers, was the parapet of the lines in front, where we could see every vessel on the Meuse, and indeed all that occurred in a beautiful meadow, a place of great resort on festivals, and where we saw races, and all sorts of amusements. The windows of Payne's apartments were close to the street, and at our opposite neighbours, (for I was always there) were very pretty young women, and I dare say he recollects Madame Catherine. We lost our mess-mate, Captain Archdale, in consequence of the very bad temper of my skipper ; here every species of provisions was considerably cheaper, and the fish was exquisite, in fact we lived admirably well,—advanced rapidly in Navigation, and Charles Wiseman was most unremitting in his attention to both. We perfectly obtained the knowledge of all the sailings, azimuths, amplitudes,—latitude

by sun, moon, and stars, as also double altitudes,—to find the longitude by time keeper and lunars, and lightly touched upon spherics,—improved also in music, and the French, besides deriving great entertainment from the circulating library, and reading “Candide, Zadig, Princesse de Babylone,” and many others, with much delight; these, with the newspapers, which were becoming particularly interesting, in consequence of the rebellion in Ireland, the threatened invasion, Buonaparte sailing from Toulon, for no person knew where, with rumours that Admiral Nelson had got scent of it, and was after him, which kept us all upon the “Qui vive!” when one morning in September, a flourishing account appeared in the “Moniteur,” of an action off the mouth of the Nile, where the English were defeated, and Nelson killed,” and the town of Mezières was all alive.

Next morning, Monsieur Jacquas, our French Commissary, made his appearance, and looking very glum, gave us our papers, containing an account by an officer of the action in Aboukir bay, as seen from the top of Rosetta tower, which soon turned the tables. The moment the sailors were apprised of it, beat to muster, and all hands being

assembled in the square, one of the men stepped forth in the middle, and said—"My hearties! Admiral Nelson has had an action in Egypt, took nine sail of the line, blew up the French Admiral, and gloriously gained the day. And now my boys, three hearty cheers for old England!" This address was most enthusiastically received, and the place rung again with the joyous greeting, and in the evening had a jollification among ourselves in honor of the glorious event.

About the end of September, articles of exchange were brought to me by Dr. Boys, to translate into French for the Commandant, at the same time, my friend Devis was engaged to arrange the list of prisoners, and make out a fair copy to be sent to Paris; for these services, Commissioner Coates offered him the situation of first clerk in Paris, (*pro tempore*) and ultimate exchange, which he accepted, and I was included among the first to go to England. I gave Devis a letter to my old school-fellow, Gamble; they met, and became sworn friends for ever after, of whom, more by and by.

On the 12th of October, Captain Dodd, Messrs. Payne, Atwater, and myself, took coach for

Gravelines, and touched at Landr i sixteen miles, Huson twelve, Quesnoi twelve, Valenciennes twelve, Bethune eight, Lisle sixteen, St. Amand eight, Wormhout sixteen, and Gravelines twelve, in all, one hundred and twelve French, equal to one hundred and fifty English, making altogether one thousand one hundred and thirty miles, since I first put my foot upon French ground.

On the 21st, embarked on board a Cartel, landed at Dover at 8, P. M., and although I did not kiss English ground that night, the next morning I saw a pretty Kentish girl with a snug neat cap on, mopping the steps of her master's door, just opposite the breakfast room of the Ship Tavern, where we had put up. I ran over, sans ceremonie, and took her round the neck, saying, I had not tasted the nectar of a country woman's lips for twelve months, having just landed from France. I gave her a five livre piece, and she pushed the mop in my face, and I had the laugh against me.

CHAPTER VII.

Sets off for London.—Meets his Father after a three year's absence.—Leaves London for Poole, to see his favourite Sister.—Introduced to his intended step-mother, &c.—Leaves Poole for London.—Leaves his Sister with a heavy heart, and reflects on future prospects.—Takes leave of his Father, and again sails for Falmouth, February, 1799.

ON Sunday the 22nd of October, 1798, hired a coach at Dover, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon set off for London, and arrived at the Swan with two necks, Lad Lane, at three in the morning, and after breakfast, repaired to the Antwerp tavern, and soon after, saw my dear Father coming up the court; and how shall I describe my sensations! what looks of joy animated his handsome countenance!—with what expression of affection did he greet my safe arrival, whilst the tear of sensibility trembled in his eye! it became mutual, and the sensations were the most delightful I ever experienced in my life. I had not seen him

since I left school, and in the three years and half he found me much improved, and the school of adversity for the last year, had taught a lesson of humility likely to prove of the greatest service all my life, and he made no doubt but it would, as I had in some points been obliged to put up with denials and inconveniences, and indeed in some cases hardships, which I found necessary to bear not only with patience, but good humour. Captain Dodd also was pleased to give the best account of my conduct during the three years, and my dearest Father declared, "he (Captain Dodd) had done me justice he was sure, and made him happy."

I was here introduced to a relation, a handsome young fellow of about twenty, who began by remarking, that as a connexion was shortly to take place between my father and his mother, he hoped a sincere friendship would ever exist between us. I accepted this offer, and with a hearty shake of hands. He introduced me to his second sister, and I had been led to expect to see a fine girl, but was struck dumb with surprise and delight, at the sight of so much loveliness, we were relations already, and shortly to be

more nearly allied. I claimed the privilege from her beautiful blushing cheek ; I was soon quite at home, and entertained them with occurrences of the last three years and a half.

As soon as my Father could part with me, I went to Poole to see my favorite sister, my always guardian angel Sally ! She was one of my earliest friends, and has always, through all my adversities, been my solace and my comfort,—stood by me in moments of difficulty and scrapes,—and let others rail as they might, in her I was always sure to meet with a staunch and firm supporter, and it will too soon be seen what need I had of it.

On Monday the 11th of December, 1798, I was ushered into a very handsome drawing room of one of the largest houses in Poole, and hugged my sister to my heart ; this greeting over, she introduced me to my future Step-Mother. The Lady was the widow of a cousin of my Father's, and had a fine family, consisting of two sons and four daughters. The eldest, a remarkably fine high spirited young man, a Lieutenant in the Navy, and bid fair to become an honour and glory to the profession. The second son was training in one of the first commercial houses in the city

of London. The two elder daughters were (to use the usual and well understood term) out, and in their sphere, shone as stars of the first magnitude ; the walls of many a banqueting room have resounded in clamorous glee, when they have been the proposed toast, and many a desponding and sighing victim has smarted under the incurable wounds inflicted by their captivation ;—the subject is of so magnetic a nature, that I have digressed from the thread of my lineal description, pardonable enough for one of my temperature ; but to proceed. The two youngest daughters were yet pursuing their education, and promised most fairly, in due time, to compete with their sisters. Our family consisted of three, two sisters and myself, so that we should have formed a tolerable group round the mahogany. Whether such an union was likely to contribute to the happiness or benefit of the sundry parties, admitted of some doubt ; however I was resolved to enjoy my visit, and must, with due respect and thankfulness own, that every kind exertion was made, to convince me that my Father's son was a welcome guest. The eldest and the youngest daughters were the only two of the junior part of

the family at home, and I soon became so well acquainted, and upon such good terms, that I ran about the house like a tame rabbit, and with all the life and fun of nineteen, added to the peculiar turn and style of our profession, a playful eccentricity which seldom fails of insuring a welcome to the society of the amiable and lovely part of the creation.

The town of Poole was then in its zenith of commercial glory; it was also crowded with Military, and what with its extended Quays, and the usual bustle belonging thereto, I found the place of more consequence and amusement than I had been lead to expect. After the residence of a week, I was called to Town.

I left my sister with a heavy heart, a gloomy foreboding so oppressed me, I felt myself every now and then, surprized with a tear dropping upon my hand in the Mail; it was night, and could pass unnoticed. I shall never forget my sensations,—they were oppressive,—they were prophetic. I met my Father certainly with different feelings, but he had a right of course to study his own happiness. I looked for nothing,—expected nothing,—and asked for nothing; I only

begged at parting, he would take care of my sisters.

When I got to London, I learnt Captain Dodd had hired a ship in the river, called the "Marquis of Kildare," to run as a packet until he built a new one. In drawing out the charter party, Captain Dodd was too much for Captain Reddin, and poor Pat was out-witted, so that when I joined the ship, I found they entertained the strongest feelings of contempt for each other;—viz. one for being a fool, the other a rogue,—precious prospects for one who was to sail as master of her, in behalf of the Post Office, and Captain Dodd, and under Captain Reddin; after undergoing heavy repairs in coppering, &c., (which was put on over a wood sheathing) one year's allowance for her hire was almost swallowed up before she left the river. The ship at last was ready, and in February 1799, dined with my dearest Father for the last time,—it was a silent and melancholy meal. I had much upon my mind. My heart was almost bursting, but for his peace and happiness, I felt I must hold my tongue. His last words still sound in my ears, as I offered my hand, "God love you my dear boy!"

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I could just reply "God bless you Sir!" and we parted, never to meet again.

In a few days we reached Falmouth, and I saw Mrs. Dodd for the first time since our return from France, and remembering the attention I had invariably paid her husband in prison, she received me with all the warm affection of a mother.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sails for Jamaica, (March.)—Account of Captain R., and his extraordinary Conduct.—The Crew attacked with Yellow Fever.—Returns home, and sailed almost immediately.—Sails for New York.—Incidents of the Voyage.—Returns, and takes the command of the "Marquis of Kildare," (being just turned of twenty.)—Sails for Jamaica.—Considerable alarm excited by the copper bottom falling off.—Runs her into Lisbon.—Proceeds to Barbadoes.

IN the month of March, 1799, we sailed for Jamaica, and I soon found myself most disagreeably situated with Captain Reddin, who I saw, with much anxiety, was an habitual drunkard, and frequently deprived of reason, so much so, as to be guilty of the greatest extravagancies; and at such periods he would divulge anecdotes, that bespoke a life passed in violence, and at times we were obliged to send the servants out of the way, that he might not commit himself. He had been much among the Spaniards by his own account,

on the Spanish Main in the Fair Trade, and on the coast of Chili. At times, he used to rave about murder and piracy. He became Boatswain of the Cornish Hero Privateer, and cruised up the Mediterranean; he was afterwards in the Fortune Private ship of war, and made a great deal of prize money; fell in with the "Marquis of Kildare" at Naples, purchased a timber head in her, on condition of being master of her, and brought her to England, where she was for sale. He was an Irishman by birth,—a most bigoted Catholic by profession, but he said he was brought up for the church, and I am inclined to think so, his education having originally been very good. He spoke French, and a variety of other languages. His reading was extensive, and his memory excellent, when I first knew him, and no doubt much impaired by excesses. In politics, a decided and most violent rebel, and I verily believe, would not have hesitated to run away with the packet altogether, if the crew would have joined; this may appear harsh, but the sequel will show what he was capable of doing. His first act of violence, was ordering me to put my name to a document, proving the main-mast was sprung in chase,

which I refused; he ordered me in irons, and stood over me with a brace of pistols, in spite of which, not a soul would obey the order. Soon after, he retired to bed, and left the ship to me for a couple of days, and returned to us again, as if from a trance. In addition to all these disagreeables, our ship was assailed with the yellow fever; the doctor, Mr. Phillips, a very fine young man was the first attacked, it ran through the ship's company, and we were fortunate in only losing four, (the mate, Mr. Lynn, among them). This was after we left Jamaica, we got safe home in June, and I was fool enough to be prevailed upon to hold my tongue, and try him one more trip, and in July, we sailed for Halifax and New York. On my return, I found my Father had married in April.

Captain Reddin conducted himself pretty steady on the passage out, but began the moment we reached Halifax. Upon our arrival at New York, the yellow fever was raging, and the city on the east side entirely deserted. We had not one case, and sailed for Halifax again in October, with Col. The Hon. John Lindsay, Dr. Bethune, three women, one child, and a Frenchman, dis-

tressed subjects ; we buried one of the females at Halifax,—sailed for England in November, and getting to the northward of Scilly, we put into Milford Haven, and landed the mail and passengers, with the exception of Mrs. Pomroy and child.

Coming round, Captain Reddin in a drunken fit, attempted to take liberties with a lady, who came upon deck for protection. She begged me to go down to bring her child and a woollen cloak up. I found Captain Reddin setting at the table with a bottle of grog, and a brace of pistols, I represented his conduct, and probable consequences, and proceeded to the cabin to get the boy and cloak, and to my surprise, off went one of the pistols ; the ball lodged in the side above the child's bed, and no doubt intended for me ; the other he fired into the doctor's cabin, where he lay asleep. I called out to him, "by God Reddin you have killed the child !" and I really thought he had ; the screams of the Mother are ringing in my ears now,—they were horrid ; she rushed past me to the cabin, caught the child up, felt every limb, and examined every part of his body, almost in a state of frenzy. "Speak Johnny

to your distracted mother, for God's sake ;" the child awoke, and began to cry,—she wrapped him up in a blanket, and took him on deck ; we got Reddin to bed, and locked him up in his cabin.

We arrived the next day at Falmouth, and were put into quarantine, which, by the by, Reddin broke every night. The Captain and Officers were ordered to the Custom House, when we got pratique to swear we had performed quarantine correctly. After breakfast, Reddin brought a bible and said,—“ Gentlemen, before both of you, I now take my oath, that all the oaths I take to day, after this, go for nothing.” He went and swore through thick and thin immediately.

Captain Dodd wrote against him, to his owners and the Post-Master General ; he was superseded, and by consent of all parties, I was put into the command, being just turned twenty, Mr. Watkins, master, nearly as young, and Mr. Hughes, mate, not much older. Captain Reddin expecting the other owners of the “ Marquis of Kildare ” would call upon me, to deliver the ship up at the expiration of the voyage, got Captain Dodd to enter into a bond of £500, that I would deliver the ship

up to him, and him only, at the Port of Falmouth ; this being settled, I sailed on the 17th of December, full of passengers, for Jamaica.

On the 21st of December, between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon, I was writing the Post Office journal, when I heard a rumbling noise, and felt the ship tremble, as if she was dragging over the ground ; at the same moment, the officer of the watch, (Mr. Hughes) came into the cabin, pale as death,

“ Just such a man, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam’s curtain in the dead of night.”

and faltered out,—“ The ship is going down Captain Pitt, her bottom has fallen off, I saw it go astern.” I flew upon deck and looked over the stern, and found all right there. Mr. Hughes went to the spritsail yard arm, and watching the rise of the ship forward, came and reported to me “ Her bottom looked very rugged as far as he could see down, when the ship rose to the sea.” Having attended her repairs and alterations in London river, I knew she had been sheathed with wood at Lisbon, in consequence of the worms having got into the planks of her bottom, and

over this sheathing she was coppered ; in the course of the year, it had corroded the heads off the iron nails that secured the wood sheathing, and by the working of the ship, soon lost all hold ; it burst off abreast of the fore chains, on the lar-board side, carrying off the copper with it, and the water getting between it and the bottom of the ship, tore it off in a cake, and it was that, which Mr. Hughes saw going astern.

Upon sounding the pumps, we found a great deal more water in her, than she in general made ; we rigged both pumps, and every appearance of a coming gale, sent down top gallant yards, struck the masts, and ordered the carpenters to put the boats into the best possible order, for I had eight passengers on board, besides twenty-four officers and men ; and now I began to feel the weight of my situation, and was much puzzled how to decide. First, if I put the helm up, and returned to Falmouth, the passengers most likely will leave the ship, and after such an accident, no chance of getting any more, independent of the risk in crossing the Bay of Biscay, and of falling in with an enemy, made me determine not to adopt that measure,—which I afterwards found,

by woeful experience, would have been the best plan, and saved me a world of anxiety. The second, was to proceed to Barbadoes, and if necessary, to careen her there, or at Jamaica. The extreme and last resource, was to run for Lisbon; the very elements appeared to be against me,—the women hanging upon me, begging for God's sake I would go to Lisbon,—gale after gale straining the ship, and making sixteen inches an hour, and pumping night and day. The ship's company becoming exhausted, and falling in with His Majesty's ship "Druid," who offered to see us safe in, which he (Captain Mansfield) advised, I at last determined to shape my course for the above port, which arrangement, with the consequent circumstances, most materially altered my future prospects in life.

On the 29th of December, took a pilot in off the bar, who nearly swamped the ship, and at last run us a-shore, at the top of high water, off Bull Bay. Landed the passengers who took lodgings at Buenos Ayres, one of the most elevated and healthy spots at Lisbon, hove the ship off, and moved her, and on the 30th, waited upon Mr. Chamberlaine, the Post-master, and reported the

accident; he took me to the Vice Consul's, noted a protest, and afterwards extended it. A survey was held on her, having hauled her upon the ways at Shirley's wharf, and found the necessary repairs would take so much time, that for the benefit of His Majesty's service, Mr. Chamberlaine hired a French prize, "La Resolute," to carry the mails to Barbadoes. The vessel was bought by Mr. Erving, one of my passengers, and every thing arranged between him and Mr. Chamberlaine, without consulting me, or the interest of Captain Dodd, which I pointed out to them, and at which they laughed. I, of course, stood little chance, with so much power and cunning against me, and notwithstanding I shewed a copy of the bond Captain Dodd had entered into, I received orders "to get 'La Resolute' ready, and proceed with the mail to Barbadoes, leaving the 'Marquis of Kildare' in charge of the master, Mr. Watkins, and after landing the mails, return to England by the first opportunity."

I had to give Mr. Erving for each passenger, eighteen guineas, and find the table; I did this by bill on Captain Dodd. He purchased every thing requisite out of the "Marquis of Kil-

dare," to fit out the cabin of "La Resolue," for the better accommodation of the passengers, and for which, he gave me bills on Glasgow. To my no small surprise, this person turned out to be an adventurer; had taken in the house of Mayne and Brown at Lisbon, for not only the first cost of the vessel, but she was half laden at their expense, and a few days after all my arrangements were finally settled with him, the ship was seized and confiscated: and when it is considered, that by his specious and plausible manners, he had taken in a very respectable house at Lisbon to a large amount, it was not to be wondered at, that one of twenty should fall a sacrifice. He carried too many guns, and I was obliged to strike my colours, and lower my top gallant sail.

This was a blow I was not at all prepared for, and when I recollected all that Captain and Mrs. Dodd had done for me, and that unwittingly I should be the unfortunate instrument of losses they must sustain, it drove me almost mad; but I trusted my dearest Father would set every thing right, as I felt conscious I had done every thing for the best.

CHAPTER IX.

After remaining some time at Barbadoes, sails in the Grantham Packet, with Captain Bull to England.—Arrives in Falmouth the 19th of June, 1800.—Proceeds to London.—Death of his Father and Step-Mother.—Gloomy Reflections.—Remarks on Family matters.—Various incidents.—Bids farewell to his old Captain, (1801.)

My stay at Barbadoes for 25 days, was at an enormous expense. I repaired to Susanna Osthman's, where I chose a room, and a person to take care of my ward-robe, &c., and in order to induce people to come to the house, the prettiest girls were selected, and some of them certainly beautiful. A person of course may be as cold and distant as he pleases, but

“What should sailors do on shore,
Kiss the girls, and toss the cann;
When the billows cease to roar,
Sweet's the voice of smiling nan.”

And "now ye whose clay-cold hearts and lukewarm imaginations, &c." I left this Pandemonium on the 25th of April, 1800, in the Grantham Packet, Captain Bull having very generously offered me a passage, and during my trip through the Islands, supplied my purse. We arrived at Falmouth the 12th of June, and never shall I forget the reception I met with from Mrs. Dodd; she received me with icy coldness, and then in tears told me, that having quitted the "Marquis of Kildare," I had involved her husband in a lawsuit, which she expected would terminate in a jail, for those who had done their best to serve me.

This was cutting to the very heart, and had it been true, would have made me wretched; but she began to soften, and I then learnt, matters were not so desperate. His new ship, the Townsend, had gone out full of passengers, and that the Post Office had determined to take the business into their own hands, and repel the demand of the owners of the "Marquis of Kildare," which they thought proper for the present to abandon.

The world too, had been very busy in their reports to my prejudice, and I found it necessary to enter into a detail of circumstances to my Father, that he might explain and settle with Captain Dodd, (who was in London,) in any manner he thought proper. I expected an answer with the most intense anxiety ; it arrived on Sunday night at eleven o'clock, but not from my Father,—it was a line from the Captain, advising me to come to London as fast as possible. On Wednesday morning I arrived at the counting house, and learnt my dearest Father had breathed his last at four o'clock, and only six hours before I arrived. I had been at Falmouth ten days, my Father was ill when I arrived, and why I was not sent for, I never could discover, or have satisfactorily explained.

The meeting between my sister and myself, was too painful to dwell upon ; it required all my energies to comfort and support her,—heaven knows, I required it enough myself. The deeply afflicted widow was apparently inconsolable, and could not be prevailed on to take either nourishment or remedies, and rapidly became seriously unwell.

On the 7th of July, I followed my Father's remains to the grave.

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On our return from whence, we found that general anxiety was now called forth, to the very alarming progress of Mrs. P's indisposition. The struggle of her combined feelings, (without an effort to resignation,) was too mighty. The most eminent of medical aid was called in, but to no purpose; and, melancholy to say, she only survived her husband twelve days, retaining the most firm and collected faculties till within a very few hours of her death.

The very depressed and foreboding apprehensions which took such deep hold of my mind, on parting with my sister at Poole, in the year 1799, rushed forcibly on my recollection upon so rapid a succession of events, surpassing all of the melancholy cast, I ever had, or ever could witness. However agonizing it was to my feelings, to encounter a visit to the vault wherein I had seen my lamented Father's remains deposited but a few days before, yet it was a mournful duty. I

promised Mr. T. G. to accompany him, who had so recently supported me under a similar painful trial. His mother's remains were laid by the side of my Father's.

When I had recovered from the surprise and shock naturally produced by such events, I began to consider the difference of my situation. We were left independent, but by no means rich, nor indeed half so comfortable as my Father's usual indulgence, together with the education we had received, led us to expect, and I began to lament, for the first time, I had not been brought up to any other profession than the sea, and where I should have a house of my own to receive my sister. My Father's brother too, was a sailor like myself, he had married improvidently, and was four thousand pounds in debt to him when he died, but all was cancelled in the will, yet he was not in a condition to offer my sister an asylum. T. G. was on the point of marriage, and his four sisters were to reside with him: our guardian, (my late Father's partner) positively refused; and until manners could be finally arranged, my sister accepted an invitation from some kind and excellent friends, at a mansion house near Wimborne,

in Dorsetshire, who were very much attached to her. But as I was on the point of leaving England, it was of importance that I should ascertain the exact position my sister was to be in, as to needful supplies ; when Mr. B. (the trust) handsomely volunteered, that in consideration of the peculiarity of the circumstances, the interest of her fortune should be paid her in advance, commencing from the day of her Father's death, and at the same time, proposed his bond, in security thereof. This same transaction was extended to all the female legatees, consisting of two unmarried sisters of my Father's, and a favourite niece ; my youngest sister was yet a minor. As my uncle and I were likely to require portions of our principal, we did not enter into any other engagement, than the privilege of drawing as it might suit us. I understood the widow's affairs were in a train, and to be fully settled within the usually allotted time of a twelve-month.

Having settled these weighty matters, my sister and I took leave, which was a painful effort for her, as it is but too natural to suppose, that after living for nearly four years with the family, mutual and firm friendships had been formed. Such a

measure was considered the most expedient and prudent, and was not decided on, without due reflection and consultation. I placed my sister under the protection of her worthy friends in Dorsetshire, where I remained a week. The kind and feeling reception she met with, enabled me to leave her with more tranquility of mind than I could have expected. I repaired to Falmouth in September, and after all circumstances had been cleared up, to the satisfaction of Captain Dodd, my name was introduced in the register, as part owner of the "Townsend" post office packet, and it was finally understood I should be appointed master, the moment she arrived.

I joined the packet whilst in quarantine. (the acting commander having died on the passage home,) and from this moment, matters took so considerable a turn for the worse, that I soon felt myself very uncomfortable, and began to find, in the loss of my excellent Father, I was considered in a very different point of view, by my Captain and his family.

The difference of treatment I experienced, soon made me decide on living by myself, and after four voyages to the West Indies, his temper

became so abominably irritable, I at last made up my mind to quit him ; and it is a melancholy fact, that after a residence of six years and a half in Flushing, there were only two in it I left with regret. One, my friend,—my adviser,—my much attached companion and mess-mate, Dr. Boyne ; his delightful and enlightened society, always cheered me in my griefs and vexations ; knowledge, information, and instruction hung upon his lip. I learnt more of the world by his lessons than I ever knew before, and those lessons have been verified by what I have since experienced ; in fact, he was my mentor. The other was a beautiful young creature, for whom I had long entertained the warmest affection. It was impossible to gaze upon the lovely Mary with impunity. She was the pride of the village, and had I consulted my own happiness and feelings, instead of listening to the objections of friends, (I think I was not disagreeable to her) she would, she must have been mine.

I listened to the cold dictates of reason, and wrote to her, pointing out the necessity of breaking off any further acquaintance, as my friends were entirely averse ; nor would they listen to my

forming any matrimonial connexion at my age, and at any rate, until I had a packet of my own ; and having given up all prospects of that nature, necessity obliged me to keep on good terms with them. Out of employment, with a very limited property, what could I do ? “ I tore myself from you.—I dared not trust myself with you. You are now happy in the possession of an excellent and worthy husband, and charming family. I enjoy, it is true, a respectable situation, but have no one to share it with me.”

M— at the time of my leaving Cornwall, was about eighteen, rather tall, and displaying a richness of person, more than lightness, but her figure altogether was most inviting, which was set off by a lovely face, and brilliancy of complexion, pure as the finest marble, richly tinted with the roses of health ; teeth like pearls, and lips of rubies ; a profusion of light auburn hair, soft as the finest silk, with eyes of heavenly blue, and nothing in lustre surpassed the shining crystal fluid in which they swam. This sweet face was generally brightened up with the most bewitching smiles of happiness, innocence, and health. I am afraid I was the means of clouding it for a moment,

but on parting, she never uttered a word, and the only complaint I witnessed, was a tear ;—I never shall forget it,—I shall never cease to lament it.

In December, 1801, I held out my hand to Captain Dodd, saying,—“ Well Sir ! the coach will start in the morning early, and I have come to say farewell. I must confess, in spite of all that has occurred, I leave you with some feelings of regret ; and I am sure, when you call to mind how faithfully I have served you, when you remember our imprisonment, and at all times, the interest I ever felt for your concerns, you cannot help lamenting it ever should have come to this. My prospects are blasted for the present, but I am young ; I know my profession, and with the advantages of an education, and I trust, a well disposed mind, and good connexions, you will soon hear that I am flourishing in life. God bless you Sir. I wish you health and happiness. Mrs. Dodd, I am aware, stays out of the way purposely. She has at last succeeded, and I could have borne it better from any other hands, but I trust yet to live to see the time you will both lament your unkind and unjust treatment.” He became agitated, so did I. I left the house, and went to London,

took up my quarters with my guardian, (Mr. Bingley) and consulted with him, touching future prospects. I now began to feel the impropriety of giving up one situation before I had secured another.

CHAPTER X.

Sails the end of February for Smyrna, and arrives March, 1802.—

Returns to the London river in August.—Follows the advice of his friend, Lieut. C. F. Payne, and is appointed as master's mate of the "*Egyptienne*."—Leaves the "*Egyptienne*," and joins the "*Charwell*" Sloop of War, as master.

I now began to enter into all the gaieties of life in London, the beginning of which was an establishment, for which purpose, I found it necessary to quit Mr. Bingley, and become my own master; and in fact, making these arrangements, (which but for my guardian angel, my sister) were placing me in a very fair train to go to the devil. Fortunately for me, about this time, a Smyrna-man had been pitched upon, to take a trip up the Mediterranean, to see if I could be reconciled to the merchant service, and sailed the end of February; touched at Gibraltar and Malta on my way to Smyrna, and it is singular

enough, a strong desire to sail out of that port, and to become better acquainted with it, clung to me ever after. I but little thought at that period, there was the slightest prospect of my wishes ever being fulfilled ; but the wheel of fortune still kept going round, and in twenty-five years afterwards, after numerous vicissitudes, beheld me on the very spot. But I must get on in order.

After completing our water, &c., we started for Smyrna, and much gratified with the scenery through the Archipelago. Arrived at Smyrna in March, 1802, unloaded and loaded with all dispatch, but the Turkish and Greek Festas delayed us amazingly. I went this trip to keep out of the allurements of an idle life in London, and gave the Captain a premium, and for my own information, undertook the drudgery of unloading, loading, &c. ; and after having commanded a packet, and at that time the owner of part of one, I think I displayed great forbearance, in doing duty in a very subordinate situation, where I was associated with the greatest ignorance. From Messrs. Morrier and Wilkinson, I met with the kindest attention on Sundays, at their retreat at Bournabut, about eight miles from Smyrna.

We sailed in May, and Mr. Wrangham, the Master, laid in little or nothing in the shape of stock, and we arrived half starved at Gibraltar, where the mate of the ship died suddenly ; here I took care to lay in a good stock of every thing, for my own sake, and arrived in London River in August, covered with humours, owing to scarce and bad living. Put myself under the care of a doctor, who kept me until December, and then I tried to obtain free mariner's indentures, when my best and most influential friend, near Wimborne in Dorsetshire, died. I then wished to sink a £1000 in the share of a ship to command her, but Buonaparte had shut up all the Ports in France, and trade was at a stand-still in the Mediterranean, there was also a talk of war, and my old messmate and fellow prisoner, Lieut. C. F. Payne, being appointed first Lieutenant of H. M. ship 'Immortalité,' called upon me on his way to join her, and gave a different turn to all my intended arrangements, for seeing the life I was leading, with no immediate prospect of any employment, and every day becoming less inclined to be so, felt satisfied it was necessary to rouse me from the influence of such dazzling charms as

S— S— possessed, and to save me he must break the spell. We dined together at the Gloucester, Piccadilly, and over our bottle he took upon himself to advise me to relinquish all idea of the merchant service and enter the navy as master ; this was a favourite theme of his, and he often broached it in our meetings in the West Indies. He went with me in the evening to tea with Sue, and found it more necessary than ever to get me away from so much loveliness, he volunteered his services to introduce me to Captain Owen, and promised to drop me a line. In the mean time, I saw a notice in the papers, from the navy board, "All masters in the navy to make their appearance, and leave their address, or they will be struck off the list." I heard from Payne that there was no vacancy whatever on board the *Immortalité*, but he advised me to go to Sheerness and offer my services to Captain Fleming. I embraced this immediately, and without much consideration took my passage in a Gravesend Boat, and the next morning went on board the *Immortalité* and dined with Payne, at Queen Hythe, and heard what he had to say ; he even advised me, if I could not get a master's appointment at once,

to accept a mid's, and leave the rest to my own exertions, and he had no doubt, I should soon get the other step ; it being the commencement of a war, and sharing with the Lieutenants, I might pick up something handsome, and, at all events, any thing was better than my present dissipated mode of life, which must ultimately end in ruin. This lecture had the desired effect, and off I went to Chatham. (Nota Bene.) Borrowed a shirt, put it into my pocket, and away I trudged to Rochester, finding, for the first time, I was not overburthened with cash, and it would require the strictest economy to get to London again. Went to Sheerness the same night by the hoy, put up at the Three Tons ; and after breakfast, with a packet uniform coat on, (which I travelled in to save me from the press,) I went on board the *Egyptienne*, and modestly offered myself as master of that ship. Pascoe, the first Lieutenant, told me there was one already appointed, and wished to see my warrant, as there must be some mistake. I let him know I had never been in the Navy, and he then looked at the button for the first time ; and advised me to see Captain Fleming, who would like the manner in which I

came, and, no doubt, would receive me to do the duty of master's mate, until he could get me an appointment as master of a sloop of war. I waited upon him, was received most kindly, entered upon the books, recommended to get fitted out as fast as possible, and, at the same time, as it was necessary he should know who he was introducing among the gentlemen on board, requested I would get letters from my friends to that effect. We parted;—I went to the Three Tons, called for my bill, and, no boat going up until next morning, ordered a post-chaise to Chatham, for all which I had exactly half-a-crown in my pocket to pay. I sent for the landlord, who, upon the news, looked marling-spikes; the chaise was at the door, and I, very coolly taking a beef-steak, asked "Won't you take a bill on London?" "I don't know you, Sir." "Can't you see I am a gentleman?" I thought he seemed to say, he could not perceive it. "So you will not take a bill at sight for ten pounds, and give me the balance?" The rascal positively laughed, and so did I. "Well, I shall be down again in a week, to join the *Egyptienne*. Give me enough to carry me to London, and take care

of this gold watch, chain and seals. He gave me five pounds, I got into the chaise, and was in London by six the next morning. I soon got rigged, wrote to all my friends, one of whom was Captain Fleming's own agent, Mr. Jackson, of Broad Street; the members for Poole; two or three nobles in the Navy, and a few monied men in the city. I joined her on Sunday, the 22nd of March, 1803, made my bow to the Officers, and learning the master was in the hold stowing ballast, I went down immediately, took the larboard side, and was quite at home with soundings in a moment. This, I understood afterwards, made a favourable impression, and I was at all times fortunate enough to give the greatest satisfaction; active in extinguishing a fire, and once saved a man from drowning. On the 12th of June, in the Downs, Captain Dumaresq, of His Majesty's Sloop "Charwell," made application to Captain Fleming, senior Officer in the Downs, for a master. He advised me by all means to take it; I jumped at it, for I had become heartily tired of being among a parcel of boys. I left the *Egyptienne* with the good wishes of every soul, and Captain Fleming

was pleased to say, if Captain Dumaresq and I could not agree, he would be most happy to receive me again, which to me was very flattering. My friend Payne was in the Downs also, I went and dined with him, and met with lots of congratulations.

CHAPTER XI.

Takes charge of a Convoy for Portsmouth.—Placed on the Guernsey Station.—Bombardment of Grandville.—Leave of absence, and arrives in Weymouth, December, 1803.—Friendship of Sir Henry Carr.—Interview with Mr. Bingley, in London.—Returns to the Station.—Passed in February, 1806, and again in August, and appointed to the "Revolutionaire."—Rejoins the "Charwell," and proceeds to South America.

My mess-mates, Lieutenant Forster and Pierce, gave me every information to familiarize me to the situation, but I soon found the latter, (under the appearance of great candour and honesty) was a doubtful character; he was an active seaman, and a brave fellow. Forster, the first Lieutenant, was quick, obstinate, and self-opinionated, but upright, candid, and possessing a high-minded, proper pride, and the feelings of a gentleman. Mr. Short, the Surgeon, a kind-hearted creature, with a very enlightened and well cultivated mind,

and a most excellent Surgeon. Little Knight, the Purser, was the very picture of good nature.

We took charge of a Convoy for Portsmouth. Having never been to the eastward before, I did not shine much, and in fact, upon my arrival at Portsmouth, Captain Dumaresq was half disposed to return me to the "Egyptienne;" and as I understood afterwards, through the representations of Lieutenant Pierce, who was with Captain Dumaresq in his first command,—the Calpe. As a first outfit is rather heavy, more funds were required than they commanded. The Caterer came to me, and having it in my power to square all off for the mess, (which I did most cheerfully upon application) placed me in such a different point of view among them, that I made friends of all, and instead of exposing my blunders, they assisted me all in their power. In time, the mode of carrying on duty became familiar to me, and I was soon upon the best of terms with all parties. Captain Dumaresq began to place confidence, and I daily increased in favor with that officer; such were the advantages of a purse well lined.

Our ship was placed upon the Guernsey station, under the command of Sir James Saumarez, uncle

to our Captain, who was from the island of Jersey, and the first situation in the island was filled by his Father, Sir John Dumaresq, and all other appointments of importance, were held by different branches of the family ; the result was, a reception of the most hospitable nature by all. They were delighted in having the ship there, we were equally delighted to be there ;—they liked ship visiting, we gloried in receiving them. No cruising, no prizes, no money. We were just beginning to flag, when something was whispered to be in agitation, to employ the squadron, and in September, His Majesty's ship *Cerberus*, (with the Admiral on board,) the *Charwell* and *Kite* sloops, the *Eleng* schooner, the *Duke of York* cutter, with the *Ætna* and *Sulphur* bombs, were sent to bombard *Grandville*. The *Cerberus* got on shore, and heeled over so much, could not fire a gun. Twenty-five gun boats came to destroy her ; fortunately it was near dead low water,—the small craft drawing much less water than the *Cerberus*, pushed in, and succeeded in driving the gun-boats back, just at the time the signal was going up,—“ All boats manned and armed.” The ship floated again, and having expended all our

shells, knocked down some of the houses, destroyed a few of their invading craft, we returned to Guernsey, received the thanks of the Commander in Chief, and this was the only exploit, during a station of three years.

In December, 1803, got leave to go to England, in consequence of a report that Mr. Bingley, our guardian, was in a bad way. The packet was standing off and on in Guernsey Roads, waiting for her Captain ; — I understood it was expected every passenger would lay in his own stock, we were four in number, and had not procured a single thing.—It was Saturday, and our Steward had just got alongside the Charwell, with a large supply for the Mess of every thing, as the ship was to sail on Sunday for Plymouth.— I hailed the boat to come to us, took every thing he had, and gave him an additional order to bring me wine, spirits, and beer in proportion : I mention this, because it turned out to be the most fortunate provision imaginable. We were six days getting to Weymouth, and but for my seisure, must positively have starved. It was here I first formed an acquaintance, which afterwards improved into a friendship never forgotten. “ Poor dear

Sir Henry Carr ! It appears but yesterday when you and I first met ; you are gone a short time before me, may we meet again !”

I got to London, and waited upon Bingley, who exhibited such undoubted proofs (to me) of being in a flourishing state, I would not think of withdrawing my money ; returned to my ship, quite satisfied, and the July following he broke, and my sister and I were dished.*

If ever mortals were brought to feel the deepest sense of gratitude, under a visitation of extreme distress, it was my sister and myself, for the universal kindness and commiseration of our

* So much for faith in a professed friend. Be it known, that Mr. B. had purchased a considerable estate in the county of Berkshire, whereon he had split upon the too fatal rock of building a mansion. It was furthermore, pretty well understood, that he had many other ruinous and discreditable expenses. I cannot give a deeper shade to his character, than by saying, he subjected his wife and an only son, to this cruel wreck ; the former was as prudent and worthy a person as ever breathed ; the latter was almost adored by his Mother, and had been nurtured in the lap of indulgence and luxury, and with every prospect of perfect independence. His education had been finished as an Oppidan, at Eton, on leaving which, he was placed under the charge of a friend, his pockets were well supplied, and launched forth for the purpose of a tour on the continent, and such expeditions, at this period, were neither so common, nor attended with so little expense as of late years. What had we to expect from a person,

sundry friends. My sister had many temporary homes offered to her, but being in high health and in the prime of youth, she resisted all their importunities, and by reflecting temporally and justly upon her hard case, she considered that it behoved her not supinely to abandon herself to despair, but with becoming resolution to meet the calamities that were not to be avoided ; and to her eternal praise be it spoken, she determined to adhere to the salutary moral of Gay's beautiful fable of the hare, and not become a troublesome, and in the sequel, an unwelcome burden, by putting her many friends to too severe a test.

who could thus distress and reduce such a wife, and such a son ? It was soon discovered to our dismay, that not any bond-holder, (with the exception of one) stood the slightest chance of satisfaction, and that was termed a judgment bond, rendering all the others void. God knows, who the holder was, but an utter stranger to us. Law, of course, was resorted to, making bad, worse. My sister, to the eternal praise of her many friends, had the first of legal opinions, free of cost to her, but of no avail. Not one penny was ever shared by those legatees, who (out of delicacy or friendship) had accepted bonds. The commercial creditors had dividends at sundry times, amounting to ten or twelve shillings in the pound.

Our late step-mother's family, through diligent perseverance, and in seasonable time, had actually settled the whole of their accounts, to the utmost farthing.

She accordingly made an independent struggle to support herself; by which step, it may be imagined how she exalted herself in my best affections, where I had ever thought she held the highest possible rank; neither did she, by the adoption of this measure, lower herself in the regard and good opinion of her best and most valued friends. She moreover had the satisfaction of rendering a little assistance (though to the extent of her means, yet not to her wishes) to her sister and her two reduced aunts. I was obliged to haul in my horns, and starve upon my pay. Pierce, about this time, married Charlotte Lennox, who ultimately produced his ruin and ignominious death. His wife came to Guernsey in October; Captain Dumaresq, about this time, married his cousin, Miss Le Mesurer, of Alderney; he would not allow Mrs. Pierce to come on board. Her husband had committed repeated acts of disobedience to orders; and early in the year of 1805, he was dismissed His Majesty's Service, by the sentence of a Court Martial; it was generally considered a harsh sentence. Returned to our station again for another year, and still inactive. No money,—determined to pass, and go abroad.

Passed, February 22nd, 1806, and again in August, was appointed to the *Revolutionaire*, and sold my share of the *Packet* for £300. I received a letter from Captain Dumaresq, stating that the ship was bound to the River Plate, where he was to be posted, and requesting me to stay with him. I consented, and rejoined the *Charwell* at Portsmouth, and found her fitting out with all expedition for South America, and we were all delighted at the prospect of being actively employed, as well as visiting a part of the globe rendered so interesting in the page of history, and so beautifully described by Dr. Robertson.

CHAPTER XII.

October 6th. Parts with his sister at Portsmouth, and sails with an expedition, for the purpose of reducing Monte Video.—Arrives at Rio Janeiro.—Finds Buenos Ayres has fallen into the hands of the Spaniards again.—Arrived off the mouth of Rio Plata, January 5th, 1807.—On the 15th, got under way, and anchored close to the shore, to cover the landing.—At nine, Sir Samuel came on board, and a signal was given for the troops to pull to the shore.—Landed without opposition.—On the 19th, advanced within three miles of the town.—Town taken by storm.—Continued cruising.—Various incidents.

So much variety, so much incident, with such an intermixture of good and bad fortune are included in the ensuing four years I was absent from England, that, in the detail, I am afraid I shall now and then be induced to enter into the descriptive, tell long stories and become tiresome. However, these sheets are only intended for the perusal of a few, whose indulgence I can rely upon, as they are sensible, it was only to gratify

their wishes I ever undertook the task ; having said thus much, I shall proceed, and get them across the Atlantic as quickly as possible.

On the 6th of October parted with my sister at Portsmouth, and here, for the first time, I introduce a Guernsey Lily, to whom I was much attached, and had every reason to believe it was mutual. Maria ! *you* well know the pangs I felt at parting. I shall say no more. On the 9th of October, 1806, took our departure from the Lizard, and left behind some friendly hearts, which beat responsive to our feelings, and I once more saw Old England sink into the ocean.

Captain Dumaresq being posted, I was all adrift again ; but I feel convinced, that that Officer must have spoken to his successor, Captain Chamberlayne, in terms very flattering of me, for from the moment of joining the ship, until he was posted, he behaved more like a brother than any thing else.

We sailed with an expedition under the command of Sir Samuel Auchmuty, for the express purpose of reducing Monte Video in the river Plate, having already taken possession of Buenos Ayres. The ships of war, were the Ardent 64,

Ross Donnelly, Commodore, Unicorn, and Daphne frigates ; Pheasant, and Charwell sloops, with twenty-eight transports.

On the 13th of December, we reached Rio Janeiro, after a tedious and sickly passage, and then found, Buenos Ayres had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards again, and most of our troops taken prisoners, General Beresford and Colonel Pack among them. We worked night and day, and having procured an ample supply of every species of provisions, we started on the 23rd of December for the river Plate. At Janeiro, I learnt that my old mess-mate, (Mr. Pierce) had joined a pirate, and made himself very formidable : what next I wonder ! On the 5th of January, 1807, off the mouth of Rio Plata, a brig hove in sight, came up with her, and who should be in her, but that unfortunate devil, Pierce, and he went into the river in irons. Found lying here H. M. ships Diadem, Admiral Stirling, Lancaster, and Reasonable, 64's ; Medusa and Staunch, Protector, and Rolla, brigs ; Paz, schooner,—all waiting with great anxiety.

On the 15th of January, 1807, we got under way, accompanied by a forest of shipping, (adven-

turers.) We anchored for the night to reconnoitre, and on the 16th, the Charwell, drawing only twelve feet six inches of water, was ordered to lead in, and anchor as close to the shore as possible, to cover the landing, and was called "The Advanced Post of Honor." The flat bottom boats assembled around us. At half-past seven, the Spaniards, in great force, marched out of the town, and took up their position upon the heights above the landing place. At nine, Sir Samuel came on board. At half-past ten, the signal was made to pull for the shore, and in an instant, there was stretching out on all sides, and the Welkin rung with hearty cheers from the shipping, and returned by the gallant fellows in the boats. The Spaniards advanced to oppose their landing, when the vessels appointed to cover them, opened a well directed fire among the thick of them, and they retired behind the hill, and our troops landed without opposition, advanced, took possession of the high ground, and the night was passed in foraging and skirmishing.

On the 19th of January, advanced within three miles of the town, and began to prepare for a siege. On the 20th, the Spaniards made a sortie

in great force, and attacked our advanced post with much spirit, but our troops coming to the bayonet, they were soon routed, with considerable loss. On the 21st of January, we left the scene of action, to repair up the river, for the purpose of cutting off the governor of Monte Video, in his retreat for Buenos Ayres, but having failed in it, we were completely disappointed, and at the same time, much chagrined at being inactive, whilst the rest of our countrymen were sharing in the toils, hazards, and hardships of a siege, and reaping the glory due to their services.

At anchor off Barrogan, on the 8th of February, about 11, A. M., we saw a boat in the S. W., making towards us; sent an officer (petty) to board her, and she returned with Mr. White, an American, who had made his escape in disguise, and who had some interesting intelligence to communicate, respecting General Beresford, who was well, and about fifty miles up the country, and from him we heard of the reduction of Monte Video by storm. This person told us also, that Buenos Ayres mustered six thousand regular troops, and spoke of the capture of that city, as being possible by four or five thousand men with

ease. This same gentleman was afterwards guide to General Whitelocke, and whose house at Beunos Ayres, was well known to that officer.

On the 22nd, we were fortunate enough to discover another boat to the S. W. ; got under weigh, made sail towards her, and found two British officers on board of her, and to our no small satisfaction, proved to be General Beresford, and Colonel Pack, who had made their escape ; took them down to Monte Video, the latter afterwards commanded the expedition against Colonia, which surrendered on the 16th of March, without firing a gun ; the same officer had an opportunity of returning an acknowledgement of the governor's kindness to Captain Chamberlayne, which was highly pleasing to himself and officers.

The Squadron up the river, were constantly reconnoitering Buenos Ayres, and always found the enemy most actively employed, and all our flags of Truce exhorting them to surrender, (by remembering the fall of Monte Video, and to spare the unnecessary effusion of blood,) were treated with defiance. On this night, the enemy attacked Colonia, but were repulsed with loss. May 3rd. This day, ever to be lamented by every English-

man, and more particularly by those officers and men who were upon the expedition, brought General Whitelocke to Monte Video, upon whom, devolved the command of the forces. General Illò, who was encamped, about fifteen miles to the west of Colonia, sent a flag of Truce to Colonel Pack, about the same time, representing a sacrilegious outrage of one of his soldiers, by taking a chalice from the altar of one of their churches, and concludes his letter thus ; “ If the Commander in Chief of the British forces at Colonia be unacquainted with such a proceeding, it gives me a very contemptible opinion of his military character, and should he know it, and not made a very serious and public example of the delinquent, I do not envy him, his feelings as a man !” At the same time, advising him to be upon the alert, as he intended attacking and routing him out of that. To all which, the Colonel replied, that “ Actions, not words, should prove how far General Illò was correct in his assertions !” At the same time, begs his acceptance of a newspaper, announcing the arrival of a great reinforcement. And shortly afterwards sallied forth, attacked the Spanish Camp, and the brave General decamped in such a

hurry, that he even left his desk and all his papers in possession of the modest victor.

In every skirmish, however unequal in numbers, success was on our side, the most evident superiority was at all times displayed, and the general result is, too much contempt for the foe, and defeat in consequence.

Agreeably to orders, we repaired off the Octiz Sand, bringing it to bear N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 6 or 8m., and remained there as a guide to the expedition for Buenos Ayres. On Sunday, the 21st, parts of the transports hove in sight, twenty-six sail; on the 23rd, twenty-five more vessels passed us; and on the 24th, Rear Admiral Murray, with General Whitelocke, &c., &c., passed within hail, ordering us to remain there until further orders. Our chagrin and disappointment can only be conceived by those who have been in similar situations. After buffeting about the river, with the greatest anxiety, night and day, at all hours under arms, expecting every instant to be attacked, (when at anchor off Buenos Ayres) acquainted with every post, fort, shoal, &c., and now, the moment arriving when we hoped particularly to be called upon for our services,

left inactive, sixty miles below the scene of action, and, as we then thought, the scene of glory. But while we were deploring our hard and cruel fate, we were most unexpectedly relieved by the *Olympia*; heard from her the troops had landed at Barrogan, without any opposition. On the morning of the 3rd of July we joined Admiral Murray, off Buenos Ayres, by whom we were attached to the inshore squadron of sloops, gun-brigs, &c., under the orders of Captain Thompson, of the *Fly*. We here understood that great anxiety was expressed for the welfare of the Army, who were in want of every species of supply, and orders were accordingly issued to the Officers rowing guard, to communicate if possible, and fix upon a point for landing whatever necessaries they might stand in need of. On the 4th of July, at five P. M., I left the *Charwell* to go inshore, and row guard to the westward of the town, and relieve Lieutenant Boulderson, nothing transpired until day-light on the 5th, when we perceived troops advancing, and soon made them out to be British. Our situation enabled us to keep pace with them, and remark their manœuvres. They carried every thing before them,

until they came to the famous place, de Tauros, where the enemy made a very determined stand ; being fully satisfied they were British Troops, and an opportunity presenting itself of communicating with them,—(possession of a fort to the westward of the Bull-ring being taken, and our troops galling the enemy very much, from the top of a house close to it,)—I got up to the scene of action from the beach, with Macey, one of my boat's crew. This man, when I jumped overboard and got into a hole out of my depth, supported me, and kept my chin above water, until I could touch bottom again ; he then very gallantly came up to the Bull-ring with me, and carried a pair of Torbay boots I had pulled off, as they were too heavy, and I had to run for it, back to the boat, the water having damaged all my powder. Never had my eyes witnessed any thing like it before ; all was confusion, noise, blood, and fire. I first saw a company of the 38th, who were under cover of a wall, they being of no service, for want of ammunition. " Well, my hearties, how get you on ?" An Irishman answered me :—" By Jasus, Sir, we are murdered, we have no fair play at all ; our men fall, and the devil of any body do we see !"

I then inquired, where I could see the General, or any principal officer. A corporal begged me to follow him, and I was soon introduced to a Captain of the 38th. He asked me, "If I belonged to the Marine Artillery that came with the army; if I knew where the General was; and what had become of the main body of the army, as the 40th and 45th Regiments were missing, and at that period, very much wanted." I told him "I had but that moment left the boat, was officer of the guard, and had orders to communicate with the General,—to know in what manner the town was attacked, and where the Navy could co-operate,—what they stood in need of, and how it was likely to terminate." To which, I received in answer,—
"The town was approached by divisions, and attacked at several points, and a grand junction was to be formed in the centre,—that they had suffered severely,—were in want of bread and ball cartridges,—the Bull-ring, which they were now disputing, could not hold out ten minutes more, and that being a most principal post, (as it commanded the citadel,) he conceived the town would fall in the course of the night. This Regiment is cut up most dreadfully, and the remainder are

obliged to keep under cover, for they have not a cartridge among them." At this moment, the heat was excessive;—the roaring of cannons,—the rattling of musketry,—shouts,—groans,—advancing,—retreating,—men falling,—and horrid shrieks on every side. I never shall forget it, it being then perfectly new to me. The ground strewn with Englishmen, Spaniards, and horses, tumbling one upon the other, and the blood of the whole mingling into one stream. Having obtained the necessary information, I thought it was high time to be off, while I was able, and with a pistol full of water, (for I had to quit the boat at some distance from the beach) and a small dirk by my side, I once more made for the beach, with the lad that went up with me, got safe to the boat, notwithstanding we were fired at from all quarters, and waited on the commanding officer of the inshore squadron, to deliver my intelligence, who, afterwards had the kindness to order me on board my own ship, about four miles in the wind's eye, notwithstanding he saw I was, as well as all my boat's crew, wet, cramped, and exhausted,—away from the ship twenty-four hours,—nothing to eat but wet bread,—nothing

but water to revive and cheer their spirits, and many of them were not very well. We pulled for about two hours, and got a mile from them, when the poor souls were so completely knocked up, they could not hold out any longer, and after all, I had the mortification to bear up for the vessel I had quitted. When we arrived, I must do the same person justice, to say that he made up for his inattention, by the greatest civility: and to Lieutenant Street, commander of the "Staunch," I shall ever feel very much obliged, who supplied me with every comfort.

On that night, preparations were made, to plant the battering train, when, on the afternoon of the 6th, we were surprised to see a flag of truce flying at the Bull-ring, and heard, to our astonishment, and very great confusion, that we had been defeated. To describe the surprize and vexation of every body, is impossible. A little army, composed of the finest troops in the world, to be worsted by a rabble, appeared to every one incredible. But we were too soon convinced of the truth of it, by seeing a publication of the most disgraceful, and shameful capitulation, possible. We, who but a few months back, held our heads

so high, and gloried in the pre-eminence of being Englishmen, to meet with a check from a set of men, who scarcely knew one end of a musket from the other. Their brave and determined defence, will ever redound to their credit, and be a very brilliant star in the history of South America, while our scandalous defeat, will be an eternal stain in the British annals.

Now it was, the Navy were called upon to act ; it was evidently, the General's intentions, to deprive them of any credit in a victory, had he been successful, but the moment he was in a dilemma, then, like a great girl, he began to whine, and call upon Jack to help him out. Night and day, we were fagged in getting the troops off, and Spanish officers, barbers, &c., coming down upon the beach, with the swords of our officers by their side, and shewing off in their hats and boots. These were bitter pills to swallow, but we were not only obliged to gulp them, but put up with indignities of a more magnified nature, even to the loss of many soldier's lives, while the flag of truce was flying ; all which, our modern Xerxes bore with christian resignation,—like him, slank

home, and has met with his deserts from his incensed and injured country. We left Buenos Ayres on the 10th, according to the stipulation, and went down to Monte Video, where every body was employed in preparations to depart.

CHAPTER XIII.

Description of Monte Video, and its inhabitants.—Appointed Master of the “Nereide” for a short time.—Various Incidents.—Chased and captured three Schooners.—Leaves for the Cape, January, 1808.—Arrives at Table Bay in twenty-three days, almost starved.—Ordered to his own Ship again, and passed for Lieutenant.—Appointed to the “Olympia.”

MONTÉ VIDEO is a very strong, and neatly built town, all the streets at right angles, and if the natives would pay some little attention, they might be made clean and comfortable, but they are intolerably lazy. I found them in general, a stout, athletic race, and the women remarkably handsome, and beautiful figures; the fine, full, expressive eye, dark and fiery as the fawn's,—small, neat foot,—pretty turned ankle,—and very handsome legs, which they are very fond of shewing, tends to give the enraptured gazer, a very exalted idea of the symmetry of those beauties who are con-

cealed. Their hair is extremely fine, black, and very luxuriant, which they braid in a very neat manner, displaying a fine turned neck, but no bosoms of snow here, the sun has kissed them all too rudely, to enable them to boast of that glossy whiteness,—that bewitching elasticity, for which my own lovely country women are so famed. Still the Spanish beauties of South America, are by nature, of the most piquante description, and very few can gaze upon them with impunity. They appear to be very sprightly, and I make no doubt, most enlivening companions, and I shall ever regret that duty so completely debarred me, the pleasure of being more frequently in their company.

The Nereide, Hermes, Charwell, and Olympia cutters, were appointed by the Admiral, to remain behind, for the purpose of preventing any speculators falling into the hands of the enemy, and on the 14th of September, the Admiral and Convoy passed us,—most of them with aching hearts, and by far the major part, cursing the hour they entered the river.

On the 21st of September, (“hung be the heavens with black”) I received an order from

Captain Corbet, of the "Nereide," to act as master on board that ship, for the time being, and left the old Charwell with regret. Nothing remarkable occurred until the 19th of November, when the "Nereide," with "Olympia" in company, repaired up the river, and saw laying in Colonia, four armed schooners, which we were in great hopes of calling our own, but to our great mortification, under the cover of the night of the 20th, made their escape ; we ran over to Buenos Ayres, but the enemy was quite snug.

On the 24th of November, we made sail in chase of a very fine sloop, but she got into Colonia before we could come up with her. At sunset, we anchored about six miles from Colonia, and Lieutenant Blight in the barge, and myself in the yawl, were sent to bring her out. At two, we saw the enemy close in with the town, and on discovering us, burnt a false fire ; we boarded her on each quarter, made sail upon her, and brought her out, the enemy keeping up a well directed fire from the battery, but only carried away our jib and fore stays,—no person hurt.

"Closed with "Nereide," and on the 26th, anchored about eight miles to the eastward of

Barrogan. At sunset, I was sent with the yawl, and starboard cutter, to bring a ship out of Barrogan, if practicable, or burn her, should the other be impossible. The current setting in very strong, we prepared to set her on fire, leaving the boats in charge of a Midshipman alongside, who by some means, allowed one of them to go adrift, just as the combustibles were set fire to, and to my great astonishment, and their eternal shame, as British seamen, ten deserted me, and were with the enemy in five minutes. I ever imputed this act of treachery to the severity of Captain Corbet, who drove them mad, and determined to get clear of him at all risks : his own boat's crew served him the same trick, by landing him on the island of Goretti, and pulling his own gig over to Maldonado. A circumstance of such a serious nature, had a visible effect upon the whole of us, and served considerably to check my ardour for volunteering, where you could place no confidence in your men, and I believe, this is one of the very few instances, of English seamen deserting their officers in time of service, particularly of the above nature. Of course, a stop was put to all enterprise, and nothing transpired until Christmas

day, when the "Hermes," and "Olympia" parted company for the Cape of Good Hope, and the "Nereide" and "Charwell" repaired up the river. On the 2nd of January, 1808, three of the enemy hove in sight; we out boats, chased, and took them, sold the schooners, and brought the cargoes to the Cape, in the "Nereide."

On the 26th of January, we left the river, and after a very good passage of twenty-three days, anchored in Table Bay at midnight, almost in a state of starvation, and I a prisoner, with the serious charge of running His Majesty's ship into danger, in the River Plate; it is now twenty-nine years ago. Commodore Rowley, the senior officer on the Cape station, and now, Sir Josias Rowley, Commander in chief in the Mediterranean, would not listen to a Court Martial, and ordered me to rejoin my ship again.

I had now been a master six years, and with the exception of the five months I was with him, my duty was a pleasure to me: I was held in high estimation by the Captains I had served under, beloved by all my messmates, and in spite of his constant persecutions, I was determined to

be happy. I volunteered upon all occasions, and my services was invariably accepted, with the hopes of expending me, (as he used to term it) but to his no small annoyance, I was always successful, and never had a scratch. As a last resource to get rid of me, upon our arrival at the Cape, he put me under an arrest, a short time previous to leaving the river, and the charges were considered so futile and unjust, that I was ordered to return to my own ship again, without a trial.

In January, 1810, I passed for a Lieutenant, and was appointed to the "Olympia." Captain Corbet's character is too generally known in the service, to need any remarks from me. He was of an atrabilarious habit, strong, passionate, and his prejudices for and against, always in extremes; I fell under the lash of the latter. His very looks froze you to death. He was considered a good seaman, and a brave man,—he had no business in the command of one of His Majesty's ships, if he was not both, so that is a negative kind of compliment. His notions of discipline were of the most severe description, and considered by his contem-

poraries, as bordering on cruelty. Let those write his history who please; it will be replete with anecdotes of harshness, sarcasm, persecution, overbearing insult to his officers, continual floggings, pickling, starting, and deprivations among the men, desertions and mutiny consequent thereon, execution of the ringleader, subsequent trial upon himself, a reprimand, and return to the same ship, with the same discipline. Desertion, again, in a prize; murder of the prize master, and flying to the enemy; appointment in England, to Africaine, ship's company refuse to receive him, but at last obliged to. Engages two frigates, (Boadicea in sight) wounded and taken, with reports (to be revenged,) the crew would not fight, but that is too monstrous and unnatural for belief. He died before his unassuming and modest companion in arms, (Sir Josias Rowley) came up, who retook him, and two frigates besides.

The body was buried in the island of Bourbon, borne to the grave with curses and execrations, by a party of his own ship's company. He was spoken very highly of by a few of his brother

officers, who was tarred with the same brush. I leave his memory to his admirers, with this conviction in my own mind, that it is owing to a few like him, the tars of Old England are no longer what they were, and "Cavete Roma."

CHAPTER XIV.

Description of Cape Town.—Its Inhabitants.—Buildings.—The Garrison.—Public Amusements.—Balls.—Routs, &c.—Kind hospitality of the Inhabitants.

CAPE TOWN is built on an extensive plain, between the Table Mountain and Lion Hill, which bears a strong resemblance to a lion couchant. One large and broad street, extends from the castle wall, to the foot of the Lion Hill, close to, and parallel with the sea shore ; the other streets continue on the same line, towards the Table Mountain, intersected at right angles, and from an eminence, the view is exceedingly pretty. Extensive estates, elegant houses, beautiful gardens, spacious vineyards, refreshing fountains, and shady groves, are scattered in every direction, close to the foot of the mountain, in such a variety of taste and fancy, that the worn out sailor is delighted

beyond measure, at the richness of the scene, and never forgets the first impression it makes on his arrival.

In the town, the greatest neatness prevails throughout, and the inhabitants are most plentifully supplied with delicious water, and the fruits of all climates, in great abundance. There are four squares, viz. Market square, in the centre of the town, well supplied with meat and vegetables of all descriptions. Hottentot square, close to the Lion's Head and Tail, where all the waggons from the interior, and indeed in every direction, put up, and to that place, people resort if they want to hire, and there will be at all times plenty of offers. Church square is very small and contemptible, whilst it ought to have been the most spacious, to set off to the greatest advantage, a very pretty church; but I am shocked to say, there is less attention shewn to any improvements, relative to the edifices erected for religious purposes, than any other, and the consequences will be seen, in the course of the perusal of these pages.

The foundation of every house, is elevated about four feet above the street, leaving a terrace to walk on; some two sides, others three, and where

a house stands alone, completely round it ; there are seats at each corner, and they frequently become the favorite resort of a Dutch family, and are called stoops.

The principal street, (the Haargaft) leads towards the mountain, and on one side, are the best built houses in Cape Town ; and the parade, fountains, church, and court house, on the opposite. At the top of this street, handsome iron gates open into the company's gardens, which are spacious, and prettily laid out in walks, calculated for the gay, the melancholy, or the amorous, (to the latter, pretty well known, and much frequented,) the branches of the trees interlacing each other, as an emblem of the purposes for which they were intended, forming an alcove of six hundred yards, which the fiercest sun is not able to penetrate, and even in the middle of the day, affords a delightful shady retreat. After sunset, when the bands are playing in the public walk, soft and bewitching tunes, the above retreat is much frequented by company of every grade, and there are benches and seats of every description ; —but “ beware, fair daughter of love, for in the morning of thy

days, when men gaze upon thee with delight, avoid their insinuating wiles, nor trust thyself in such retreats as these, for there destruction lurks, and peace and happiness may be lost for ever."

There is a place set apart for the wild animals peculiar to Africa, of which, at times, there is a great variety. But where nature has displayed the greatest propensity to singularity, is in the formation of the female Hottentot. Buffon's description of them is no caricature: but to revert to a more pleasant subject, I shall take up a little of your time, in describing the manners, &c., of the civilized part of the community.

At the period I am now writing, Lord Caledon was governor of this delightful and interesting colony, and who, for his mildness, his cordiality, and ease of access, as well as his hospitality to all classes, was endeared with every one, except the garrison chaplain,—that turbulent, restless, insatiable, irascible, extraordinary, and unfortunate creature, Doctor Halloran, (as he was called there,) but before I proceed in my promised description, I will, in as few words as possible, relate one anecdote, to exemplify his character.

At the request of Doctor Halloran, his Lordship promised him the chaplainship of Simon's Bay, in addition to Cape Town, (not dreaming at the time, it was filled up by the Reverend Mr. Jones, and was his only support,) and out of common justice, felt himself obliged to recall his promise, at the same time, reflecting upon the Doctor's want of candour, in withholding that very material part of the matter, viz.—the place being already very respectably filled; and his Lordship having but just arrived, knew nothing of the circumstance. This gave great umbrage to the Doctor, and he was determined to have a hit at the Governor from the pulpit. It is to be recollected, Lord Caledon's family name was Alexander, and his property lay among copper mines; looking directly at the Governor's pew:—

“In Paul's second epistle to Timothy, and at the 14th verse, it is thus written. “Alexander the copper smith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works.” In time he lost his situation, and is now a felon at Botany Bay.

The garrison, consisting of the 93rd, 87th, 83rd, 72nd, 89th, 24th, and 21st dragoons, and a native corp of Hottentots, besides a strong corp

of artillery, amounting to upwards of six thousand men, commanded by Generals Grey and Wetherall, with a squadron of eleven sail, and three thousand men, made the Cape not only a formidable station, but produced a society of the first order, and a constant routine of festivity and entertainments were kept up, which were much contributed to by the better sort of the Dutch families, for many of whom, I shall ever feel the greatest respect, friendship, and esteem; those, of course, are not included in a description which may hereafter appear, an exception to it.

The good fortune of H. M. ship "Charwell," in taking prizes, brought her officers in communication with Admiral Bertie, much more than possibly might have been the case, had we not been so. He had scarcely arrived upon the station, before he shared for two prizes taken by us, and when he first met the officers belonging to the "Charwell," and upon inquiry, finding we belonged to that ship, he expected every one of us would dine with him; he took us to Lord Caledon's levee, and pointedly introduced the whole; this introduction insured others, from all the most distinguished families, but for kind heartedness,

and warmth of soul, my much respected friends, General Wetherall and family, and Colonel Carr, stood most conspicuous, and made an impression of that lasting and glorious feeling, never to be forgotten.

Among the public buildings is a theatre, in Hottentot square, and which does great credit to the architect, for the airy taste displayed in its structure, arrangements and decorations. Among other amusements, the officers of the garrison occasionally became amateur performers, and for one season, I joined the corps ; it was always most fully attended, with a display of beauty that made the heart dance. There were also, horse races, cricket matches, the swell, prime of life, bang up, and Africanda societies, balls, fêtes champetres, contrasted with the arduous services of a strict blockade off the Mauritius ; cutting out, attacking batteries, &c., and returning with a plenty of prize money, and good wines for the colony, (for we always supplied the market direct from Bordeaux, by our captures,) we became almost welcome visitors ; and the two years I passed upon the Cape station, I consider among the most interesting of my life, and I should be guilty of ingratitude, if I

passed over in silence, the kind hospitality, and many happy hours I experienced, in the society of the lovely *Africandas*; foremost among whom, shone forth in all the dazzling splendour of youthful beauty, the lovely *Munick*, *Horak*, *Nelson*, and *Strombon*, with five hundred more, that no man could gaze upon with impunity.

The manners of the Dutch ladies were friendly, and sometimes sprightly, always kind, glad to see you, and anxious to entertain you: their education is too much neglected, or too limited, which precludes their possessing that conversational ease one likes to hear and see; they will most good-naturedly, play to you all day, and some of them, pretty well; they are very fond of dancing, and generally speaking, beautiful figures, of the order of *Anadyomene* or *La Venus des belles fesses*, possessing that richness of person, which bespeaks loving-kindness, and warmth of constitution. Their faces are beautiful, and in general, of the imploring description; their complexions most dazzlingly white, their eyes of heavenly blue, their hair generally light, in great profusion, and soft as silk, necks of ivory, and well proportioned figures; and now for a few strictures.

Instead of putting up at a bad tavern, which is invariably dear, dirty and noisy, I resided at a boarding house, at 4 dollars a day, and lived with the family. They were respectable people, and their house was almost always full of the best company, and I see by a journal I kept at the time, I made the following observations, in addition to the compliments paid to their beauty, in a former part.

" Their busts are models for a Venus de Medicis. When children, they have scarcely any covering but a chemise, (the climate in general, rendering light clothing necessary,) and nature having fair play in consequence, gives most transcendent proofs when unshackled, what she can do. After marriage, they become very indolent, enormously large and puffy, particularly their faces, which swell out to a degree of rotundity, as to destroy all feature. To see them scoff as they call it, (I mean eat) away flies all the little loves and graces. A young lady, beautiful and delicate, whose form and clear complexion, with a light and airy swim through the dance, might induce one to suppose she had been nourished with Ambrosia; I have

seen her take for supper, three plates of fish, fried in the fat of the sheep's tail, (than which, there can be nothing more disgustingly gross,) and the moment the cloth was off, retire to bed. I wish, for their sakes, they would take a little advice from Ovid on that head.

“ There is another very common practice, which I am sure all English mothers will reprehend ; that of retiring to their beds with their daughters of eighteen and nineteen years of age, to sleep in the same room, where their father undresses sans ceremonie, and his lovely daughters, with the same sang froid, follow his example, cum multis aliis, &c. It is very evident, that delicacy and modesty must receive a shock from such indecorous customs, added to the various inflaming anecdotes, constantly being poured in by the pretty, but ignorant slave girls, and every young lady has one peculiarly her own, who becomes her confidante. They are betwixt the Malay and European, and most of them beautiful, and at a very early age, are capable of giving such advice and notions, as cannot fail of being as attractive, as they are poisonous; to the ear and inclinations ; and as human nature, in all climates, is more

prone to vice than virtue, and as the young Africandas are neither religiously or morally educated, the consequences of such pernicious guides may easily be imagined."

Farewell lovely Africandas, and believe me, my strictures do not proceed from ill nature; I merely state what many of you know to be melancholy facts, and trace the origin to a want of proper restriction on the part of your parents. A young lady, divested of delicate feeling, becomes an easy prey to the libertine; and stripped of modesty, she is deprived of her richest ornament, and like poor Calista, "She who once stood high above the world, now can find none so poor to do her reverence."

CHAPTER XV.

November 1809, joined the Squadron off the Isle of France, and sailed for Madagascar, for the purpose of breaking up French Establishments there.—Proceeds to the Cape for a short time.—Returns to England July 3rd, 1810, after an absence of three years and seven months.—Sails again from Portsmouth, September 5th, in H. M. Ship, “Barbadoes.”—Determination to rise in life.—Severe gale of wind.—The loss of the “Sirius” and “Magicienne,” &c.—Conversation with Commissioner Paget.—Result of the interview.

EARLY in November, 1809, we joined the squadron, off the Isle of France, and was soon ordered to our old station, to cruize round the Isle de Bourbon; but the “Charwell” had lost all her luck, and nothing but crosses during the whole cruise. We did not take a single prize, very near lost the ship, the batteries hailed us twice, and when our water was getting low, and not wishing to quit the station, reconnoitred along the east coast of the Island, between St. Dennis and St.

Paul's, for a river, spring, or waterfall, and discovered the latter near St. Dennis. I volunteered my services to land in the night, and bring off a boat-load. I succeeded, and was relieved by the 2nd Lieutenant at four o'clock; he remained too long, and was discovered, and troops were seen at the top of the Ravine, coming down to attack them,—made the recall with guns, and stood in to cover their retreat. The 1st Lieutenant, a Boatswain's mate, and two men, were seriously wounded by a powder horn blowing up; we completed our water,—took nothing,—closed with the Commodore, (Rowley)—and in the last week of November, proceeded to St. Luce, in the island of Madagascar, to break up an establishment of French there, who cured beef for the use of the enemy's squadron at the Isle of France, but our orders were strictly enjoined to avoid giving offence to the natives. Rimida, the native chief, would not listen to it for one moment, saying, "Upon a former occasion, when the "Garland," Captain Hood, was lost there, his people protected the whites, who were English, and they would do the same for the French;—if we were for war, all Malacasse would rise to meet us." It was given

up, and we left it without effecting our purpose. They were a wild and savage race, not half so good looking as at the Island of St. Mary's, particularly the women.

Being the only officer who could speak French, I communicated to the Chief's interpreter the Captain's intentions, which he repelled most firmly. At this time, the people collected round him, armed with muskets and spears, and I soon found myself hemmed in on every side, and began to think of Captain Cook's fate. "Well," I said, (to get clear of them as soon as possible, for I did not like appearances, I must confess,) "what shall I tell my chief?" "Why whatever he wants here, he must pay for; and he shall neither molest, or be molested; complete your water, and go as soon as possible." And devilish glad I was to go, for I expected to be stuck against a tree, full of spears. The fellows by this time, were drunk with the arrack the Frenchmen gave them, to protect them, and from that moment, we were most narrowly watched, by parties of one or two hundred placed along the shore. We remained here three days, and then sailed for the Cape of

Good Hope, and arrived the 24th of December, 1809.

Here, in consideration of my services, the Admiral was pleased to order me to pass for a Lieutenant, and appointed me to the first vacancy, 2nd Lieutenant of the Olympia cutter ; but a few months after, several Admiralty appointments came from England, and I was superseded. I begged to rejoin my old ship again, and come to England. Admiral Bertie courteously replied, " I might go to hell if I liked."

On the 1st of April, 1810, I bade adieu to Capstead and all its joys. We touched at St. Helena, and remained there to collect convoy, for fourteen days. Before we sailed, Captain The Honourable William Gordon, advised me to come home, in time to sail with him again, and he would get me appointed to any ship he might have. We arrived at Portsmouth on the 3rd of July, 1810, after an absence of three years and seven months, and a quarterly bill due, was all the money I had in the world, for my agent (William Cornelius English) failed, and I lost all my prize money for the capture of Monte Video, &c. The lady to whom I was engaged, also failed in her

truth; so I d—d her for a faithless one, and swearing, went again to sea; but try back.

We paid the old "Charwell" off on the 18th of July, after belonging to her seven years; waited upon Captain Gordon, who was posted into the "Nereide," he got me appointed to her on the 2nd of August, and advised me to follow him out to the Cape as quick as possible, for he was sure an attack was meditated against the Mauritius. Having orders to be received on board H. M. ship "Barbadoes," Captain Bryan Hodgson, for a passage to the Cape, I repaired immediately to Portsmouth, and sailed on the 5th of September, (another remarkable crisis in my career) a perfect stranger to every soul on board, and by no means a welcome guest, and very roughly accommodated; but it is not in the nature of the sailor, to be cold blooded and indifferent for any long period; reserve is soon shaken off, and in forty-eight hours you are sure to take with some one, who will accommodate you, as far as his humble means will admit, and in a long trip, it warms into a friendship never to be forgotten. I was delighted in after times, to shew how much I appreciated the attentions of the few belonging

to that ship ; but to return to the gloom that spread over at my departure.

As the Needles sunk into the ocean, so sunk my heart, and I took leave of England with a determination of rising in life, or never seeing it again. My humble situation as master in the Navy, became too oppressive to endure, and only hoped I should be out in time to join the expedition against the Isle of France, where I trusted to be useful, from my knowledge of the French language, as well as the local situation of all the assailable points ; the sequel will show how my hopes were blasted there.

To kill time on the passage out, I volunteered to keep watch for any body who was sick, and engaged also to instruct the youngsters in navigation, who all answered my best hopes. Our approach to the Cape of Good Hope was accompanied with a tremendous gale of wind, and not an officer acquainted with the land but myself ; I remained up the whole of the night, to be ready to give directions how to act at the first peep. On the noon of the 23rd of October, 1810, it cleared up for a moment, got an observation, and at the same time saw the land, which proved to be the

Cape; made all sail, and beat into False Bay, and anchored for the night:—here we heard the following intelligence. The “Sirius” and “Magicienne” going through the passage of the Isle of Passe, (in port S. E. Isle of France,) to attack the French squadron, ran ashore, and were burnt; the “Nereide” was obliged to strike, being alone, and almost every soul killed or wounded; the “Iphigenia” capitulated, and all my prospects of doing any thing to push myself into notice, vanished.

On the morning of the 24th, I was strolling along the quarter deck, and musing upon my unlucky stars, when I was accosted by one of our passengers, (Commissioner Paget, who was appointed to Madras,) to the following effect.

“Mr. Pitt, we are about to part, and I must for one, acknowledge myself very much obliged to you, for the very essential assistance you gave, in getting us here; and my friend, Captain Hodgson, is so sensible of your activity and knowledge as an officer, and a seaman, he is particularly anxious to have you with him. Before you embrace the offer, I wish further to enter into other points that have come under my observation

during the passage, and which I have kept entirely to myself, to be satisfied it was done with the pure and genuine feeling of doing good, and without recompense. I am the Father of ten children, most of them boys, and who will, most likely, embrace the profession of their Father, as one in which he commands most interest. At times, (and those very often) I have, unobserved by any body, marked your attention to the young gentlemen of this ship, and felt how happy I should consider myself, if my own boys should be fortunate enough to meet with such an instructor; and the kind hearted manner in which it was done, has completely won me. Now Mr. Pitt, I am not one of those who offer an unmeaning compliment, I have considered your conduct in all its bearings, I have marked your abilities, and I can only say, if you prefer living ashore to being afloat, as your ship is taken, and you are once more your own master, follow my fortunes, and I promise to provide for you, in some way, where your talents will have fair play. I am not going ashore these two hours, and I will give you them to reflect upon my offer; but for the present,

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keep this to yourself, and just send me yes or no, upon a piece of paper, nothing more."

It was some minutes before I could collect my ideas, or credit what I had heard. Mine had been lately a rugged school, and little acquainted with acts of common kindness, letting alone such a princely offer: to demur would be affectation, for I felt convinced, Captain Gordon would be the first to congratulate me upon my good fortune, and I sent in ten minutes after, the answer "yes," and from that moment, I placed myself under his auspices; and at this distance of time, I well remember the handsome and benevolent manner in which he took my hand, saying;—"Mr. Pitt, I am much obliged for the confidence you have placed in me, and giving up the interest of the Honourable Captain Gordon, but depend upon it, you never shall have cause to regret it." In fact, he made it almost appear as if I was conferring a favour on him, instead of my being indebted more deeply than any term of gratitude could repay. I shall pass over the tedium of a most tempestuous and disagreeable passage, much sickness, and many deaths; we arrived the 31st of December, 1810, in Madras Roads, (my old luck) in a state of starvation.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the shores of Hindostan.—Description of the natives.—An Establishment at the Banqueting House.—The Free-Masons entertain the Presidency with a masquerade at the Pantheon.—Description of it.

BEHOLD me now on the shores of Hindostan; every thing here was perfectly novel to me; the countenances of the Asiatics struck me as being very soft and effeminate, their persons slight, their limbs very small, and hands and fingers as delicate as a woman's; their peculiarity and variety of dress,—the marks of distinction of the different Castes,—and the style of female beauty were so new, to what I had ever met with before, that I was all wonder. On the evening of the first of January, an entertainment was given to the respectable part of the residency, and I soon had an opportunity of admiring the splendour and magnificence of the East, and the "Arabian

Nights' Entertainments" were very forcibly brought to my recollection.

It was held at the Banqueting Room, an immense edifice, after the style of the Parthenon, supported by pillars of the purest white and finest polish. Your approach to this extensive and spacious hall, was by a grand flight of steps, and a dazzling brilliancy of light burst upon you from a thousand lamps. The upper end of the building was in the form of a crescent, a throne in the centre, with sofas, ottomans, &c., &c. on each side. The Nabob of Arcot's approach was noticed by wild and soft music, a body guard of horse, with a number of flambeaux (messolgies) in attendance,—he was received by the Governor and Chief Justice, and followed to his seat by all the civil, military and naval officers; his dress was magnificent beyond every thing, as well as that of his brothers, children and attendants. The Nabob, a Moor by birth, was an immense, unwieldy man, covered up to the eyes with a monstrous, bushy beard, a person of little or no address, and half asleep the greater part of the time,—he only remained an hour. The supper was prepared in a beautiful gallery that extended

round the building, and the tables groaned with every delicacy. I made myself known to a young lady, with whose family both my father and myself had been on the most intimate terms for many years ; I was in a master's uniform, and the lady did not recollect me. I called the next day, to see her brother-in-law, Captain Groube, Governor of the Hospital, and an old Falmouth acquaintance, who married a sister of the young lady above mentioned ; being in a master's uniform, I was received with icy coldness by her, and not quite so warm as I expected to have been by him. I took Tiffin with him, and afterwards he shewed me round the Hospital, and stammered out some apology for his wife's reception ; but "no naval officer under the rank of Commander was taken the slightest notice of by the ladies in India, and it would be unreasonable to expect she should break through the general rule." I told him, "Very true, and, she should never do it upon my account." I came away, not before he asked me what prospects brought me to India. I told him, by way of joke, "I was to be the Rope-maker," "I superintend that duty." "Why then, I shall get the agency of the Hospital."

“I am the agent.” “What! Governor, too! besides a Captain;—then nothing is left for me. Well, adieu!” and away I started. This was on the 2nd of January.

I gave you some idea of the pomp and splendour of a ball at Madras, on the evening of my first arrival; and on the fourth day afterward, the Free-masons entertained the Presidency with a Masquerade at the Pantheon, (which is the Theatre) and certainly surpassed any spectacle I ever before witnessed for dazzling brilliancy in the devices, decorations, costumes, illuminations, and display of refreshments. Many of the characters were admirably supported, and some of the groups dressed out in a blaze of Eastern magnificence, such as I never before beheld. We were ten bachelors dining together with the Store-keeper, and not one of us going in character, which he was pleased to say, was paying a very bad compliment to the invitation. I had then been only four days in India, and of course known to very few, for it adds very considerably to the zest of the character that is personated, not to be discovered who supports it; in this I felt pretty secure, from having just arrived on the shores of

Hindustan. But it was ten o'clock at night, and nothing in the shape of a dress was to be had for love or money. I put a red muslin cloth round me for a petticoat, a palampore over my shoulders for a cloak, a black handkerchief round my head, a little paint by way of rouge, set off with a precious black eye, which was touched off in a masterly manner, slips of newspapers stuck into my waist,—rehearsed a little before I started, by singing a variety of droll songs in a falsetto voice, with a horrid obliquity of vision, I was not even recognized by my messmates for some time. I must confess I was taken aback at my first entré, for I had never been witness to so much grandeur, that it almost deprived me of self-confidence ; however, I brought my courage up to the sticking place, took up a position in as conspicuous a spot as I could find, and began in the true ballad style, all sorts and descriptions, from,—“ Here is a true and melancholy ballad, called Bill Taylor, shewing the fatal effects of inconstancy,” with “ Giles Scroggins in Bartlemy Fair,” “ Miss Bailey,” and several others, interspersed with anecdotes, old stories, sea fights, &c., &c., and at the same time scraping acquaintance with compa-

nions in arms in South America, Africa, Mediterranean, France, Jersey, Guernsey, New York, Falmouth, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and London, and not one of the Indian Nobs could find me out, nor do I know how they should. Although without a mask, I was almost suffocated by the constant crowd round and after me, particularly the ladies. At last I became completely knocked up, got into my palanqueen, and was dreaming of Arabian Nights, houris, dancing girls, ballad singers, &c., until noon, and at my breakfast the newspaper was handed to me, with an account of the previous evening's entertainment.

“ All the *elite* of the Presidency were yesterday evening entertained with a Masquerade Ball by the members of the Free Mason's Lodge of perfect unanimity, No. 1, which for splendour combined with great taste and hospitality, exceeds every thing we have been accustomed to witness. The company vied with each other in support of the various characters they assumed, and we cannot drop this agreeable theme without noticing one that puzzled every body, we allude to the ‘Ballad Singer,’ whose originality of dress, great variety of humorous songs, never heard before,

all in a falsetto voice, together with stories and anecdotes equally amusing; but what surprised all was, his apparent knowledge of numbers there, with whom he was acquainted in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of which they were convinced before he left. Just before the departure of this character, the falsetto voice was dropped, and he sung 'The Bay of Biscay, Oh!' quite in Incledon's style. We have heard since that this gentleman is an Officer of the Navy, and one, whose society we shall be most happy to cultivate." There's a puff for you. He was right, for I was appointed Master Attendant three days afterwards, and soon became well known to the whole community.

CHAPTER XVII.

Appointed Master Attendant.—Incidents relating thereto.—Commences housekeeping.—Description of his Establishment.—Death of the Admiral, February 3rd, 1811, and succeeded by Commodore Broughton.—Terrific Hurricane, and loss of shipping, &c.—September, 1811, received directions to join Commissioner Puget, in a cruise down the coast.—April, 1820, Sir Samuel Hood arrived as Commander in Chief.—Returned to Madras in April.—Anecdote.—Colonel's Narrative.

ON the 9th, I had an order from the Commander in Chief, (Admiral Drury) to act as Master Attendant, and from half pay, (£92 per annum,) received £900. The commissioner became governor of the hospital, and appointed an agent; the rope maker's department devolved upon me, and the next time I saw Miss Dodson, she held out her hand in a most condescending manner; I looked at her beautiful face, her lovely blue eyes, and charming figure, and could not help forgiving the haughty beauty; we were great friends after-

wards, but I never could make up my mind to be so cordial again with him. In a young creature like her, spoiled and flattered, (as she was by the adulation of every body round her,) it was likely to turn her head. The case stood very different with him, and as such, I always repelled any advance to explanation; in a few months afterwards he went home, and I have never seen him since.

Commissioner Puget was sent to India, to regulate the expenses of the Navy, as well as to correct a number of abuses that had crept into the department, in some instances to a degree of delinquency, and which obliged him to have recourse to a legal proceeding, and brought down upon him at first starting, no very favourable feeling. An extract from that officer's memorial to my Lord Melville, will sufficiently testify what he, and his officers under him, had to contend with, wherein it will be seen they did not repose upon a bed of roses.

“These are the principal advantages which your memorialist has secured to the King's Government, and by which, the public expenses have been considerably reduced, and order and

regularity established on the ruins of speculation ; and when it is considered, that all these benefits have been obtained by the exertions of your memorialist, assisted only by the cordial and effective support of Mr. Samuel Holman, the Naval officer, Mr. William Pitt, the Master Attendant, and T. L. Johnson, his clerk, in their respective situations, against a formidable opposition, your memorialist feels confident, your Lordship will give him, and those officers he has mentioned, the credit of having discharged the trust reposed in them, faithfully, conscientiously, and unremittingly."

Mr. William Taylor, acting naval store keeper, and myself, agreed to take a house between us, and mess together. We chose a pretty little cottage in the neighbourhood of Vipperry, and became very comfortably settled. We set up a palanquin, a gig, and riding horse. Our servants were, a dubash, or steward, a butler, a cook, a matey boy, a taunicatche, or house maid, a totty man, two dressing boys, two grass cutters, sixteen Palanquin boys, and two Peons, (the latter allowed by government.) House rent twenty pagodas a month, and the servant's wages amounted to

£33 12s. sterling, added to the expenses of the table ; our dubash so managed our concerns, that for the first three months, neither of us saved one pagoda.

This dubash purchases every thing for you, and receives about sixpence for every pagoda he lays out for you monthly, and he will also lend you money to any extent, for which he charges 8 per cent, and without great caution you are soon embarrassed, and being in his power, he will then saddle you with his relations, requesting your interest for places in the different offices of the department, and finally becomes bold enough to advance a proposition of roguery, which in many instances have been listened to; and became matters for litigation, immediately after our arrival to the tune of £175,000.

Mr. Taylor and myself profited by those examples, and retrenched in time, and if at any period we wanted an advance, we both appointed the same agent, John William Dace, Esq., who not only arranged every thing to our satisfaction, but became a staunch and sincere friend, and so he continued.

On the 3rd of February, 1811, our lamented

Admiral struck his flag to the king of terrors, and was succeeded in the command, by Commodore Broughton, an old messmate of Commissioner Puget's; in him also, I had another sincere friend. The duties of this period fell very heavy, as a large expedition was fitting out against Java. On the 30th of April, the last division left the roads, at 5, P. M.; at which period, I came on shore from H. M. ship "Dover," who had just been supplied with two new cables, and nearly dismantled, every rope and sail being condemned. The weather became suddenly, dark and gloomy, and very oppressive, a heavy swell setting in from the sea. There were ninety sail of different descriptions, at anchor that evening, and the next morning only thirteen, most of them having foundered at their anchors. The whole of the 1st of May it blew a hurricane, and only H. M. ship "Dover," and "Chichester" store ship in the roads, at two cables on end, and the sea breaking over them. At eleven at night, a storm set in from the S. E., blew down several houses, tore trees up by the roots, and did a vast deal of damage to the property at Madras. The sea broke over the natural boundary, and I waded up

to my neck in Blacktown. At daylight, as was anticipated, the "Dover" and "Chichester" were on shore, and what is most wonderful, only three lives were lost on board the latter, and none in the "Dover." The "Chichester" was laden with provisions for the squadron at Java, and a vessel was taken up immediately to supply her place.

In the month of September, 1811, I received directions from Commissioner Puget, to accompany him in H. M. ship "Phoenix," down the coast, and touch at Pondicherry, Porto Novo, Tranquebar, Negapatam, and examine into the different resources of those places, and finally to visit Trincomalee, in the Island of Ceylon;—Government having it in contemplation to form a Dock Yard there,—and to report particularly on the latter, in all its bearings, (for which, see my Journal, 1820.)

In April, 1812, Sir Samuel Hood arrived as Commander in Chief, bringing accounts that the Admiralty required further reasons for the necessity of appointing a Master Attendant. Mrs. Puget arrived in August following, as also Mr. Wellington, Builder. In October following, a requisition came from the Commander in Chief

at Trincomalee to Commissioner Puget, to send down Stores for three frigates, and three sloops that had arrived ; I volunteered my services to go in charge of the stores, and the Builder was required to examine the ground for a site for the projected Naval Arsenal.

The Admiral and squadron left me there in November, hermetically sealed. A famine occurred soon afterwards, and 4000 of the natives, (being one third of the whole population) died from starvation, together with half the Officers of the 66th regiment, and I was, with many others, near going myself ;— a very pretty and encouraging beginning.

I returned to Madras in April, being succeeded by Henry Holman, who was subsequently replaced by my old messmate, William Taylor, who died the May following.

In a community so extensive, comprising all ranks and descriptions of society, as various as the different nations assembled in the Presidency of Madras, and its dependencies, there must be expected a great deal of anecdote to be mixed up with the every day occurrences of a body so constituted. Among many others, the following

came more immediately under my notice, from the interesting part I had to act therein, as will appear in the course of this narration.

In the month of June, 1813, I was sitting at my desk, which was close to the veranda leading to the Commissioner's office, when two staff officers on the Madras establishment, passed towards it: being intimate with them, I saluted them with a "How d'ye do." I merely received the wave of a glove from a Colonel, who carried in his face gloom and anxiety. "Is that the way you blow your match?" taking it for stiffness, or what Liston would term,—coming Captain Grand over me; but I wronged him by the ungenerous imputation. They had their interview, and repassed me in the same distant mood,—but I was prepared.

As the Commissioner was leaving his office at 5 o'clock, he popped his head into my window, with—"Pitt, you must dine with me to day, I can take no excuse having much to communicate to you, when I shall require your services; but more upon this subject after dinner. I have no one to meet you, wishing to be *tête à tête*."

"Our mutual friends, Colonel —— and Lieu-

M

tenant —— called to ask a favour of me ; but first of all, (said the former,) you shall hear the particulars, and give me your assistance or not, as you may think proper.

“ My Serjeant came to my office this morning, with a man in hand-cuffs, with, ‘ If you please Colonel, we picked this man up, a deserter from H. M. ship —— and he wished particularly to see you.’ He came. ‘ C——y’ said he, ‘ we did not always meet thus ; (shewing his hand-cuffs) Colonel, I beg your pardon, I forgot myself.’ ‘ Who in God’s name are you in that trim ?’ (he had resisted, his clothes torn, covered with mud, and bleeding.) ‘ I am your old companion in arms, S—— and am now going on board my ship to be tried by a Court Martial, and hanged, or at least, go round the Fleet.’ ‘ Gracious God ! is it possible ! (I exclaimed) Well, you must go on board after some refreshment, and leave the rest to me, after dinner I will tell you more.—Mind, 8 o’clock.’ ”

Colonel’s Narrative.—“ Some years ago, I was quartered at Pondicherry, and a party retired to my rooms for a rubber, We played high, drank, and ultimately quarrelled. I retired to the veranda

and was followed by a hot headed character, which ended in collaring me, and pushing me against the ballustrades ; they gave way, and I was brought up to all appearance dead, and my back broken. My unfortunate friend took the affair up, and challenged the officer who had killed me as he thought ; his opponent was shot through the heart,—he placed the body of the deceased at the back of his conveyance, and drove round Pondicherry, in search of medical aid ; comparing himself to Achilles, dragging the body of Hector round the walls of Troy, with many other extravagancies equally disgusting and unfeeling, that a drunken man is so likely to commit, which, in his sober senses would have been the first to condemn. He was shunned by every body, and ultimately ordered a passage home, as a distressed British subject, and denominated there, a ‘ Charter Party Passenger,’ (a term of reproach,) and scratched off the list without any further inquiry.

“ I did not quit my room for twelve months ; no one permitted to see me for fear of exertion, as my spine was considered injured, and long before my recovery, the story was forgotten. I have been a cripple ever since, and held staff appoint-

ments in the various offices here, for I have been, and am unequal to any violent exertion, particularly riding. Fifteen years have rolled on, since the catastrophe, and every thing relating thereto forgotten, until the interview of this morning. I know you came out a passenger with Captain —— and that you are upon terms of the greatest friendship; is it asking too much to get his punishment remitted. I can assure you he is most respectfully connected, and his brother would give any thing to procure his discharge.

“Now Pitt, I told him all this should be accomplished, and I promised the Colonel you should be the principal agent in this transaction, and which, for my sake, I am confident you will undertake. Here is a letter to the Captain, which you must deliver before the hands are turned up to punishment, and come out to breakfast with his answer, and ask, before you leave the ship, if he is forgiven, to ease your mind upon that subject, for I am sure you feel as I do.”

I got on board just in time, for preparations were making to punish him at once, to avoid the detention of the ship, bound after the Yankees in the China seas.

"Pitt, tell the Commissioner he is not aware how worthless the character is, he has interested himself for ; and he will do me a great favor, if he can get me a substitute, for I wish to have such a dangerous character out of the ship. Tell P—— he is forgiven. Pipe down."

I repaired to the Commissioners', who met the Captain at his office on the beach,—got a substitute,—procured him a passage to his brother, a gentleman high in office at Calcutta,—and went on board the frigate for him. He was a tall, raw boned, vulgar looking man, displaying a countenance of the most unpromising description ; he appeared to be about forty, and was in the after-guard, the next to the waisters, who are considered the drones of the ship, and fit for nothing but pulling a rope, and quite unequal to a seaman's duty.

"Get your clothes up, (said the 1st Lieutenant) and return your hammock and bag ; here is your discharge and pay ticket, and make haste and go in the boat with Mr. Pitt." "Aye aye Sir," said he, "and here I goes like a rigger."

I heard repeatedly about him afterwards, and in two years, he became once more a gentleman,—

mixed in the very first society, and died of a jungle fever, perfectly reclaimed, and brings forcibly to my mind, the beautiful parable of the "Prodigal Son," 15th chapter of Luke. I never could procure the slightest anecdote of his career in low and humble life ; all that could be learnt was,—he was pressed, sent on board the "Tender" at the tower, and joined the ship that brought him to India.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Confirmed in his situation by the Admiralty.—Takes a new and very comfortable house.—Description of it, and the neighbourhood.—The inhabitants, their manners, customs, &c.

BEING confirmed in my situation by the Admiralty, I considered myself settled for life, and looked out for a house more suitable to my taste; at last, I was fortunate enough to pitch upon a retreat lately built, with ground enough to render it a desirable dwelling, and sufficiently retired for a bachelor, without being secluded to a degree to encourage gloom or ennui.

It was about three miles from my office on the beach, and for about half a mile, the plain was enlivened by stupendous works of masonry, of the most fanciful construction, totally devoid of any architectural beauties,—figures of man and beast, (their deities,) all in the most rough and rude

state of workmanship ; and the grotesque attitudes in which they thought proper to place them, made it highly amusing. Contiguous to every one of these sacred edifices, was always an extensive tank or bath, where the natives perform their ablutions ; there was also a choultry, caravansari or resting place, to dress and smoke, or chew their beetle nut ; then appeared splendid mansions of the rich and great, in all the style of eastern magnificence, to the unassuming Indian cottage, called a bungalow, in every variety of taste and fancy, which contributed very considerably to enhance and diversify the scene. The approach to my pretty retreat, was through a grove of tamarind trees, as also topes of cocoa nuts, mango, palmira, with a variety of others, equally graceful and elegant, and at the same time affording a refreshing shade ; and on turning a corner, you burst suddenly upon Kilpauk, the name of my domain.

I never shall forget the first impression this beautiful spot made upon me. I had just been reading the historical novel of Marcus Flaminius, wherein a very pleasing description is given of the Fountain of Egeria, (not far from Rome) erected in a grove of the greatest magnificence, and the

favorite retirement of Numa Pompilius, who it is said married the nymph, and when he died, she melted into tears, and was changed by Diana into a fountain.

With my head full of classic lore, and the place answering the description, (at any rate to my heated imagination,) and its fascinating approach so much beyond any I expected to see, at the same time, just having left that Golgotha, Trincomalee,—there can exist no longer any matter for surprise, that I should enter into an agreement to take it as long as I should remain at Madras, at £160 16s. per annum. Government allowed me £156.

The walls enclosed just ground enough to please without surprising, and contained (without the appearance of being overstocked,) palm, cocoa nut, tamarind, mango, and orange trees; shrubs of the most rare kind, suitable to an Indian climate, with flowers of the most rich and brilliant tint. At the upper end of this beautiful enclosure was a large well, the masonry of which, about five feet above the surface, was most classically and tastefully erected in the form of a fountain, from which, the grounds were irrigated night and

morning. Trees of the drooping class gracefully surrounded the large circumference, and the rippling of the stream throughout the whole, rendered the scene complete.

The house was in unison with the garden ; so much comfort, accompanied with a simplicity of taste equally retired and unassuming, added to its charms, rendered it a perfect gem in the desert, and was the admiration of every visitor. Its construction was simple and neat. A terraced house, erected upon a foundation of five feet above the surface, which you approached by a flight of steps, supported and ornamented by pillars and balusters, leading you into a veranda, the whole length of the dwelling, sheltered by arches in the gothic style. From this veranda you came into a hall of thirty feet, and broad in proportion, with breakfast and drawing rooms to the right and left, with lofty ceilings ; the whole of the interior was stuccoed with chunam, a plaster of the most durable description, and capable of a polish, equal in brilliancy to the finest Parian marble. The floors generally, were teselated, to give the rooms a fresh and cool appearance. The front veranda looked towards the entrance ; the one at the back

faced the grounds and gardens. Green Venetian windows and doors of the most light and tasty construction. Two globe lamps suspended from the ceiling, and four double wall shades, with silver brackets, lit up the hall. Cocoa nut oil, as fine as crystal, and devoid of any disagreeable smell, was used in these lamps, and produced a blaze of light that rendered candles quite unnecessary; to the passer by, the scene was very cheerful and enlivening.

Each guest brings his own servant to wait upon him, dressed agreeably to the fancy of their masters, without violating their prejudices of cast. You are generally overstocked with attendants, and although very pretty to look at, must ever be considered a great nuisance; for notwithstanding they are from their religion, obliged to bathe every day, (and their dresses are of the finest white muslin, their turbans and sashes of crimson and gold, and in fact, all their costume can undergo the ceremony of washing, without injury,) still they always have an effluvia emanating from their persons, very disagreeable at first, but you become accustomed to it after a time. But to return to the description of the

residence. At a proper distance from the house, and perfectly in keeping with it, are two wings, residences for two friends; beyond them again, another range of buildings, containing the kitchen, and out offices of every description, and opposite, the stables, coach house, &c.

All buildings, upon the ground floor, (as bungalows are,) and covering a great deal of ground, have a very superabundant appearance to the eye, but upon examination, nothing could be well dispensed with. The kitchen is quite a concern of itself, —no ranges, no chimnies, no fire-places; the smoke is let out through spaces in the wall, where, in diamond fashion, every alternate brick is taken away, in as many parts as are required to prevent annoyance.

The beauty of the mornings, the spread of the breakfast table in the hall, verandas, or inside rooms, as whim or fancy dictated, the freshness of the flowers and view altogether, always made me leave it with regret, and return to it with delight; and I can at this moment dwell upon the delightful time I passed there, and which has never, through my mixed career, been surpassed; but now for other scenes, for I have almost done

with the *Couleur de Rose* in India, and ere long, substitute the cypress gloomy hue.

It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the exposed position of Madras roads; the coast is wild, and open to the N. E. and S. E. winds, with a very indifferent anchorage, viz.—loose ground, and bedded with wrecks.

The public buildings on the beach of this grand emporium for traffic with all the world, are of the first style of simple and solid architecture, but I always thought not sufficiently extensive, nor the protection afforded to private property, any thing adequate to what it ought to be.

The line of edifices parallel to the sea, comprise the marine police, Captain's house, board of trade, grain office, Company's Master Attendant's store houses, Naval Officer, and store houses. This beach, nearly three miles in length, is strewed with the native boats, (called *massalahs*,) which are employed to bring the goods over the surf, and keep as many boatmen at work, as all London river contains: they are equal adepts in every species of peculation, and their ingenuity is most surprising. God help the poor devil who brings a cargo of cocoa nuts, for with the turn of the

sweep by which they steer through the surf, the boat is upset, and a cocoa nut and a black fellow's head are so similar, that hundreds plunge in, tread water, and away they go with the current, and a cocoa nut in each hand, without the possibility of being able to distinguish the head from the cocoa nut. Their wives and children are on the beach, ready to catch what are thrown to them, the moment the coast is clear. They return to their boats, and are employed again to commit the same depredations, (bearing in mind at the time, that the police employed in the marine department are the most conversant, and selected from the boatmen, because a smuggler makes a good Custom House officer,) and from that experience, are picked from amongst the beach population, who, being all related, naturally wink at what is transpiring, as it would interfere with thousands of their dearest relations; and whilst government thinks they are strengthening the link to security, by employing whole families, it is only rendering them more formidable; for to stand by to see his offspring starving, and not give them a helping hand to prevent it, I say is unnatural. "Can the

Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard his spots ?”

Nothing can exceed the lively, busy scene, from morning till night, or display more variety of nation, character, caste, costume, countenance, and occupations, than at the beach, at this presidency, but particularly so, when an Indian Fleet arrives ; it is then the luxuries, comforts, and wealth are displayed. Carriages, Barouches, Chariots, Curricles, Bandies, Palanqueens, saddle Horses, all ready to greet our lovely country women, &c., and welcome them to the shores of Hindostan, and gaze with pride, wonder, and delight, upon their splendid York and Lancaster complexions, and—

“ Their shape, the poplar’s easy form,—
Their neck, the lily’s white ;”

which in forty-eight hours afterwards, they have an opportunity of displaying, for cards are invariably distributed by a number of public spirited bachelors, to do all honor on their arrival, and many a match is made up, the first night of these

entertainments. However much they may be reprehended by the strait laced, I never witnessed happier marriages, or more social comfort in England, than I did there after a residence in India of thirteen years; viz. six and a half at Madras, and six and a half at Trincomalee, (from 1810 to 1823.)

CHAPTER XIX.

General remarks on India.—Sir S. Hood appointed to form an Establishment at Trincomalee in 1813.—Death of Sir S. Hood.—Sir George Burlton takes the command in India, but died in three months after his arrival, and was succeeded by Sir R. King, 1810.—Severe illness.—Leave of absence.—Arrived home November 3rd, 1817.—Remained in England eight months.—Returns to India.—Arrives December 11th, 1818.—Various Incidents.—Sails again for England.—Placed on the retired list of the Navy, with £300 a year.

THE very select and extensive society in India, requires no comment from me, for their origin is too well known, being for the most part, sons of all the first families in England,—of the highest rated talents in law, physic, and divinity,—and likewise from amongst the most wealthy and influential in the mercantile world, as well as the landed proprietors and senators of the mother country. From among such a blaze of respectability and consequence, much talent is soon dis-

played, and continues constantly to develope itself ; and as to the extent of military skill and perfection, it is well known that India, in that respect, shines forth pre-eminent, and is the brightest jewel in the British crown ; and the Sepoy General soon convinced the greatest Captain of the day, who had subjugated all Europe, that there was one left to conquer, he had never contended with, who was cradled in the Indian camp, and drove him into the sea, where he had threatened to send the Hero of Assaye.

The gratification arising from constant communication with so much worth, taste, information, wit, cheerfulness, and good breeding of the first stamp, made the time pass by with a degree of satisfaction rarely to be met with elsewhere. The greatest alloy to damp our joys, was the prospect of our being forced to relinquish this charming communion,—this emporium of magnificence, elegance, and ease, for a desert of the most wild, wretched, and impoverished description,—assailed on every side by all sorts of malignant diseases, whereas at Madras, all is health, sprightliness, and joy.

Poor Sir Samuel Hood was the first Commander

in Chief appointed to form an Establishment at Trincomalee, in 1813; he there began, like the Back Woods' man, to clear the ground, and form a plan for a Dock Yard; he there sowed the seeds of a disease that never left him. He had been missed for some time, having left his palanqueen to walk up to a fort at Vellere, and then in a delicate state of health; he was found in a native hut, a woman giving him water and bathing his temples; he proceeded to Madras, and in a few days died, on the 24th of December, 1814.

Improvements are still rapidly going on at Trincomalee, and hundreds are falling sacrifices to the jungle fever daily. In July, 1815, Sir George Burlton assumed the command in India; he died in three months after his arrival, and was succeeded in July by Sir Richard King, 1816; and the October following, (there being buildings run up, sufficiently to house the stores,) the whole Establishment moved down,—consisting of officers, clerks, artificers, and labourers, to the amount of two thousand and fifty, which were constantly being recruited, from the number of deaths.

It is rather strange that Trincomalee as the key to the Coromandel and Malabar coasts, and at the

same time, a very extensive harbour, completely land locked, abundant in every article of timber, and stores of all kinds ; clay, coral, shells for cement in any quantities, and an abundance of fresh water, should, in spite of all sacrifices of human life, be in the possession of England, or any power, having command of the sea.

So much has already been said and sung about this Golgotha, that I shall not enter into the subject much further. From the time of our Establishment's arrival, until March, the rain was almost constant, and all Trincomalee sick. On the 15th I was attacked myself, and at death's door ; as soon as I could be well moved, I went to Madras, where I relapsed. I had written home in 1815 for two months leave in England : it came out to my house while I was making my will, which gave a turn to the disease altogether ; and H. M. brig "Lyra," of ten guns, laying in the roads, bound to England, I took leave of India the 1st of June, 1817, and after a variety of privations, ups and downs in health, &c., touched at the Isle of France, and St. Helena, but did not see Napoleon, at which I was much disappointed ; we put into Bantry Bay in a state of starvation, and arrived at

Portsmouth in October. Gave the "Lyra" a dinner, and reached London the 3rd of November, 1817.

My first appearance at the Admiralty and Navy boards was by no means cheering, and I was expected to return immediately, (this was the 4th of November, when Sir G. Hope said I should have time to eat my Christmas dinner in London) and this after an absence of seven years. In the year 1810, I only remained in England six weeks, after an absence of three years and a half in South America and Africa. I had a relapse again in England, of fever and ague. I remained eight months too ill to move about ; I wished much to accomplish a trip to Waterloo and Paris, but what with Doctors, and orders to hold myself in readiness to return again, I passed a very listless time altogether, very dissatisfactory, and must confess, was glad to embark once more for India. The only time I could have enjoyed with rest, would have been with my dearest sister ; but it was winter, the soil a hard clay, the water lodged on the surface, and chilled me ; I was there only ten days, when my aguish symptoms returned with deranged liver, &c., and was under the care

of two physicians, and two apothecaries, for the greater part of my stay in England, where I had anticipated so many days of pleasure, happiness, and ease, instead of which, the guineas passed to the doctors where shillings would have done for the butchers. The tradesmen I dealt with, cheated me right and left. Being a bachelor, I kept no house, and gave no dinners ; the different branches of my relations and connexions were all family men, and of course I was an outcast. The link gradually became less and less, and ultimately cracked, and I never found it worth repairing. Thank God, I was independent of them all, and had I enjoyed my health, should have been most happy ; a very staunch friend at all times in my pocket,—I courted none of them, and was delighted when the time for my departure arrived. I returned to India in H. M. S. " Liverpool," and arrived the 11th of December, 1818, with Commissioner Upton, who did nothing but croak, growl, and take physic ; he was discontented, unhappy, and quarrelling with every body about him. Improvements were getting on very slowly,—bad blood throughout the department,—and the cholera, and malignant fevers assailing us

in every quarter. The store keeper, two builders, three surgeons, with artificers and clerks innumerable, invaliding right and left, Commissioner Upton among the rest, and died a week after. Sir Richard King was succeeded by Sir Henry Blackwood, and during the whole command of the latter, nothing but sickness and deaths. He wrote to be relieved, and was succeeded in August, 1822, by Commodore Grant, H. M. S. "Liffy," who brought out orders to break up the Establishment.

In October, we went to Cochia, to launch the "Termigant;" returned to Trincomalee, and on the 11th of February, 1821, sailed with the majority of the Establishment for England, touching at Madras, for stock and refreshments of every description, and on the 27th, left the Indian seas for ever. We were assailed with our old plague, (the cholera,) as a farewell remembrance, touched at the Cape, and recognised many of my old friends; proceeded to St. Helena, visited the tomb of Napoleon, reached England on the 11th of July, and was put upon the retired list of the Navy, £300 a year.

CHAPTER XX.

Receives an order to repair to London, to take an appointment for Jamaica.—Leaves on the 13th of May.—Arrived on the 29th of June, to take up his appointment as Master Attendant of the Dock Yard at Port Royal.—Loss of an amiable young Midshipman by drowning.—General remarks.—Situation and description of Port Royal.—Manners and customs of its inhabitants.

I WAS in Dorsetshire with my sister, making hay in September, when I received an order to repair to London, to take up my appointment for Jamaica, and once more prepared to depart for a spot most notorious for sickness; to me it was nothing,—I never dreaded any climate, and making my stay as happy as possible, in the family of my late worthy patron, Admiral Puget, at Bath, the Wetheralls, and many of my relations and friends in Dorsetshire; I once more quitted my home on the 13th of May, and arrived the 29th of June, to take up my duties as Master Attendant of the

Dock Yard, at Port Royal in Jamaica, in H. M. S. "Rattlesnake," my ever valued friend, Hugh Patten, Captain, whose friendship I shall cherish to my dying day.

On the 28th of June, saw once more the blue mountains of Jamaica, and called back forcibly to my recollection, the first sight of that magnificent range of hills, peeping above the clouds, and capped with snow. The glorious and splendid view was damped by a melancholy occurrence, and checked our admiration. Mr. Barnes, a Midshipman on board, an exceeding fine and beautiful boy, fell overboard, and although the life buoy was instantly dropped, it appears he did not strike out for it, and we have to mourn his loss. Who will dry the mother's tears ! The boat with the Master and Mr. Curson was down instantly, but to no purpose ; this is a truly distressing and melancholy commencement. The heart bleeds at the loss of innocence and youth more keenly, but particularly by such untoward accidents. How sincerely do I feel for the Father and Mother, the Brothers and Sisters of such a child, possessing a disposition so gentle, so amiable. Poor Barnes ! I am sure not a soul in the ship, however humble

he might be, but would have given worlds to be able to save you : it has cast a damp, a gloom upon all the ship.

On the 29th of June, 1824, at 8 o'clock, A. M., hauled round Port Royal point for the fourth time in my life, viz. 1795, 1799, 1801, and 1824. I paid my respects to the Commander in Chief, Sir Lawrence Halsted, and was received as cold as ice. I repaired to the Dock Yard, and my reception there, more than compensated for the cold hearted salutation from the Chief. Mr. Burdwood, the Master Shipwright, welcomed me as a mess-mate, got my baggage on shore, and was introduced to Mr. Magnan, who was doing duty for the store keeper,—Mr. Payton, acting for me, and whom I superseded,—and all the other gentlemen upon the Establishment ; the Commissioner being absent, the Dock Yard, was left in charge of the Master Attendant, and in consequence, I immediately got into harness, had a comfortable house to live in, and with my colleague too. I soon made myself acquainted with the Locale, and was completely at home, and much pleased with my good fortune, in tumbling into such desirable quarters,

for the Master Attendant's house was condemned and pulled down.

On the 30th of June I went up to Kingston, to make my bow to Sir Lawrence and Lady Halsted and family, (N. B.) repulsed. On the 1st of July, Commissioner Ross returned from the north side of the Island; all icicles, pleasant enough for a beginning. I soon found all this arose from my messmate being a rough diamond, and that I must either give him up, or give up every prospect of mingling with the Navy. I decided to support him, for the benefit of the service demanded cordiality. I gained more information in every matter respecting the Dock Yard in one day, than I should in a month otherwise; and I knew, from the experience of thirteen years, how necessary it was for the well doing of the department, that we should pull together. By perseverance I surmounted every difficulty, and after a time, softened down asperities, and soon found, by a very rough exterior, my messmate was a good hearted creature, and a perfect master of his business. But now for a description of my new position, intermixed with a few relative remarks.

Port Royal, in latitude 17. 55. 30. N.; longitude

76. 52. 30. W., stands at the southern extremity of a long and narrow neck of land, composed principally of sand shells and coral rock, and yields nothing but mangrove bushes, and land crabs, and is known by the name of palisades, I presume from its being a barrier to the sea, and forming the harbour of Kingston, and for the most part, serves as a burying ground to our soldiers and sailors, and the inhabitants of the town of Port Royal. The numerous tomb stones and hillocks sufficiently testify the havoc the yellow fever has made.

The first public building, (and according to Shakespere, of most ancient utility,) is the gallows, and lamentable to say, in frequent use, but more particularly appropriated to the last kick of a pirate. A range of convenient buildings, neat in appearance, are very properly built with end to the sea and land breezes, the contractor profiting by our mistake and ill judgment, in the erection of the Dock Yard, where all the stores (with few exceptions on the sea face) are parallel, by which arrangement, the wind is shut out, and the stores are less ventilated. At present they are unoccupied, the contract having expired, in consequence of the demise of the contractors.

The repeated destruction of the town of Port Royal, makes a figure in the page of history ; for in June 1692, it was destroyed by an earthquake ; ten years after, it was laid in ashes by a terrible fire : " in 1722, a hurricane once more reduced it to a heap of rubbish," so O'Brien Edwards says ; in 1815 it was again nearly destroyed by fire, and in 1821 it resembled a town after a siege, and about two thousand houses almost reduced to as many hundred.

The Inhabitants rely principally on the Army and Navy for support, and indeed is the only inducement for the land proprietors to persevere, (as they have done,) in erecting buildings. The roads are amazingly high, and the profits enormous. Houses are eagerly taken, and the charges from shopkeepers immense. The inhabitants are, with a very few exceptions, of the lowest order ; the few who are well disposed, are employed in the Dock Yard, among whom are to be seen the names of Foote, Delancy, Balderson, Darby, Douglas, Allen, Lewis, and others, as the muster book of the yard testifies. The females are generally sold by their mothers, who are cold, mercenary, and calculating, and drive very good

bargains, so that it is not uncommon by the time she reaches thirty, to find her in possession of a comfortable house, handsomely furnished, with a purse well lined, and half a dozen negroes. She then lets lodgings, takes in washing and needle work, and also lets out her slaves at one dollar a day, goes out nursing at two doubloons a week, with her table found her, (no joke at Port Royal,) or takes you into her own house for double the sum. As nurses, it must be acknowledged, you never can give them too much; their attention is so unremitting, and their manners so kind and soothing, that you have every chance of recovering under their hands; and these are such redeeming qualities, that after having been under their kind care, your ideas of them alter very materially, and disposes the most strait laced to consider them more in sorrow than in anger. They are extravagantly fond of dress and display, very constant in their attendance at church, and most emphatically respond after the seventh commandment,—“The Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law;” as if they were as pure as angels. They belong to all the sects of the Protestant persuasion, from the Established Church

to "The Book of Quashee;" and any man setting up as an expounder, (down to the most stupid negro) would be sure to have a full house: but there must be singing, for they are very fond of hearing their own voices, and exert themselves surprisingly, to outdo each other, so that the squall is tremendous. They keep their teeth close, which produces a singular kind of trill, as if each person was bellowing through a bundle of reeds, or through the teeth of a comb.

The National air, or rather the tune of the Island, is particularly applicable to this class of society. It is played on all occasions, and in all grand entertainments, even though the Lord Bishop himself were there, and where I have met him. The words to it are so peculiar, and at the same time so ridiculous, I cannot help inserting them here.

SONG.

" Man-a-war Buckera,
Man-a-war Buckera,
Him be de beau,
Him be de beau,
Man a-war Buckera,
Man-a-war Buckera,
Him be de Beau for me ;

Soldier Buckera, Soldier Buckera,
He neber do, He neber do,
Soldier Buckera, Soldier Buckera,
He neber do for me ;
For when come Soldier Buckera,
Him give me penny loaf,
But when come Sailor Buckera,
Him gib me Dub-a-loon."

(Da Capo.)

The first approach to Port Royal, and rounding the point from the eastward, is extremely pretty ; the fort has a formidable appearance, and when on shore, that, and the Dock Yard, are the only two objects worth looking at, and the only two spots fit to live in.

The Naval Hospital is a splendid building, but its situation is most injudicious, and must always be much against it. We are entirely dependant on Kingston for all the necessaries of life, which enhances their price at least twenty per cent. The inhabitants are chiefly supplied from the Dock Yard with water. Such is Port Royal, and I bless my stars I have left it for ever, after a residence of two years and nine months, during which short period, I saw many friends sink into an untimely grave.

CHAPTER XXI.

General remarks on his reception at Port Royal.—The principal Officers summoned to hear the contents of an anonymous letter read at the Commissioner's office.—Attends as umpire to a sailing match.—Becomes more acquainted with Commissioner Ross.—Meets with an old ship mate, who had saved him from drowning.—Anecdote of his capture by the press.—Various Incidents.

THE very cold and distant manner in which I was received by Commissioner Ross, was very different to what I had been accustomed to meet with ; for the thirteen years I was in India, as well as in my whole career in the Navy, my acquaintance was always cherished from every class of society, from the governor down, and more particularly by both professions of the Army and Navy in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America ; so that meeting with a greeting which a Boatswain would spurn, got my monkey up, and I was determined it should be

seen, I courted the smiles of none, and laughed at their frowns, and with a strict adherence to duty, left it to time to work out prejudices.

I had never to my knowledge, met with Commissioner Ross before, but heard him spoken of in the most glowing terms of admiration by several of my friends and relations at Poole, and brought with me letters of introduction, which I sent to his house, but would not deliver them myself. A circumstance occurred on the 13th of July, which made so strong an impression upon my mind, that I determined, the first opportunity, from sickness or otherwise, to invalid, and blast my future prospects in the service by retirement, rather than be subjected to a system so humiliating. I shall here introduce the particulars, by prefacing the Commissioner's declaration, that I was not included in the accusation, but at the same time considered my presence necessary ; this was a chilling introduction indeed, and made me sigh for "Home sweet Home." But soon after the investigation, affairs took a wonderful turn with me, and became "Couleur de Rose," and so continued until I left the Island.

- The principal Officers were ordered to attend in

the Commissioner's office, to hear an anonymous letter read, accusing one of them of some incorrectness in various points of duty, and which, to my great astonishment, is signified to be made an official document, and the Officer called upon to refute charges against a combination of men, whose names are set forth in the letter, whilst the principle is allowed to stab in the dark. This is one of the first instances I ever recollect, of a letter without signature, being attended to in a public office : the honest and honorable man can always court and defy inquiry, but that he should be subjected to what I witnessed this morning, is repulsive and most disheartening, and God Almighty knows we are oppressed sufficiently with evils and disagreeables, without the additional persecution of espionage. This is an exceedingly discouraging commencement, and highly offensive to a noble mind.

Sunday.—A day of rest for the body, but certainly none for the mind ; this anonymous production has spread its baneful influence throughout the yard, and I am sadly afraid, will be very instrumental in producing a want of co-operation and cordiality among the department. It must,

and ever will be repelled by every body, possessing a liberal and manly feeling ; its dangers are incalculable, and if any public deparment can for one instant, feel itself borne out in seeking for inquiry upon such a document, the villain that stabs in the dark, meets with every encouragement to continue this mode of communication, and gratify to the utmost, every diabolical, vindictive, and injurious sentiment ; whilst the accused, though " pure and unsullied as the mountain snow," will, and must unavoidably experience a shock (innocent or guilty,) to affect him in the opinion of the world. It is the most blackguard description of all systems of detraction, and cannot fail to make every Officer upon the Establishment unhappy and discontented, and God knows, there is no necessity to irritate a feeling of disgust, already very near its acme, which the low salary, the little or no comforts, (comforts did I say !) the absolute privations, the certainty of embarrassments, arduous duties, and to crown all, the horrible climate, cannot fail to produce. I am sadly afraid I foresee a necessity for coercion, which, if exercised, will bring all the baneful effects with it, natural enough to expect from the goaded and wounded spirit.

On the 11th of July, being Sunday, and nothing to do, I was indulging myself with a growl at my unlucky fate, in the appointment to Port Royal Dock Yard, and was deciding to give it up the first opportunity. Here I met with several of my East India acquaintances in the squadron, and Captain Harris, of H. M. S. "Hussar" was among them. He came this morning purposely to have a chat about Madras, &c., and at the same time to ask me on board as one of the umpires in a sailing match, between her and the "Isis," Captain Frost; Commissioner Ross was to be the other. Sir John Keene, and Staff, with several Officers of both professions, were on board; the "Hussar" beat the "Isis" upon every point, and a sumptuous dinner was given upon the occasion. Captain Harris's kind attention to me, as well as the hearty greeting I met with from my numerous friends and acquaintances of all parts of the world, gave another turn to the tables altogether. Commissioner Ross shook off by degrees his reserve, and became one of the most staunch friends I ever had, and still continues. Through his means, I was presented to His Grace the Duke of Manchester, who honored me subsequently with the most

flattering marks of kindness and attention, and which was seconded by all the most distinguished and respectable part of the community, and more particularly by Lieutenant General Sir John Keene, his Staff, the Army and Navy, and all the Civilians of the greatest distinction and consequence, as well as the principal Merchants and Planters in the Island, (but what I never could get explained to my satisfaction for the three years I was on that station,) with the exception of Sir Lawrence Halsted, the Naval Commander in Chief, although we frequently met in society. I never was within side of his doors.

From the period of my going on board the "Hussar," my footing in the Dock Yard, and indeed I may say in the Colony, was established; and from being very uncomfortable and unhappy, I rendered myself, by assiduity and strict attention to my numerous duties, a great favorite, and increased daily in consequence with the Commissioner, who placed the greatest confidence in me, and which made him much easier in a bed of sickness. He was attacked very soon after our sailing match, and the moment he was strong enough to move, was sent into the mountains,

and the charge of the Dock Yard devolved upon me for weeks together, during which time, I am happy to say every thing went on as smoothly as could be wished.

Our squadron was actively employed throughout the Western Archipelago in detaining slaves, bringing freights, and capturing pirates, which has furnished our Naval Officers with so much interesting matter, real and fictitious, and afforded so many hours of amusement to thousands, but more particularly to those conversant in maritime affairs, as well as with the numerous ports, creeks, and corners, the occasional retreats of those lawless, blood thirsty free booters, so ably and interestingly described in Tom Cringle, Captain Singleton, Buccaneer, Naval Officer, Peter Simple, Pilot, Pirate, Red Rover, and many others, too numerous to mention here; but the life of a pirate is the same in every climate,—it matters little to what nation he may belong,—the motives are rapine and security,—plunder and murder,—his passions guide him through every action of his life, and hurry him on to destruction, and his end is generally terminated with a dagger, a bullet, or a rope. I have

visited spots in the course of my wanderings, noted for scenes of outrage and murder. The Island of Madagascar and its numerous intricately secluded creeks and coves, of itself would furnish matter to fill volumes, and has already done so, from Benywonski to Bob Short. Soon after my arrival here, I witnessed the execution of twenty of them, and a recital of their atrocities would make the blood run cold: but a trace to these horrors.

About this time, July, I was surveying stores from H. M. brig "Helicon," when a grey headed, rough, and ugly old sailor passed close by me, whose face I was sure I had seen before, and to be satisfied it was the same, I called out "Coachee, where bound so fast?" He turned round immediately, and I continued my survey, Commissioner Ross was standing near me at the time. The man seeing no person that he knew, proceeded on his way to the boat, when I again repeated "Coachee, where bound so fast?" He hove about, and the Commissioner laughed. "Did you call me Sir?" "What is your name?" "Joe Macey, Sir." "Then why did you turn when I called out Coachee?" "I went by that name

when I belonged to the 'Charwell,' Sir, but that is now fourteen years ago." "Do you recollect me at all?" "Not in the least Sir." He said he belonged to the "Helicon," was getting very old and infirm, and wished to get his discharge if he could from the service. This was the man who saved me from drowning, when landing at Beunos Ayres, in the River Plate, on the 5th of July, 1807.

He drove a hack chaise at Plymouth Dock, at the breaking out of the war in 1803, at the time the press was very hot. Our 1st and 2nd Lieutenants hired him, and he asked more than they considered was his fare, and was disposed to be saucy; they pressed him, and he was always called Coachee from that period. He turned out an excellent seaman, was a gallant fellow, a great favorite, and a shipmate of mine for seven years. I mentioned these particulars to Commissioner Ross. There was a vacancy of £105 sterling a year, I bought his discharge: he proved a most trust worthy servant to the crown, but poor fellow! he only enjoyed his comfortable situation for twelve months, when he sunk under the devastating effect of the yellow fever, and I followed

the remains of honest gallant old Joe to his last home, and shed a tear upon his grave.

The months of August, September, and October are fearful and gloomy in the Island of Jamaica, and poor Macey's death was the forerunner of a wretched sickly season. The Navy suffered dreadfully, particularly among the Officers; Capt. Stopford, Dawkins, and Russell, Lieutenants, and other Officers out of number, and the number of three regiments reduced to one. Three Lieutenant Governors of Fort Charles, Port Royal, I followed to the grave, viz. Pearce, Broome, and Thornhill, all in the space of eighteen months; but here let me stop. We were getting on very fast in repairing, and I may say, beautifying the Dock Yard, and received occasional visits from the Commissioner, who looks better every time he comes from the mountains, and is much pleased and gratified with my exertions, and under the directions of his good taste, made the Dock Yard one of the lions of Jamaica.

CHAPTER XXII.

Received a note from Sir John Keene, to say he was waiting for me in the Duke of Manchester's carriage by special invitation.—Spends two days at the palace.—Description of it.—Removal of Sir J. Ross to Malta.—Considerable sickness prevailed.—The dance of death spared neither sex, age, wealth, or poverty this year. Arrival of Commissioner Shortland.—Had a stroke of the sun, and ordered to be removed.—Sailed to Nassau, in New Providence.

On the 1st of November, received a note from Sir John Keene, to say he was waiting for me in His Grace the Duke of Manchester's carriage, by special invitation, to take up my quarters for two days in the palace at Spanish town, to dine with him, and meet the members of the council, to be present at the opening of parliament the following day, and to be his guest at an entertainment given by His Grace to the members of the house of assembly; Nothing could exceed the kind atten-

tions I met with, and on looking back to the year 1795, when I was running about there without shoes, stockings, or hat, and merely in a shirt and trowsers, I could not help marking the difference to Sir John Keene, as I admired the beauty of four splendid horses richly harnessed, coronets in all directions, and a very handsome turn out altogether : and this, in company with one of the first nobles in England, and King at Jamaica ! “Times is changed said the dog’s meat man,” a favorite song of mine, and I said it so seriously, I set them all in a roar.

The palace is situated in a large square, laid out in gardens, and all the edifices around it, are of equal magnificence and extent, and here all the Officers of distinction, naval and military, the dignitaries of the church and state, the most influential planters and merchants were brought together : a display of wealth, with crowds of equipages of the most costly style, with every part of the community in their official costumes, and otherwise dressed in all their best ;—every house stocked with occupiers for the occasion, produced a liveliness of scene and bustle very animating and gratifying, which generally closed with a ball,

where numbers of beauties assembled, that delighted the eyes, and warmed the heart. I was a constant guest after my first invitation, during the time I was in the Island, and shall ever feel indebted for the many joyous hours I passed there, through the kind and distinguished introduction of Sir John Keene, Commander in Chief of the forces, and my ever valued friend, Commissioner Ross, and from this period I was taken by the hand by every body in the Island worth knowing ; but it was my fate soon to have a damp cast over all my happiness, in the prospect of soon loosing my patron, being appointed to Malta Dock Yard, in June, 1825, to be replaced by Commissioner Shortland. Nothing else made the prospect endurable, but his assurances of the best interest to be exerted in my behalf, to get me to join him.

To add to my forlorn condition, my messmate, Burdwood, was away, and obliged to give up the house to the Carpenter of the Flag Ship, when she comes into port, and live in the quarters at the Capstan house ;—Storekeeper too was gone home,—the Commissioner for the most part in the mountains, so that all the duties devolved upon

me, and I felt myself in a lonely condition ; and to complete the misery, the yellow fever began its devastations most fiercely, and in the course of a few days, fifteen had died on board H. M. S. " Lively," including the 1st and 2nd Lieutenants. The Captain and 3rd Lieutenant was in a very precarious state in my house, as also the purser of the " Primrose," and Tom Sheers, an old East India friend of mine. The officers of the garrison were dying right and left. August, the worst month over, and my three invalids mending fast. Capt. E——'s grateful recollections for good quarters, and good nursing, were highly gratifying ; he acknowledged he owed his life to me, and was most unbounded in his attentions ever afterwards, as also old Tom Sheers. Captain C—— dreaded the house so much, that after I put him upon his legs, he never could bear to see it, or me, and at last it ended in our meeting without exchanging a word. I must confess I was annoyed at such cold hearted manifestations. He lived within three hundred yards of me for two months afterwards, and never even favoured me with a call ;— I know no pang more bitter than ingratitude. This Officer has published, and makes mention of

the occurrence in a manner that would do honour to the feelings of an Officer and a man, if they were true ; but the cold contempt and neglect I experienced in return for all my anxieties, I must confess have sunk him very much below what I thought him before, and I could not help, (ere I left Jamaica,) expressing in the strongest terms, my notions of his want of common feeling, and so we parted. He was a most fascinating companion, gifted with great natural talent, and a highly cultivated mind ; these accomplishments, accompanied with a property quite independent of the service, increased his consequence, and his society was courted, but he was an icicle in all affairs of the heart.

The dance of death, in September of this year, spared neither sex or age, wealth or poverty. December 13th, 1825, at 5, P. M., I took leave of Commissioner Ross with a heart too full to speak : he carried with him the best affections of every body, and it cannot be expected to meet with his equal. The Dock Yard was left in my charge, and remained so until the 10th of February, 1826, when Commissioner Shortland arrived in H. M. S. "Magnificent," and all responsibility, thank God,

was at an end. During the interregnum, I always experienced the same kind attention from His Grace the Governor, and all the community, who made a point of paying me that respect upon all occasions, although my kind patron was gone. The Commissioner was pleased to express his greatest satisfaction with the arrangements, cleanliness, &c., of the Establishment altogether, and was very complimentary upon the occasion; my messmate, Mr. Burdwood, came out with him, and we soon tumbled into our places. Although the Commissioner was of reserved and repelling habits, he was a zealous, cautious Officer, we soon came into his ways, and every branch of duty went on smoothly enough.

March 23rd, I had a stroke of the sun, and a change of climate was recommended. An application was made, and leave granted, and on the 8th of June, I embarked on board H. M. S. "Valorous," a guest of Captain, the Earl of Huntingdon, with Sir John Keene, and Staff, to proceed to Nassau, in New Providence, where we arrived on the 28th, and were received by Mr. Malling, the President, and family, and soon became his guests.

The house being full, I took up my residence at Mrs. Baldwin's lodging house ; dressed and repaired to the Presidents, and passed a most delightful evening, in the society of beauty, good nature, and hospitality.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Description of Nassau continued.—Village inhabited by the wreckers.—The females.—Arrived at Nova Scotia 17th of July, and landed the Earl of Huntingdon and Sir John Keene.—Reception at Prince Edward's Establishment.—Remarks on Halifax.—The Province building.—Dock Yard.—Attends a Regatta.—In the evening the company assembled on board the "Jupiter," which was fitted up for the occasion in the first style.—Account of the party, and the ball.—Dines with an old friend of his father's, the Collector of Customs at Halifax.—Attends the Levee of Lord Dalhousie, the Governor of Canada.—Starts for Barbadoes.

I CANNOT recollect at any period, where I have ever been more agreeably surprised or gratified, at the sight of a strange place, than I was at my first peep at the town of Nassau ; and with a little assistance from Mr. Mc Kinnen's tour through the West Indies, with some observations of my own, I shall attempt a description of a spot I was so much pleased with, that I may occasionally turn to it, as it will recall recollections of much interest, and pleasant feeling.

“The view of the town, comprehending on the west, a large fortress, on the same eminence, and the barracks for the troops overlooking the sea, is extremely striking from the mouth of the harbour. It is formed like that of Exuma, by a long quay or slip of land running in front of the town of Nassau, nearly parallel with its length from E. S. E. to W. N. W. The general aspect of the place has something in it fresh and lively ; the streets are regularly dispersed, and in some parts remarkable for their unparalleled smoothness, being nothing more than the solid surface of a stone quarry, which has afforded abundant materials for building on the spot. This rock of the native quarries, has been discovered to answer effectually, every purpose of masonry, by a wash of lime, which gives both consistency and beauty to the exterior.” So far says Mr. Mc. Kinnen, and there I shall leave him, and go on with my own.

The streets are formed at right angles from the principal one, which is parallel to the sea shore, and carried by a gentle ascent to the ridge of the hill, upon which stands government house, a very handsome edifice, and spacious ; New Providence

is merely a quay, and so poor in soil, that the natives have been at great pains to bring manure and mould from a distance, to produce cultivation. The government house, as well as all the public offices, churches, forts, jail, market place, and vendue mart or exchange, are composed of the stone above mentioned, and display great taste, neatness, and comfort; and being pleasingly interspersed with trees, shrubs, and flowers, afford a seasonable relief to the eye, which, from the white houses and roads, is very much annoyed, and no doubt injured by the glare: the stone is of a soft nature, and easily cut.

To the eastward there is a village exclusively inhabited by the wreckers, who only communicate with the town when in want of provisions, or on particular business. New Providence, in its earliest time, was notorious for affording shelter and security to a nest of pirates, and the enormities and cruelties committed by them, are recorded in the page of history. The character of the wrecker is still looked upon with distrust and caution; but as I can only speak from hearsay, and not by my own observation or experience, I shall say no more upon the subject.

Many of the cottages or huts stand upon pillars from two to three feet in length, and the beams which form the ground plan, project at each corner of the dwelling, far enough to admit a wheel on each ; the owner, if tired of his neighbourhood, ships his wheels, knocks down the pillars, and toddles off, all standing like a trooper's horse. So much for the outside ; now we will take a peep indoors,—indeed I should be guilty of black ingratitude, if I passed over in silence our reception at this Island of Cythereas, in the west, for I fully agree with Mr. Mc. Kinnen, where he says,—“ Perhaps there are few countries more favourable to female beauty, than this and the adjacent parts of the continent. I have no where observed more delicacy, united with a spirited expression of countenance.” And if you were to run a line round the earth in the same latitude, you would find the female natives generally beautiful, and many a son of Mars has lowered his top gallant sails, and dropped his sword, and I have seen many a Nassau-married-beauty in Europe, Asia, and Africa, which are proofs of their dazzling charms.

In a party at the President's, the day before

we embarked, we met such a blaze of beauty and accomplishments, at the same time so cheerful and good natured, that I left them quite in raptures ; and may that Deity, whose name their Island bears, watch over and protect them.

On Sunday morning, July the 2nd, I left Nassau with much regret, and strong feelings of obligation to the President, his lady, and charming family, for Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where we arrived on the 17th of July ; it was bitter cold, and would have given the world for a fire. Anchored off the Market Wharf, when the Earl of Huntingdon, with Sir John Keene and suite, landed under salutes due to their rank, but I remained on board for the night. Found laying here H. M. S. "Jupiter," bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Lake, with "Newman," "Grasshopper," "Dotterel," and "Contest ;" there were preparations making for much gaiety, both ashore and afloat.

The last time I was here, Halifax was in its infancy, this was in 1799, and from its situation, a colony of the greatest importance. Sir John Wentworth was Governor, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, Commander in Chief of the

Land Forces, and Admiral Vandeput of the Squadron. It was here I met General Wetherall (then Colonel) for the first time, little thinking at that time, we should ever be so intimate afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope, Madras, and England. It was a beautiful night, and there was ample scope for reflection and contemplation, and in which I indulged to the utmost.

On Tuesday morning, July the 18th, I put my foot upon that shore I had not touched for the last twenty-seven years. It was a gloomy morning with drizzling rain; I had on a coatee of green, with white buttons, blue trowsers, a fancy waistcoat, coloured neckerchief, and panama hat, and looked something like a gamekeeper or farmer, at any rate, my dress and appearance was not altogether in my favour. In consequence of the approaching festivities, the town was full, and the hotels, taverns, and lodging houses were occupied by the gentry from Windsor, and the country round. My reception at the Prince Edward's Establishment was rather repelling, and ungracious enough. The Boatman put my portmanteau down in the passage and left me. I inquired for the master of the house, (a very handsome fellow

by the by, and so like the Royal family, he was better known by the sobriquet of the young duke,) I asked him for the accommodation of a sitting and bed room. He overhauled me from head to foot, and not liking the cut of my jib, said, "he had none." Pointing to the coffee room, I asked if I could not go there for the present, until I had made further inquiry in the town. "That coffee room is for the Officers of the Army and Navy, and the gentlemen (with an emphasis) of Halifax." This is but a sorry reception for an old acquaintance, I grumbled; can you direct me to any place? "There is the Poop Lanthorn will suit you, I should think." Shew me the way to it, and send a person with me, to carry my portmanteau. He came to the door, and pointed to something, but I could neither make out Poop Lanthorn or any thing else, and as for a porter, they had nothing of the kind, and he could not spare a waiter. At this moment, an Officer looked out of his bed room window, and called out—"Pitt, by the Lord here is your name sake, an old East India friend of mine. Why what in the name of God, brought you here? Come up stairs." This jolly fellow

will not even admit me into the coffee room. "Won't he! then I will come down to you." He did. "Pitt, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you. Millar, (the landlord) give this gentleman the best room in your house, or by the powers we will burn it down. Captain William Pitt Canning, this is a much esteemed friend of mine, an old standard in the East Indies. William Pitt, Esq., Master Attendant in the Royal Navy, and with whom you must be better acquainted." Before this introduction was concluded, in came my messmates, Captain the Earl of Huntingdon, and Sir John Keene, Commander in Chief of the Forces in Jamaica, and the Leeward Islands, with his Staff. When my landlord saw the terms I was upon with these distinguished characters, came to me with—"I did not know who you were Sir, in that dress, but you shall have the best accommodation the house will afford." Sir John Keene called out, "Billy, my hearty, have you seen the Governor yet? where do you dine to day?" Here, at six. "Get a neat little dinner for four; soup, fish, and a joint, with a light second course, and the very best wine in your cellar." "Certainly Sir." "Captain Can-

ning and the two Officers dine with me.” “Times are changed, said the dogs meat man,” my old philosophical wind up; told them how I had been received, and they all roared, and declared they were not surprised, for they would not give me five shillings for all I had on my back.

N. B. My sitting room was soon full of visitors, and I became a top sawyer. Paid my respects to His Excellency, Sir James Kempt, the Governor, Admiral Lake, Commander in Chief of the Naval Forces, and his family, and then visited the town which I had not seen for twenty-seven years, and made the following remarks.

Found Halifax very much advanced in extent and beauty. The Province building in particular, which is a structure of the first order, and has already cost £76,000, wherein the good folks of Nova Scotia have displayed much taste, and great liberality. There are also many elegant houses, with grounds and gardens, beautifully diversified with every species of flower and shrub: the kitchen gardens are well stocked with all sorts of vegetables, and the orchards are abundantly supplied with the choicest wall fruits, as well as from

the trees, and I was altogether very much gratified. I then proceeded to what was in my time, one of the prettiest and neatest Dock Yards abroad, but now in a state of dilapidation and ruin, very much to be regretted, and bespeaks sadly the want of an influential Officer to keep it in a proper state of repair, and at any rate, clean.

There are only two there, viz. the Master Shipwright, who controls all, and a Master Attendant, and at that time they did not speak (much to be lamented) for the benefit of the public service. I called upon my brother Officer, whom I found a downright Goth,—a sort of Robinson Crusoe fellow, who hauled his ladder up at meal time to exclude intruders, and they told me he lived like a bear, sucking his paws; in fact, he was spoken of as a brute, despised by every body when alive, and not a friend to close his eyes when he was summoned to quit this world. I left him with contempt and pity;—but to revert to a more enlivening subject. On Wednesday, the following day, which fortunately was most beautiful, all the inhabitants in their gay morning dresses, were proceeding in crowds to see the regatta.

Upon an eminence of green turf, as soft as a turkey carpet, marquees, tents, and flys were pitched in the most convenient position for enjoying the sight, with refreshments of every description in abundance,—decorations of the choicest flowers, which was enriched by a crowd of beauty and elegance, that rendered it as splendid a picture altogether, as I had witnessed for many years. While I was enjoying this animating scene round the tents outside, (for being a perfect stranger among all those I had hitherto seen, I could not enter in) I did not suspect I was a subject of remark or conversation, and perhaps animadversion, for the cool manner I contemplated the dazzling beauties around me; at this moment, a Post Captain, (one of the stewards of the entertainment) came up to me to inquire how I came there, (for I had that ugly green coatee on, and a Panama hat, the crown as high as a Chinaman's,) he turned out to be an old East India and West India acquaintance, and to the surprise of the ladies, who were half afraid of me, saw him shake me very heartily by the hand, and looking at me from top to toe, burst out in a laugh, and insisted upon

my going with him to the table of refreshments, and taking a glass of wine with him. The lovely creatures almost stared me out of countenance, but when Captain W—— asked me if I dined on board the Flag Ship at six o'clock, and answered in the affirmative, they were all puzzled to find out who the deuce I could be, which I enjoyed very much.

The regatta was all over by four o'clock, and at six we began to assemble on board the "Jupiter," decorated and disguised in such a manner, you could scarcely fancy yourself on board of a ship. Mizzen mast, guns, and every species of store and lumber taken out,—spar deck filled in, with appropriate devices in chalk of all colours, and executed with great taste. I saw all the company again which I had met at the regatta, and to their no small surprise, took one arm of the queen of the feast, Miss Lake, the Admiral's daughter, the loveliest woman there by far, and Sir John Keene the other. Our table was the most joyous of any, and I dare say she did not forget it for some time afterwards. We dined on the upper gun deck, and at nine, the ladies retired to the cabin; the music struck up after a few toasts and healths, when we

joined them. It was almost enchantment. The Quarter and Main Decks resembled a spacious pavilion, lit up with brilliant chandeliers, variegated lamps, and transparencies, suitable to the occasion of the regatta. The two fore mast cabins on the Quarter Deck, viz. the larboard one for the Captain, and the starboard one for the Admiral's Secretary, were upon this occasion fitted up like two spacious bars in our hotels, amply supplied with cooling beverage of every description, and the attendants dressed as bar maids, three on each side, of the prettiest girls selected from the servants of the different families who were guests, to take charge of the shawls, hats, &c.: in fact every arrangement for comfort, was of the first order, in taste and elegance, and contributed much to enhance the happiness diffused throughout.

My powers, as usual, were called into action between the dance, at the request of the Admiral's lady, &c., where they expressed their gratitude by the most fascinating smiles, and nothing went down the next day (Thursday) at the several calls, but discussions and remarks about the green coatee and panama hat, and to keep up the joke,

the race course was visited by the same eccentric character, in the same costume, but "dis time, no like tother time Massa," for every body recognised me, and I pressed the rosy fingers of many a lovely Haligonian in their carriages, who wondered I did not get a horse. My answer invariably was, I am not entitled to that rank yet, for he would have unshipped me to a certainty.

I dined with Mr. Jeffrys the son of a school fellow of my dear Father's, who was collector of the customs at Halifax,—lived with an excellent wife and charming family, particularly his eldest daughter, who possessed a very bountiful proportion of nature's choicest gifts, with eminent personal attraction, the index of the best of hearts.

I kept a journal-kind of description while I was there, and although it may appear tedious, prolix, and uninteresting to those who may read it, (not having enjoyed the exhilarating scenes,) still to me it was all "Couleur de Rose," and I should be a monster of ingratitude, if I did not express how sensibly I have felt ever since, the great kindness and attention I met with there.

On Friday, I attended at the Levee of Lord

Dalhousie, Governor of all the Canadas, and particularly introduced by the Earl of Huntingdon, and Admiral Lake. All in my best attire of tights, cocked up hat, &c.. I looked like a puncheon stuck upon a couple of treenails. Dined at the Dock Yard with the builder,—at a turn out in the evening, with His Excellency, Sir James Kempt, and began to feel, the sooner I left this scene of gaiety for my health, the better.

Saturday was a day of P. P. C.,—a snug, quiet party with Captain Canning, who is now no more. On Sunday the 23rd of July, I quitted Halifax with a heavy heart, but it is a tax all the world is obliged to pay, but more particularly the two professions of the Army and Navy, from the various countries, by the nature of their duties, they are continually visiting and leaving, and meeting in the society of those who delight, attach, and are gone for ever, and the only consolation left, is "that the memory of the past will stay, and half our joys renew." Farewell dear Nova Scotians! this feeling is "set as a seal upon my heart." Your shore was the scene of "Lang Syne," and I perfectly agree upon that subject with the sentiments of Lord Byron; "Sweet is the

recollection of our early days." We started for Barbadoes, and were most agreeably joined by Major Mc Clean, who contributed much to enliven the monotony of a sea trip. We experienced the most lovely weather during the passage, and arrived at Barbadoes on the 16th of August, where I took up my quarters with Miss Betsey Austin, (Sobriquet Lady Doyle,) where I soon found "I was out of the frying pan into the fire."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reflections on times past.—Called at several houses in Bridgetown, to see old acquaintances, but all dead.—Returned in a very gloomy mood.—Description of an entertainment given to Sir H. Warde, the Governor.—Arrives at Jamaica September 20th.—Receives an intimation from Captain Ross of being appointed to Malta.—Various Incidents.—Sails for England March 13th.—Arrives at Falmouth March 28th.—Sensations on once more visiting this place.—Met with his favorite and once lovely Mary.—Visits the tomb of poor Captain Dodd.—Reflections.

Looking out of my sitting room window while at breakfast at Miss Betsey Austin's, embracing a fine view of Carlisle Bay, on the morning after my arrival, the weather being beautifully cool and clear, I indulged in a fit of musing upon times long since gone by, and dwelt upon the scenes of thirty one years back, when I was walking through the streets of Bridgetown, with the Boatswain of the "Countess of Leicester" packet, selling

needles and pins. Five years afterwards I was there again, in the command of one, and part owner of another ; and now, a Master Attendant of a Royal Dock Yard, in one of the first Navys in the world, and at the top of the tree in my line of the profession. I felt I had every right to be proud, happy, and contented. I took a stroll from one end of Bridgetown to the other ; called at several houses, where I had been upon terms of the greatest intimacy, and did not find one alive, so I wandered about as forlorn as the last man. I returned to the lodging house in a very gloomy mood, and was most anxious for the arrival of a man of war to take me to Jamaica. After a second breakfast, I made my bow to all the *elite* in the Civil Service and the Army, and returns and invitations showered upon me as thick as hail. Their hospitality was most unbounded, but particularly from Colonel Sir C. Smith of the Artillery, and Messrs. Caoon, Mc Neil, and all the merchants ; but the day of days was the 26th of August, when Sir Henry Warde the Governor, was invited by the principal inhabitants of the Island, on his return from England.

The entertainment was of the choicest description, and most numerously attended, and as usual, (like the drummer,) I made a great noise in the world. I came home highly gratified with the handsome invitation, and delighted with the mirth and sociality of the hospitable Barbadians. Fortunately Captain O'Brien arrived on the 27th of August, and on September the 4th I embarked, after nineteen days of feasting and dissipation, which nearly knocked me up. We touched at Martinique and St. Thomas's, made several purchases at both Islands, of every thing rich and rare, for the good folks at Jamaica, and arrived with our cornucopia abundantly supplied, on the 20th of September, after an absence of three months and twelve days, delighted with my trip, and much renovated, and once more took the ribbons in hand.

I was pleased to find every thing had gone on most comfortably and smoothly throughout the Establishment, and to crown all, the three worst months of the season had passed away mildly. On the 22nd of September, (a memorable day for me) I received a charming letter from Captain Ross, saying that Mr. Lawson, the Master

Attendant, intended to retire ; application had been made for me, and favourably received, and I was quite upon the high ropes on the occasion. From this moment I considered myself as attached to the Malta Establishment ; paid all my visits on my return,—passed much of my time at His Graces, having little to do at Port Royal, all the squadron being away.

In November I received orders to rig the “Denick” on board “Magnificent,” upon Commissioner Woodriff’s plan, the Lieutenant in command declaring he was unequal to the undertaking,—a precious specimen of an Officer ; had directions from Commissioner Shortland to attend thereto : “the Lieutenant to find strength, and the Dock Yard brains.” Got the main mast secured, the main yard aloft well peaked, “Denick” rigged, towed alongside ;—begged the Commissioner to compare watches, and I went on board ; began to heave at the capstan, and in five minutes the “Denick” was in its place,—secured the rigging of the same, rove the purchase falls, lowered the main yard, the “Isis” came alongside, took out fore and mizen masts, stepped two others and took her to her mooring again in less than twelve

hours, which gave great satisfaction to the Commander in Chief, Commissioner, and all naval men:—the plan, I highly approve of, as quite efficient, of considerably less expense, and not half the weight of the old one.

January 27th, 1827. This morning about seven o'clock, I observed the Commissioner walking very quick towards me with a paper in his hand, and my heart began to move up and down like "a brig's boom in a calm:" as I fully expected it was an appointment to Malta, and hoped to be off in H. M. S. "Isis," Captain Patton, some time in March. Dined with His Grace, and congratulations and invitations flowed in upon me by shoals, and I was afraid of being killed with kindness.

On the 18th of February, the "Lady Louisa" packet, Lieutenant Figg, arrived; and as there was no chance of the "Isis" sailing for two months, the Commissioner was anxious I should go by the packet, but he would not give me an order; and as I was equally desirous to be off in a whole skin, I engaged my passage for fifty guineas, squared the yards with every body, and sailed on the 13th of March, after a residence of

two years and nine months, in the best of health and spirits. I shall pass over the monotony of a sea trip. After a very pleasant passage with three besides myself, (passed our time most agreeably, with a capital table, and excellent wines,) we reached Falmouth on the 28th of April, the first port in which I commenced my sea life, thirty-two years ago. The castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes stood exactly in the same place, but I thought (like myself) looked much older.

I shall not attempt to describe my sensations when I landed;—a spot I could not help feeling great veneration for,—a spot I had been living in for six years and a half, and from whence I was first launched thirty-two years ago, in a profession I have clung to ever since, and it is now twenty-three years since I trod last upon that shore. I repaired to the principal Hotel at Fish Strand, arranged all matters there, and then waited upon Commodore King to procure a passage in the first packet for Malta; wrote to the Navy board to that effect, and then took a stroll through Falmouth. I met the once lovely Mary, who came over from Flushing purposely to see me, and although so many years had elapsed, there were

still the remains of a beautiful face, and not a wrinkle, but all was still cheerfulness, health, and happiness. I was introduced to her husband, and my god-daughter Jane, who promised to be as lovely as her mother. Met several of my old shipmates, and also many of the respectable part of the community I was intimate with thirty-two years ago. Gave our Commander, Lieutenant Figg, a glorious dinner, and passed a jovial night. The day following, (Sunday) went to Milor, and sat upon the tomb of poor Captain Dodd for a couple of hours, calling back to my recollection the many anxious, turbulent, and restless hours I passed with him for so many years, particularly the twelve months we were in prison. There I was of most essential service to him, and had a difficult game to play, for his temper was most ungovernable, and he was always in hot water with some person, who took delight in producing excitement by what they called quizzing, and I was in constant request to settled differences, and of course, occasionally embroiled myself;

“ For those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.”

I nursed him in sickness, came to England with

him, and he appeared sensible of my attentions, as expressed in the former part of this journal. Poor old gentleman! quiet enough now. All your harshness and injustice to me is forgiven and forgot. I paid the tribute of a tear to your memory, and left the sod that covered you with a sigh.

Dined with my friend Mr. Boyne, who was Surgeon of the "Townsend" packet with me, and remained with Captain Dodd until he died, in 1809. I learnt from him, he often expressed a wish I had never left him; his last five years were full of calamity, though coining money. He led a wretched life, became a dotard, broke both legs, and was obliged to have one amputated. His ravings in his old age incensed his wife, and when in a long and dreadful illness, she would allow no friend to soothe him, and he died without a cheering smile to soften his horrors of dissolution, unforgiven, and soon forgot.

His funeral I learnt was a pageant never witnessed before at such a simple, retiring village as Flushing; his tomb costly and handsome, but notwithstanding all these outward signs of respect and regret, the real unfeeling conduct of this

woman was too well known not to be disliked, and she left Cornwall with feelings of the greatest contempt from all the respectable parts of the community, and the lower classes were with difficulty restrained from greeting her with marrow bones and cleavers on her way to Devonshire.

When she died, she left all her money to her grand-daughter, but to Caroline not one sixpence. This was the pet and spoiled child, and ultimately the neglected and despised. I told her this twenty-seven years ago, and she was never easy afterwards, until she produced the separation between me and her husband; but I heartily forgive her. I rambled over Trefusis, and all my old walks, and could have staid with much gratification for a month.

CHAPTER XXV.

Embarks on board the "Mutine" for Malta.—Arrived at Cadiz on the 16th of May, and Gibraltar on the 18th.—Great improvements made within the past twenty-five years.—Received by Commissioner Ross with the greatest kindness.—Indescribable sensations on arriving at the Dock Yard.—General remarks.

On Friday the 4th of May, I took leave, and embarked on board the "Mutine," for a passage to Malta, quite knocked up with feasting. We reached Cadiz on the 16th, stayed there six hours, and left for Gibraltar, where we arrived on the evening of the 18th, greeted by Mr. Mends, my colleague at Jamaica, who was obliged from sickness, to leave after a short residence as store keeper there, and removed to this spot. His house was very neat and commodious, and the gardens were beautiful and abundant, and I was very much surprised at the great improvement made in twenty-five years. It reflects the great-

est credit on His Excellency the Governor, Sir George Don, for his perseverance and very great taste in forming such beautiful spots, retreats, and promenades out of a mere rock, with spacious streets, magnificent public buildings, and respectable houses. The style of the Almeida is worthy of a trip to Gibraltar to see it: the town is crowded with shops of every description, trade flourishing in all directions, and is the key to the Mediterranean. It is very extensive and diversified, the markets are well supplied from Spain and Tetuan, so that a plenty of every article of consumption is to be had on this rock, of the very first quality. (Nota bene.) Paying for the same.

The Dock Yard (if it be not a burlesque to call it so,) is beneath contempt, and a disgrace to such a nation as England,—whereas every thing military, bespoke a liberality, and magnificence of supplies to an unbounded degree, with a splendid garrison of five thousand men, which in some measure redeemed it from the imputation of poverty and meanness so conspicuous in every undertaking relating to the security, comfort, and respectability of the “Lords of the ocean.” No! poor Jack wasty face is boxed about here like a

bag of old boots, and considered a cypher by the red coats until they were wanted, and which (natural enough) has produced a jealous unsocial feeling among the parties, and now and then breaks out into contention and strife. I left it with disgust at every thing naval, but much delighted with the garrison.

On Saturday the 19th of May, we sailed for Malta, the spot I visited in 1802, and where I expect to sleep my last. Our passage of ten days, with a beautiful Italian sky, was beyond every thing exhilarating, and combined with the prospect of once again being with my best of friends and patrons, Commissioner Ross, and serving under him in this part of the world, a station I have for years sighed for, and now within my reach, filled my heart with the best of feelings, and a glow of gratitude, that made me one of the happiest creatures upon earth.

Running down alongshore, the view was cheerless and sterile ; no appearance of verdure, and the Islands seem to be studded with watch towers. All the hedges were heaps of stones, and in fact, it appeared to me to be nothing but a quarry, and I began to fancy they were all stone eaters. At

noon I stood into the quarantine harbour, by way of a cooler to my raptures, and when the packet sailed for Corfú, I took up my abode in the Lazarette. Saw my excellent friend the Commissioner at the Parlatorio, looking admirably well, and desired me to come and live with him until my house was ready, as he could not order the widow of my predecessor to quit until the last moment.

I was all eyes, as may easily be supposed, and on June the 2nd landed at Valette for the first time. My arrival was greeted with a band of music; Mr. Hepburn the Boatswain took all my traps to the Dock Yard, and I got into the Commissioner's carriage, and drove to his summer retreat, "Sa Maison," a complete spot of enchantment, and laid out in a Vauxhall style in miniature. Oh! Oh! said I, Is this your barren rock? After breakfast I proceeded through the city of Valette to his town house; every thing I saw in the shape of public buildings was in the first style of magnificence; in fact, I felt the same sensation I always experience in visiting a palace of paintings,—it distressed my vision, and bewildered my brain. I was then pulled across to the Dock

Yard, and what with the fortifications, fanciful creeks, splendid marinas, stupendous establishments, gally arches, lofty bastions, and last of all, the Dock Yard bursting all at once upon my sight, confused, charmed, and delighted me, and upon recalling my mind to the scenes before me, wherein I very soon was to bear an active part, my heart overflowed with gratitude to him I owed all my prospects of future happiness to ; it was more than I could withstand unmoved, and was glad to steal off in a retired spot to relieve the painful sensation, which I felt to be quite oppressive. He (kind soul) saw how it was with me, and I got up into the rope walk by myself for half an hour, and was soon all right again. I was presented to my colleagues, Messrs. Smith the Storekeeper, Harvey the Builder, the two Collings's, and in fact all the Establishment. Entered upon the duties of my office at once ; attended at the pay table, returned to Valetta, admired all its beauties, and took up my quarters at Sa Maison, where the Commissioner and Mrs. Ross did me the honor to ask the Dock Yard Officers and families, with several of the Officers of the Army to meet me, and continued the same for days, until I had seen His Excel-

lency the Governor, and all the most influential Officers and families in the Island. Met all the Landers of Poole happily settled here, numerous Naval and Military acquaintances from all parts of the world, and began by degrees, to shake myself into my place. I shall now take the opportunity of giving an historical, statistical, political, and domestic description of my future residence, most probably for life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Malta.—Historical.—Dock Yard.—Inhabitants.—Preparations for the Battle of Navarino.—Description of the Festa of St. Lorenzo.—Dispatches received, with intelligence of the death of Mr. Canning.—Great influx of vessels of all nations.

“MALTA is celebrated for the magnificence of its capital, the grandeur, extent, and strength of its fortifications, and its importance to England. In the *Odyssey* of Homer, this Island is mentioned under the name of Hysseria, and it is recorded that a colony of Phœnicians were established upon it, 1,500 years before the Christian *Æra*. It was subsequently called Ogygia, and while bearing this name, the Phœnicians were driven from it by the Greeks, who, about 736 years before Christ, called it Melitaion, or Melita, from whence its present name is derived. Here the Greeks established the worship of Apollo, their favorite, and Archons governed the Island.

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“ In rather more than 200 years after the first settlement of the Greeks, the Carthaginians disputed their right of possession, and the Island was for some time divided between them : but ultimately the Carthaginian power prevailed, while both the Greek and the Punic or Phœnician languages were equally spoken.

“ At length, the riches of Carthage which had flowed to Malta, rendered it a desirable acquisition to the Romans, by whom it was afterwards captured ; and thus was introduced a third language, and a third admixture of national habitudes and customs. On the division of the Roman Empire, Malta fell to the lot of Constantine, when the ancient energy or ferocity declined and expired. In 454, (A. D.) the Vandals had entered Sicily, and next took possession of Malta, from which, ten years afterwards, they were driven by the Goths. Under Justinian, however, in 553, Belisarius landed, and reunited Malta to the Empire, from which time, its opulence again increased, but it has never recovered its former splendour.

“ In 870, the Arabs were in possession of Malta, but were driven out in the same year by

the Greeks: thirty-four years after, they entered a second time, and exterminated the Greeks, although the rest of the inhabitants were in general spared and protected. A system of piracy now ensued, and the Maltese became the ablest corsairs in the Mediterranean sea. In 1,090, the Normans took possession of Malta, and they afterwards ceded the Island to the Germans. It continued in subjection to the Emperor's for seventy two years, and then fell under the dominion of France; but shortly after, Roger, Admiral of Arragon, subdued the Island, and it became a fief of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, but was ultimately united to Sicily.

“Such were the changes which had taken place in the government of this Island, when the Emperor Charles V. added it to his vast domains. This potentate seems to have been the first who understood the real value of this possession, and who appreciated it as deriving that value from its commanding situation over all the adjacent seas. In 1530, he made choice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and established the knights of that order, conditionally, as perpetual sovereigns of the Islands of Malta, Gozo, &c. Of these

knights, the superior was Grand Master of Malta, and he was invested with the rights of sovereignty over the Islands for life. This mode of government continued until June 1798, when General Buonaparte gained possession, previously to his landing in Egypt.

“ On the 26th of September, in the same year, the Islands were, in consequence, put into a state of blockade by the British forces, which was continued against Malta until the 4th of September, 1800, when it surrendered. Since this period, we need hardly say, the Islands have continued under the British Flag ; and under that protection, may they ever flourish.*

* Mr. Galt, in the appendix to his “ Letters from the Levant, 1313,” has shewn the practicability of opening a direct intercourse with India, by way of Malta and the Red Sea, and the vast advantages which Malta might derive from such intercourse. He observes, that “ Goods, calculating from the date of a departure from Bombay, may be landed at Suez in six weeks, sent thence to Cairo in one week more, and shipped in the course of another at Alexandria, and arrive, in the usual passage of three weeks at Malta ; making in all not quite three months, until they are at the same market, which by the rout now used, they take twelve to reach.” Appendix, No. VII. It has recently, however, become a question, and a serious one, whether England or Egypt would ultimately enjoy the important advantages of such an arrangement.

Dock Yard.—Situated on the N. W. side of the creek, called the Dock Yard creek, is a small, but very complete Arsenal, and most conveniently constructed. Since it has been occupied by us, it has undergone a variety of alterations, and at present, is not only very pleasing to the eye, but for so confined a space, possesses conveniences quite surprising. The stores are built end on to the sea, and go back to the boundary wall, (the greatest depth of which is 158 feet,) and form a crescent of 720 feet in length, bound on the S. S. W. by the only gate way, over which, is the Master Attendant's house, and to the N. N. E. by an extensive and lofty Bastion, contiguous to which, are the Boatswain's quarters, and on this Bastion the Sheers are erected, of which, more hereafter. This Bastion forms a terrace to three extensive stores for sails, rope machinery, rigging loft for all the careening, masting gear, and two water tanks, capable of containing 2,238 tons of water, and is of itself a grand structure of masonry.

The stores facing the sea are protected by a neat colonnade, twenty feet wide, and supported nearest the sea by one hundred and eight pillars,

which is not only a security, but a cool and delightful shade for every body who has to visit, or attend in the yard. The King's Stairs is the landing place for the Commissioner, and Officers of the Navy, &c. : it is about the centre of the marina, and leads directly up to his office, covered over close to the sea, and supported by pillars, and decorated with the King's Arms. On the same floor of the Commissioner's office is another range of capital stores, (built proof,) and above them again an exceeding fine rope walk, 842 feet by $26\frac{1}{2}$, ornamented by an arcade on the sea face, consisting of thirty-nine arches and forty pilasters, with balustrades at the base and capital, covered in with a terraced roof, and where the people can work in all weathers.

All amazement yet, and it will take some time before I feel myself quite at home. Every arrangement relating to the Dock Yard is of a very superior cast, and upon a much more extensive scale than the departments I have been in before, with a great deal more to look after, and certainly, for convenience, comforts, and resources, much beyond any thing I expected to see ; at the same time not more than it ought to be, when

such a command as the Mediterranean is taken into consideration, surrounded by all the civilized powers of Europe, as well as the depredators of Nubia, Arabia, and Egypt; and to counteract all their intrigues, and repel any inroads upon our consequence as a mighty power, (particularly naval,) points out the necessity of not only keeping such an Establishment up to the fullest extent, but also to increase it, and considerably enlarge the scale.

Malta, in a political point of view, as well as commercial, must, so long as we are the masters of the sea, increase in importance, and continue a possession of the greatest value to the British crown. The influx from all parts of the world, (Indus to the Pole) of all countries and professions, viz. the merchant, speculator, traveller, and warrior, keeps the Island in a continual ferment, and is highly amusing to the observer, from the variety of face, feature, complexion, dress, language, habit, and occupation, and should certainly, one would think, be an emporium of riches; but so far from that, the Islands of Malta, Gozo, and Comino, are in a most abject and impoverished state, which in general is imputed to a super-

abundant population, and a great unwillingness to emigrate. They are extremely industrious, and a very sober, civil, and harmless race ; their denials are innumerable, their living coarse and comfortless, the hovels they inhabit are no better than heaps of filth, and if it were not one of the finest climates in the world, would become a Pandora's box of disease.

I have been in many catholic countries, but never met human nature in a more degraded state of subjection than in Malta ; it is really humiliating, and is carried to such a pitch of infatuation, that one is apt to think their minds have been so violently acted upon, that reason no longer holds a seat there, and all is superstition and darkness : and generally speaking, the few acts of violence committed here, emanate from the influence the priestcraft has over their weak and unenlightened minds. I must confess I like the Maltese very much ; it is true there is a great deal in them to pity and condemn,—and show me a picture of human nature, where there is not a great deal of imperfection. I have always found them a quiet, civil, and obliging race, and during the ten years I have been among them, I have never had cause

for angry feeling from either class : I have had three servants in that time,—after ten years in my service I buried two, when on a bed of sickness myself, and the third, by fatigue in nursing me, very nearly sunk under his exertions ; he is now, thank God ! alive and well, and with me still,—he has the greatest respect for his old master, and he possesses my best regards for an honest, faithful servant, and a grateful heart. In my public situation, if they were not intelligent, they were always anxious to do their best, and most willing to learn, and at all times did their duty most cheerfully. This opinion is early introduced, purposely to explain how I got through my arduous duties, soon to be called for in the battle of Navarino, upon which subject so much discussion has already transpired, so that I shall forbear any further remark, whether praise or dispraise are to be attached thereto. Malta Dock Yard had the fag, and we cannot help feeling, like the the man at Astley's upon some wonderful feat of horsemanship, which brought down thunders of applause, when he roared out in ecstasy, " I made their saddles."

After the " On-slaught," with our country's

approval, we were honored with the acknowledgments and thanks of our superiors. We worked night and day to effect our purpose, and succeeded beyond our expectations,—but which, after a time, went souse into the sea like the Eddystone, and were abused by all parties for our alacrity.

By preparations that are making, expresses going and coming, arrivals, increase of the squadron, with a vast deal of hurry and bustle, show plainly there is something in agitation. On the 1st of August, H. M. S. “Genoa” and “Albion” arrived, being ordered up the Mediterranean to settle the row between the Turks and Greeks. On the 9th was the Festa of St. Lorenzo, and the first of the kind I ever saw : I was very agreeably surprised with the enlivening scene ; the churches, forts, houses, and shipping were brilliantly illuminated with variegated lamps, transparencies, with suitable devices ; a very good display of fire works ; the grand harbour, Bighi Bay, Dock Yard, Renella, and Isola creeks were covered with the native boats and yachts, and one distinct batch of barges, pinnaces, launches, yawls, cutters, Dock Yard boats, deck punts, pontoons, pleasure boats, with bands from the different regiments, the latter

being taken in tow by the former ; tables groaning with every species of refreshments, the night was delightfully cool, and the heavens bespangled with stars, which were reflected by the sea, together with the lights from fifteen hundred boats, produced a blaze of splendour similar to what we read of in the Venetian style, and extremely animating :—catches, songs, and glees, in all languages, and instrumental music of the first description, rendered it altogether truly of the Arabian Night's first order ; and having visited every creek and corner, returned home at two in the morning, and in my dreams the joyous scene was repeated. There must have been at least twenty thousand assembled, and the next day I did not hear of one single accident or disturbance, which of itself speaks volumes in favor of the natives.

Generally speaking, the Maltese are a fine set of men, very upright in their carriage, and a stout and hardy race to look at. Their complexions are generally very swarthy, with black coarse hair, brilliant eyes, and altogether the cast of the Arab predominates. It is a generally received opinion that the human race is very much

improved by change ; it does not appear to have succeeded here. The men are for the most part under the common stature, though well built ; but no one will consider them a handsome race compared with the Greeks, Turks, Italians, or Spanish, and the first impression made upon a stranger, is the great scarcity of female beauty. You occasionally fall in with very lovely women certainly ; their eyes are particularly brilliant and dazzling, but you very seldom meet with the York and Lancaster, when you do, it is lovely indeed. They are very affable, good natured souls, and I have passed many a happy hour in their company. But to revert to some important matter now in agitation.

On the 29th, received overland dispatches announcing the death of Mr. Canning, which has cast a gloom over every subject of a political nature, but more particularly on the present misunderstanding between the Greeks and Egyptians, and has thrown us all upon our backs, as the late prime minister was the projector of the whole plan, and it is feared the matter will be taken up with less energy ; however, all parties have gone too far to recede, and an explosion is hourly looked for.

On the evening of October 31st, 1827, H. M. Ship "Talbot" arrived, with the "Brisk" in tow, bringing news of an action being fought between the collegued squadron of England, France, and Russia, and the Turco Egyptian fleet. Enough has been said upon the subject to surfeit one, I shall therefore cut the matter very short, by remarking that every creek and corner of this celebrated port of Malta was taken up by English, French, Russian, Dutch, and Swedish men of war, of all rates and descriptions, to the amount of forty sail, and we now begin to find out what an insignificant harbour it is, for any warfare upon a grand scale. It is a very secure and snug refitting port for about ten sail, but no more, and our Establishment is too insignificant to carry on the works; but a vast deal more was accomplished than could have been expected.

The Russian squadron reinforced on the 16th of October, 1828, by Admiral Ricorde, (an old acquaintance of mine for twenty years, at the Cape of Good Hope,) produced sensations of an alarming nature. They are now seven thousand strong, have had large supplies of stores, &c., sent out to them, are spending lots of money in charity, and

are gaining ground upon the feelings of the Maltese, and there is a buzz of " Sicilian Vespers." We have only four regiments here, the works are in a state of decay, and very few guns mounted.

November 21st. Eight more Russians on their way to the Mediterranean, but we have since heard, a squadron was sent after them ordering them back. And now for a few remarks relative to Valette, the Grand Harbour, different creeks, Bighi Bay, and Marsamuscetto.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Malta.—The Harbour.—Far-famed city of Valette.—The Palace.—The Churches.—Festa of St. Gregore.—Ceremony of young men who are candidates for wives.—General gloom prevails on account of Commissioner Ross's appointment to Plymouth.—Took leave of him March 25th, 1829.—Sensations at parting.—April 8th, informed of Commissioner Brigg's appointment.

THE Grand Harbour is only 2,400 yards N. E., and S. W. not quite $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile; and this far-famed city of Valette, is from Port Reale to Fort St. Elmo, 1,220 yards in an east and west line; and from the Custom House in the Grand Harbour, to the Ramparts at Marmuscetto, (the broadest part) N. N. W. and S. S. E., 890 yards, containing eight streets each way, at right angles; not to say a word of alleys, mandragios, (a street under ground) and Cul de Sacs, (or no thorough fares,) and is 3,600 yards, or two miles in circumference.

It is built upon a ridge of rock east and west :

Strada Reale is the principal street, and the centre of the city, and approached from the two harbours by flights of steps, with the exception of two streets for the convenience of carriages, carts, &c. As for the mules, they go every where with ease and safety. The eternal up and down progression is tiresome beyond measure, but I presume it was in the plan of Vallette, the founder, to check the approach of Artillery.

The streets are paved, with every attention to cleanliness and security, and the stones are cut across to prevent slipping. The streets are very broad and airy, and are dry almost immediately after a shower of rain. The palace is a magnificent structure, the approach very imposing, and the Knights of the Order have displayed throughout, very exalted notions of splendour, combined with comfort. The halls, chambers of audience, and anti-rooms are all furnished in a sumptuous style, and ornamented with valuable paintings from the most celebrated masters, and in fact every thing connected with this noble structure is in the best of keeping. The grand stair case is by a flight of very broad steps, and so shallow that four horses abreast could gallop up as easy

as on plain ground. I cannot attempt to describe the armoury, I only saw it once, and my stay was very short ; but although I have visited many in my time, I never recollect seeing such varieties of weapons : the armoury of Malta would of itself make a history of the most interesting description, and I must confess myself much surprised, that in the various authors I have read on this interesting spot in the ocean, there is no guide or account upon the subject.

The palace was the residence of the Grand Master, but there were edifices in a similar style of splendour, erected in different parts of the city, for knights of the different nations to which they respectively belonged. The churches are all upon a grand scale, very richly decorated, and must cause a vast expenditure of money to keep in repair, as well as to provide for their Bishops and Priests. St. John's church stands foremost for its paintings, its Mosaic pavement, and magnificent altar, with its brilliant chandeliers, and other gold and silver ornaments and jewellery that dazzle the eye.

These places of worship are accessible at all hours, to all sorts and ranks of men, women, and

children, from the prince to the beggar; the greater proportion of the latter are of the dirtiest and most ragged description, and show no respect to persons, but rub up against you, and poison you with the effluvia from their persons, and you run the risk of being infested with vermin; in consequence of the above annoyances, and disgusting apprehensions, I do not frequent them so much as I otherwise should do, yet the music is so ravishingly sweet, I could stay for hours together.

On all their grand *festas* the *elite* of the opera attend, and it is a treat I take much delight in;—it is certainly very imposing, and would have a very great effect, if you did not witness so much inconsistency among the congregation, for between the acts, (you might almost call it) the women would be chattering upon indifferent subjects, examining the dress of her neighbour, scolding her own child or any other, for treading upon her dress, and taking a third by the throat who attempted to push in before her, and sometimes a fight: I once heard of a church close to the Dock Yard, obliged to go through the ceremony of purification by the Bishop, in consequence of two

little rascals having a set to in the middle of the ceremony, and where one of them got a bloody nose. After the carnival they repaired to Zabbar church to return thanks, that the masks they wore upon that occasion did not remain on their faces for the rest of their lives.

At the festa of St. Gregore at Zeitum, those young men who are candidates for wives, instead of entering the lists with "spear and shield," are allowed to bear the heaviest flag in the procession, and lower them as they pass the altar, and those who display the greatest muscular strength and skill in raising it, is acknowledged by "his lady love" with smiles of approbation and encouragement as a stitor, ~~---something~~ after the Olympic Games; in fact, in their sports of the present day, you trace many similar to those of the ancients.

A very deep and general gloom prevailed in the Dock Yard and the other Establishments, at the official communication of Commissioner Ross's appointment to Devonport, but no one yet named to replace him. On the evening of the 25th of March, 1829, I repaired on board the "Dryad" with Commissioner Ross, and took leave of him for the second time in my life; he carried with him

the best affections of every soul on the Establishment, and to me in particular, the sensation was like losing a brother dearly beloved. The pang at such a separation was like a death bed agony of mind. We have now been known to each other for five years, and I shall never meet his like again. We shook hands at seven o'clock, but neither of us could utter a word; at this moment Fort St. Angels cheered him going out, and the Rifle band (as the ship glided gently through the water,) appeared upon the Ramparts, and played "Home sweet Home" on their bugles: the rich and melting tones sunk deep into the heart, and it was impossible for me to refrain from tears. It was quite oppressive,—at the same time I would not forego the sensations for worlds. I went to the Rifle mess, and cheered my drooping spirits with a bottle of champagne.

"Here's a health to honest John Bull,
Shall we ere meet again such another?"

The feeling at losing him was general in all departments, civil as well as military, and it will take a long time to reconcile us to his loss.

April 8th. Heard Commissioner Briggs was

appointed, and lucky indeed may we consider ourselves, should it turn out to be correct, and certainly comes like a balm to our wounded spirits :—to me it is particularly grateful, being an old acquaintance of 1811, at the Cape of Good Hope and the East Indies. So far I tumble on my legs.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

General remarks.—Hospitality in Malta.—Receives distinguished guests at his table at Malta.—Lord Yarborough's arrival, and splendid entertainments.—Arrival of Commissioner Briggs, 28th of December, 1839.—Symptoms of old age.—Sir H. Hotham succeeds Sir P. Malcolm.—Prince Joinville visits Malta, and gives a splendid ball.—Russians still dropping in, two liners and a large frigate.—Report from the "Hind" cutter of the discovery of a submarine volcano.—The new formed Island again sunk into the sea.

NOTHING is heard or spoken of here but the battle of Navarino, which has produced much discussion and angry feeling at home; and the Court Martial upon Captain Dickinson, has made Sir Edward Codrington rather unpopular. There is still a mystery about it which no one can fathom, and a game is playing to tarnish the laurels of that unfortunate, unpolitical, and disastrous conflict, and has involved us in difficulties, which I fear will turn out very detrimental to our

commercial interests, and advance the Russians fifty years in advantages, and give them a hold all Europe will not be able to forego. It is an era of great success and power to them, and from whence (mark my words) Russia will date triumphs not yet dreamt of, and will require bright talents, keen eyes, and much energy, to prevent her rapid strides to universal conquest.

The sooner Commissioner Briggs is here the better, for this interregnum renders it very irksome to all parties of the Establishment, as we, the principal Officers, are mere cyphers, and the whole charge and arrangements are in the hands of the different senior Officers as they may arrive, down to Commanders of two days standing, and of course know very little about it. The duties are left to the guidance of the Commissioner's clerk, instead of the Officers of the Establishment, who pulls the strings behind the curtain, and we executives, viz. Storekeeper, Master Attendant, and Builder, are forced to dance to his music:—it has caused a humiliating and angry feeling on one side, and much arrogance on the other. When it is considered the Officers above mentioned have a great deal of responsibility upon

their shoulders, and before they could be considered eligible for their important situations, must go through an ordeal (to establish their characters) of many years service, and then enter into bonds for their faithful discharge of the same; and where every expenditure of public money, or entering into any contract, and indeed every other transaction must receive their signature, and are answerable for their correctness by penalty, fine, imprisonment, or dismissal, while the chief clerk is nothing more than a writing machine, and whose signature is not admitted or acknowledged; I say it is not to be wondered at, those Officers should feel sore at being placed in such an insignificant situation, which almost implies they are not trust-worthy, and induces them to look upon their appointments with disgust and discontent. As far as I am concerned, I must confess the appointment has lost many of its charms for me, and unless some modification takes place after the arrival of Commissioner Briggs, I shall be very much disposed to retire upon the most advantageous terms for a security of respectability and comfort in my decline of life; for it is too humiliating to an honest and noble mind to be so

completely at the nod either of "Scribes, Pharisees, or Hypocrites;" but let me still hope the Halcyon days are not gone for ever, and although his ambition is equally unbounded, he will take a lesson (comparing large with small) from the butcher of Ipswich, who fell a sacrifice to his inordinate thirst for unbridled sway.

Of all ports of the world I have ever visited, Malta eclipses them for hospitality, festivity, luxury, and comfort, and at so moderate a price, it is quite surprising. The crowds of travellers who visit this interesting spot, render it very enlivening, without making a difference to house-keepers of any very serious consideration; and certainly when compared with the gratification derived in mingling with such lustres, and celebrated characters, (many of whom have cut so conspicuous a figure in the page of history, senate, &c.,) any parsimonial feeling cannot be allowed to intrude:—I pity the poor fellow who can be so cold blooded and mean enough to admit of it for an instant. As far as I am concerned, I cannot help recording it as one of the proudest eras in my little history, that I should have had the honor of receiving in my humble dwelling,

Princes, Field Marshals, Generals, Aid de Camps, Prime Ministers of all nations, and pretty girls. First and foremost stands that day when Sir Pulteney Malcom, Sir Frederic Maitland, and Commissioner Ross condescended to take some sheep's head soup with me, when I took the opportunity of pointing out the peculiarity of such a meeting. Captain Maitland received Buonaparte on board of the "Bellerophon,"—Commissioner Ross took him to St. Helena in the "Northumberland,"—and Sir Pultney Malcolm was appointed on the command to succeed Sir George Cockburn, to take care of him. It struck me I had touched upon a wrong key, for I am satisfied there was but one opinion upon the subject; and a century hence, that imprisonment will be spoken of with a very different feeling. "What a strange set of beings you Englishmen are," said a sprightly Frenchman to me in the Isle of France in 1817, at the time of sending him to St. Helena; "like a common state prisoner, you thought you were placing him at the very lowest of the low;—and although we were never any favorites of his, (who called the Island *une Roche des pirates*) not a house in the place, but there is

Napoleon's picture, and all declare it was the greatest compliment paid to his talents and celebrity, that all the civilized powers of Europe should find it necessary to keep the lion in his den, with so many to look after him."

The crowds of Noblemen of all nations, made Malta one continued scene of festivity and mirth. The first who stood conspicuous was Lord Yarborough, the Commodore of the Yacht Club, in his magnificent frigate built ship, "Falcon," and it was gratifying to an Englishman to call him countryman. His entertainments were of the first order, and he spent £40,000 a year upon that only; in fact, such an influx of wealth,—so many of the community employed,—the improvement both in appearance and dress,—the clean sweeps of the "Monte di Pieta" by the redeeming of the innumerable pledges, spoke wonders; but notwithstanding all these advantages, there were a number of wretches ripe for revolution, and ready to join any party; however, intrigue (the ruling power) was crushed in the bud, and one of the most formidable ordered to quit, which they thought proper to obey. Once more every thing assumed its natural course, and affairs went on as usual.

On the 28th of December, 1830, Commissioner Briggs arrived at last, thank God! On the 1st of January, 1831, he took upon himself the duties of his office. The history of a day here is much the same as a year, and the only alteration I discover, is that I am growing older, and the system giving in by degrees, and I am thinking of a change to renovate.

On June the 18th Sir Henry Hotham arrived to relieve Sir Pultney Malcolm, with whom we all part, with but one feeling of the sincerest regret at his loss. I took "Britannia" out of harbour on the 24th, and said farewell with a very heavy heart.

Malta as usual, all life, fun, and glee. Prince Joinville, the third son of Louis Phillippe, honored us with a visit. The Prince gave a splendid ball to the community of Malta, led off by the young Prince and Lady Frances Hotham, a very charming woman. Still Russians dropping in,—two liners and a frigate; however, the energetic line of conduct pursued by the ministry, and executed by the functionaries here, have pretty well beat them to a stand still. Every branch of the department is getting on as smooth as possible,

and most happy and comfortable with our excellent soul of a Commissioner.

On the 16th of July, a submarine volcano showed itself in latitude 37. 7. 3. N., and longitude 12. 42. E., directly in the track of vessels bound to Malta; twenty-eight miles from Siracca in Sicily, thirty-five from the Island of Pantillaira, and one hundred and four N. W. from Malta. The "Hind" cutter was ordered there to make a report, which was as follows.

"On Monday, July 25th, at 8 P. M., saw a column of smoke twenty miles off, issuing (as we found on approaching it) from an Island, one quarter of a mile long, and one in circumference, the N. E. end the smallest. Sounded in 75 fathoms, the Island bearing W. S. W. three or four miles,—sandy bottom with shells. The eruptions were beautiful, and the columns of white and black smoke resemble plumes of feathers. It was then called Melville's Island, but the change of ministry changed it to Graham's Island. The powers of Sicily claimed it, and whilst the affair was in discussion, it sunk again just sufficient to make it a very dangerous shoal.

The year 1831 closes upon me rather gloomily ;

the fact is, I am getting older, and diseases stealing gradually upon me. On the 28th of January, 1832, that charming good soul, Miss Harvey, was married to Sydney Beckwith, a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, given away by the Commissioner. There was various dispositions upon the subject, and some of them very arbitrary and offensive, but at last it was carried with flying colours, and a jovial day we had of it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Death of Mrs. Ross.—New regulations of the Admiralty.—His constitution begins to break down.—Distraction of parties.—Arrival of the Flag Ship "Ceylon."—Alterations and reductions in the Dock Yards.—Remarks thereon.—Death of Sir H. Hotham.—Arrival of Sir P. Malcolm.—July 24th, 1833, repaired to the Palace, to witness the investiture of the Order of the Grand Cross of Saint Michael and Saint George, to Rear Admiral Briggs.

ON the 24th of March, 1835, I heard the heart breaking news of the death of poor Mrs. Ross, who died in the most excruciating agony, after thirteen days suffering by her clothes taking fire. Poor dear Lady, many, very many have lost a warm hearted friend in her. The torments she underwent, I understand were maddening, and the affliction of the family not to be described.

June 25th. Another attempt to revolutionize France. No more Commissioners in His Majesty's

Dock Yard, but in future to be designated Superintendants, the duty the same :—why the innovation, no body can tell, but it has given general discontent. No Navy Board. July 26th, another innovation :—our Captain Superintendent Thomas Briggs, C. B., this day became Admiral Superintendent, and is no longer a civil appointment,—the same emoluments as a Commissioner, but no retinue; what will come next? On the 27th, he hoisted his flag on the Sheers until a ship comes out, which is to be the “Ceylon.” Saluted from the palace, and congratulations flowing in from all quarters :—long may he enjoy his honors, for a better soul never breathed.

I find I am at last “going to go;” my constitution is beginning to display symptoms of giving in; God knows I have no right to complain,—although queerly put together, the materials have proved true “heart of oak,” or I never could have weathered what I have. Cholera raging in London.—Young Buonaparte dead.—All strife and contention in the political world, with which I have nothing to do, although party spirit is convulsing my poor country, and every part of Europe seems to be ripe for revolution and mis-

chief, and our Senate now appears to be composed of a strange heterogeneous mixture, and a determination of trampling upon all order, and liberty and equality substituted. France set the machine to work in 1789, and is playing the same game again: and the influential powers are performing one of Buonaparte's pranks, of making and dethroning kings, and if order and respectability is not soon restored,—*Delenda est Carthago*.

The every day occurrences are so gloomy, and are contracting into a compass so small, that it seriously affects the respectability, happiness, and comfort of not only nations and hemispheres, but the domestic welfare of every individual throughout the globe, as if acted upon by some great convulsion of nature. All is a scene of anarchy, riot, and confusion, in which the very elements bear a considerable share, by visiting a portion of the globe with plague, pestilence, and famine, and it is a period that will bear a very marked character in the page of history in ages to come.

Our long looked for flag ship, the "Ceylon," is arrived at last, and a precious concern she is. An old East India extra ship, bought into the Naval

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service in 1809, and mounted thirty-two guns, and on the 29th of November, 1832, hoisted a blue flag at the mizen, for Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, saluted by the Commander in Chief, and warped her up to the Dock Yard to dismantle her.

An order was issued from the Admiralty to all Dock Yards, to transmit for their information, the names, age, services, &c., of every Officer and Clerk in the department, together with amount of salaries, and every other particular. Mark my words, this is the beginning of a blow to be struck, that will seriously affect some of us; and sure enough, on the 9th of March, 1833, with the scratch of a pen, eighty-three were discharged upon receiving nine days pay, and turned adrift upon the world without the slightest provision; most of them fathers of large families, and had been employed in the Dock Yard since they were boys. My clerk, (Mr. Ceccarelli,) held the situation twenty-eight years, and is the father of fourteen children:—could I let a worthy, faithful, intelligent servant starve? I retained him at a very great inconvenience to myself, and which I can very poorly afford, viz. 3s. 3½d. per day, to

house, feed, and clothe sixteen. The scene was heart rending,—the grief general throughout, from our gallant Admiral down to the humblest individual; and as for the poor men themselves, they were convulsed with sobs, and deluged in tears :—what prospects for their starving families. I was at the reduction of the Madras and Trincomalee Establishments, and was distressed enough there, but I never shall forget the pangs I endured upon this occasion, and God forbid I should ever witness such another scene.

A more hard working, industrious race I have never met with in all my travels, but the superabundant population keeps half the community out of employment. In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, I have never failed meeting with Maltese, who make good seamen, clever workmen, and the most easy to control, of any class of people I have ever had under my charge; remarkable for sobriety, and when called upon to fight our battles, they were always ready, by land as well as by sea.

I went home that evening low spirited and unwell, and passed a wretched night. On Monday the 11th I was at my post, but for what? I

had a great deal on hand, and my means were two boatmen ;—my God ! a Naval Dock Yard under the British flag, always considered one of the first of maritime powers ; comparatively speaking, no seamen, no labourers, no watchmen to look after nearly half a million of property ; in fact, it resembled a town sacked, and the Officers walked up and down looking at each other, like strange cats in a garret. It must not, “it cannot come to good.”

On the 12th, my mind was excited to a degree of agony ; I wrote officially to the Admiral, pointing out the necessity of the employment of six men, as I was a perfect cypher without them, and at present, in my very important and responsible situation, beat to a stand still,—got the men, and on the 17th, our Admiral started for Gibraltar in the midst of all our calamities, to reduce that Establishment. On the 14th of April he returned, and on the 20th we were all struck dumb with the very awful and sudden death of our gallant Chief, Vice Admiral The Honorable Sir Henry Hotham. Gloom was spread all over Malta, at this dreadful calamity, and poor Lady Frances was in a state of distraction.

I shall pass over the melancholy tale of the last duties paid to his remains. His loss was much regretted, and all classes feel for poor Lady Frances, and every one connected with the family. He only arrived on his command June 18th, 1831, and died the 20th of April, 1833, not quite two years. The duties in the mean time devolved upon our excellent Admiral Superintendent, T. Briggs, C. B.

On the 20th of May, H. M. S. "Belvidera" sailed with Lady Frances for England. Poor dear lady, you were accompanied by the condolence and best feelings of Malta, in every class and description of the community to whom you had endeared yourself by your very amiable manners and goodness, as well as your misfortunes in the unexpected loss of a strongly attached and affectionate husband, as well as a highly gallant, honorable, and distinguished Officer, and whose memory will be long cherished and looked up to as a copy, where the gentleman and sailor were so happily blended. Farewell! Farewell!

My clerk is allowed £60 a year for life, but no refund to me, so I give him £30 a year out of my own pocket, making his emoluments altogether

£90 per annum :—I am rejoiced at it. On the 8th of June, Sir Pulteney Malcolm arrived once more, much to the satisfaction of almost every body.

On the 24th of July, 1833, at 11, P. M., I repaired to the palace, to witness the investiture of the order of the grand cross of Saint Michael and Saint George, to Rear Admiral Briggs. It was splendidly performed, and we all congratulated Sir Thomas and Lady Briggs on the occasion. My excellent soul, Captain Martin of the *Volage*, a Navarino hero, was present, of whom more hereafter.

CHAPTER XXX.

Obtains two months leave of absence, and embarks on board the "Alfred."—On Thursday, at sunrise, in the Gulf of Kotokythia.—Reminiscences.—On the 24th, up at sunrise.—Splendid scenery of the Greek Islands.—A song.—Paid a visit to Sir. P. Malcolm, who was all kindness, and advised me to continue on board the "Alfred" for a cruise.—Visited the plains of Argos.—Met King Otho, who had just been thrown from his horse.—Returned on board at midnight, much pleased with the trip.

WHETHER the old craft's timbers are failing, and nature at last beginning to yield, and disease lurking about me to attack the most vulnerable points; or whether from an over excitement of the mind from late occurrences, loss of consequence from a privation of resources to enable me to carry on my duties cheerfully, effectually, and respectably; saddled with embarrassments arising out of money paid by me to my clerk, to keep up the accounts in my department,—certain it is, it has so acted upon the nervous system, as to

deprive me of rest or appetite ; and finding I am sinking rapidly, resolve as a last resource, to apply for two months leave, and try a cruise to sea for change of air and scene, as well as to drive away a gloom and lowness of spirits, which I find to be gaining ground. For that purpose, I obtained a berth in the gun room of H. M. S. "Alfred," and embarked on the 18th of August, accompanied by my faithful servant, Carlo Borg. At 8, P. M., took our departure ; St. Elmo light house bearing S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$, and S. 21 miles, and with a jovial set of messmates, I hope to derive every benefit from the trip, in health, spirits, information, and a large additional fund of "classic lore ;" and to be more particular, this part of my reminiscences will be quite in the journal style.

On Thursday the 22nd of August, at sunrise, we were in the Gulf of Kolokythia ; several of the Islands popping their summits up above the dark blue sea, edged with purple and gold, and in all varieties of shape and magnitude, and every spot you see is so interwoven with tales of fiction and historical facts, that if a classical scholar brings objects before you, and scenes to your recollection, it renders a trip in this part of the world

more interesting than any other on the globe,—blended as it is with information, sacred and profane.

On your right hand is the Island of Cerigo, (the ancient Cytherea) where Venus, the goddess of beauty and love landed; “when she arose from the broth that swam on the seas,” and on your left, in the distance, is the site of ancient Sparta, (now Mistra) the birth-place of Helen, the cause of a ten years siege, that reduced the famous city Troy to ashes.

At sunset, off the Hermit’s retreat; some say he was a wild enthusiast, and others a great rascal, who from his pinnacled situation, makes signals to the Mainotes, the most formidable pirates in the Mediterranean. On the 23rd it was lovely weather, but a beating wind: Milo, Antimilo, Talconera, and Bello Paulo in sight, and standing into the Gulf of Napoli, and soon after midnight anchored under the Palmeda. On the 24th, up at sunrise, being all anxiety to see every thing in this interesting part of Greece. The view throughout was sublime, and every object carried with it much interest, from the Palmeda to the Acropolis, accompanied as it is with tales of

fiction ; it was also a gratifying sight to view the British flag, and I could not for the soul of me, although on the quarter deck, help singing—

“ Behold the Britannia, how stately and brave
She floats on the ambient tide ;
For Empire designed, o’er the turbulent waves,
See how trim and how gallant she rides.”

Malabar, Barham, Madagascar, Alfred, and Rover in company. To be completely master of my own time, I hired a Caique for 1½ dollar per day, (dear enough) and after breakfast, paid my respects to our excellent Commander in Chief, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was all kindness to me, and advised me by all means to remain on board the Alfred, as she was going a very desirable cruise, and I should have the opportunity of seeing the most interesting parts of the Mediterranean. Called on board, and paid my respects to the squadron, and in the afternoon landed on the plains of Argos. Visited Tyrinthus, the supposed birthplace of Hercules, a rude concern, of Egyptian construction, and very fit for a pig-stye ; bought a crook from a shepherd on the plain for sixpence, and on our return, met King Otho, who

had just been thrown from his horse ;—I hope not ominous, but the Greeks are a treacherous set,—time out of mind.

The town (a miserable heap of ruins and filth) was brilliantly illuminated, in honor of the King of Bavaria's birthday. Saw several beautiful and well dressed Greek girls, with much good company ; and the costume of the men (a very fine race) was very elegant and becoming. The Cafés were crowded, and abundantly supplied with ices, coffee, spirits, and wine of all sorts. I returned on board at midnight, much gratified with my trip.

CHAPTER XXXI.

August 26th, visited the Lake of Luna.—Description.—Came on board the *Madagascar*, and dined with Captain Lyons.—Anecdote of that gallant Officer.—A love affair.—On the 27th of August, hired a Barouche, and drove over the plains of Angos, and proceeded to Agamemnon's tomb.—Description of it.—Continued cruising.—September 1st, landed about five miles from Athens.—Passed through a grove of orange trees, and saw the Acropolis through the branches.—Visits the Acropolis, and other public buildings.

On Monday, August the 26th, visited the Lake of Luna, celebrated in heathen mythology for the grand exploits of Hercules, who destroyed the Hydra here, as also for a festival called Lernœa, in honor of Bacchus. The Lake is there still, and turns several mills, and furnishes our squadron with delicious water, and an excellent washing retreat for Johnny, who does not forget to do honor to the residing deity, in copious libations of excellent wine, there being no want of temples to

accommodate his votaries. The bed of the Lake is studded with pebbles of marble, and here and there a rock as pure and white as snow, just high enough to sit upon, and after exploring the extent, (N. B. little more than a brook,) I refreshed myself with a bathe in the translucent stream, then seated myself across a marble slab, and performed the usual honors in a bottle of Hodgson's best X X, with some biscuit and double Gloucester, and in singing, as they did at all their feasts, to that god,—“Here's a health to jolly Bacchus.” My sobriquet ever after, by the by, no bad prototype, came on board, dressed, and dined with Captain Lyons, of H. M. S. “Madagascar,” an old acquaintance of mine of twenty-two years. I shall here take the liberty of mentioning an anecdote respecting that Officer, that astonished not only every body concerned in the expedition against Jarva, but all the world besides, being one of those sort of occurrences that takes place once in the history of a nation, and may be compared in daring and enterprise to the story of Marcus Manlius, saving the capital of Rome.

On the 13th of July, 1811, the exploit of

storming Fort Marrack, situated on a promontory to the westward of Batavia, mounting fifty-four heavy guns, and garrisoned by one hundred and eighty soldiers, besides the crews of two gun boats, by my friend, Lieutenant Lyons, of H. M. S. "Mindea," at the head of two Middies, (one a mere child in years) and thirty-two men, the particulars of which brilliant achievement are so fully described in James's memoirs of that gallant and enterprising Officer, renders any comment of mine quite unnecessary. I shall content myself by relating a circumstance particularly in reference to the undertaking.

I was pacing up and down the veranda of the Captain's house at Madras, "blithe as the lark that each day hails the morn," when my friend exclaimed,—“By the Lord, what a happy fellow you are Pitt, how I envy your possessing such a flow of spirits.” I was then thirty-one years old, and my young friend did not appear to me to be twenty, and looked quite a boy then; his hair was very light and silky, his complexion fair and delicate, and his person slight, and under the middle size. A report at this time was current in Madras, that the Flag Lieutenant to Admiral

Drury had placed his affections upon a very lovely widow of an Officer who had died there, and the lady in question was under the particular care of the Commander in Chief, who kindly provided a comfortable passage for her in H. M. S. "Diomed" about to proceed to England, and designated his Flag Lieutenant as her squire, who attended her upon all occasions while she remained in India,—she considering him more as a child of her own, than as a candidate for a husband. She was young and lovely; a commanding sort of beauty more than an imploring one. "Her feet ravished his eyes, her beauty caught his heart." He made her an offer, she laughed at him, and drove him almost to distraction and suicide. All I heard him say upon the subject was this,—“She calls me a mere boy, but we are now going upon an expedition, and if I do not make her ashamed of her want of feeling, and excite her admiration in spite of herself, I’ll be d——d. I respected his grief too much to laugh at him, but considered it simply as the ebullition of “Love’s young dream,” and that time would cure it; however, where the flame burns so pure and genuine as in this instance, it ennobles the mind, and is a spur to the most

brilliant and laudable enterprises, and a more dazzling proof does not exist, than the storming of Fort Marrack.

Notwithstanding so much was advanced against him for the rash and daring undertaking, honors have been heaped upon him; he is a Post Captain, and now Sir Edmund Lyons, our Minister, &c., at Athens, honored by princes, protected by kings, with the pride of a brother we all respect, and love him as a genuine True Blue; and I shall ever feel myself proud and happy in the honor of his acquaintance.

On Tuesday, August 27th, hired a barouche, and a party of six drove along a road as smooth as a bowling-green over the plains of Argos. Surrounded by mountains in the distance, grand and sublime, and in all the variety of magnificence, after a delightful run of two hours, we bivouacked under a large tree at the foot of the mountain of Mycenæ, and then proceeded to Agamemnon's tomb, contiguous to the ruins of that once famous city. The only vestiges now left is the entrance called the "Lyon Gate," a construction in the Cyclopean style of architecture, or to come nearer home, like all the ruins of the temples of the

ancient Druids. The supporters and cross pieces are of enormous size, and heaped one upon another in the most grotesque, clumsy, and unaccountable manner. It was once the capital of a kingdom, and founded 1348 years before Christ. The figures of two animals over the gateway, meant for Lions, are rude and contemptible, and when we think of the works of a Phidias Praxiteles and many others, we are overcome with conjecture.

From this barbarous heap of ruins we proceeded to the tomb of the unfortunate Agamemnon, who was elected Commander in Chief of the Grecian forces, going against Troy to revenge the insult to his brother Menelaus, by Paris running away with Helen ; he returned victorious, and was murdered by his wife. The tomb is in the same rude style of architecture, as to the immense dimensions of the stones used in the construction ; its shape a bee-hive, and would strike the passer by to be a lime kiln. It has two apartments ; the walls were covered with the names of travellers of all nations, in charcoal ;—I saw many well known to me, and with whom I have passed several happy hours in Europe, Asia, Africa, and

America, and left my own name among them. There is a rude stone in the centre of the outer chamber meant for a Sarcophagus. There was a fire in the inner apartment, which furnished us with charcoal; left this in half an hour, almost suffocated with smoke, and covered with fleas. Took coach again at the foot of the mountain, through a beautiful country, to the once flourishing and famous city Argos, about six miles or fifty Stadia from Mycenæ, and now an impoverished, miserable village of mud huts. On the river Inachus,—this plain is flooded in winter, and causes much sickness. An amphitheatre still remains very perfect; our pits are built after the model, in the shape of a horse-shoe, the seats one behind the other up the mountain, and the stage in front, all in the open air:—the steps or seats are still very perfect. There is also the remains of a temple here, where there is an oracle,—insignificant and contemptible. The Acropolis or citadel on the summit of the mountain, I could not accomplish, and I came on board pleased with my trip,—smiled at the humbug, and made up my mind never to go again.

On the 29th of August, once more under sail;

passed Cape Colonna, rendered famous for Plato's school, where there are the ruins of a temple still as white as snow; and in modern times, for the scene of Falconer's shipwreck. On the morning of the 30th, beating up the Gulf of Egina, and as may be supposed, I was all eyes, and it called me back forcibly to school days. The Acropolis and Parthenon in sight,—beating up for the port of Salamis,—passed the Piræus, and at 1, P. M., came to an anchor directly under the hill where Xerxes took up his position, and like a Nimrus, sat blubbering upon a stone, and looking at Themistocles, annihilating his fleet:—here again in triumph was riding Britannia, St. Vincent, Malabar, Barham, and Rover. The next day I proceeded to Eleusis; the sail up the different creeks was very picturesque,—the country beautiful,—but the ruins not worth looking at.

September 1st. This day really was a treat; sailed up the Piræus, and could not help smiling at what my fancy drew, from reading the history of Greece in my early days, of what I imagined, and what the Piræus really was, and cannot help thinking it an unwarrantable waste of time, to cram a child's brain with such a parcel of lies, and

when he leaves school, imagines himself well matured in classic knowledge, cannot trace the slightest resemblance in any thing he sees to what he has read, and at times you find so much truth mixed up with fiction, that you are like the jackass betwixt the two hampers of greens.

At 7, landed at the "wapping old stairs" of the port, and about five miles from Athens, and it is no bad designation, for a miserable hole it is. I trusted myself across a horse, and made sail along a very good road, through a beautiful grove of olives, having an occasional peep at the Acropolis through the branches of the trees. The morning was deliciously refreshing,—not a single cloud to obscure the sky, and with spirits light and elastic, pushed on to see this city so famed in history.

At 8, passed through the first gate, (N. B. I have seen a better to a coal store,) different to Strada Reale gate. The streets were narrow and dirty; the houses still remaining, mere hovels, and the greater part of them in ruins. No two horses can go abreast in the streets, nor is there any path for the security of the pedestrian: we took with us a guide, (John Bull like) having secured a dinner at "L'Hotel de l'Europe" at two o'clock.

But I suppose I must go with the stream, and praise every thing I see, from the school of Athens with its magnificent pillars of the Corinthian order. The temple of the winds, about the dimensions of a common water stall for horses to drink at, an octagonal building; the winds North, N. E., East, S. E., South, S. W., West, N. W., expressed by figures in marble, and considered by the cunning in the art of sculpture, exquisitely executed, and I suppose by Phidias of course. It is erected in a dirty hole of a place, and the approach through filth, to see a parcel of smutty figures, contributes much to break the classic charm. The lanthorn of Diogenes, the size of a sentry-box, and resembles the one in the Common Prayer book, that Guy Faukes carries; in fact it is a Lanthorn to all intents and purposes, and from the appearance of the neighbourhood, his search for an honest man would be so much labour lost: St. Giles's is Portman Square to it, for a more pick-pocket, shilling-seeking, cut-throat looking set of rascals one seldom sees, and Fielding would have hanged them all without asking a question. From hence we proceeded with our hands in our pockets to the Acropolis,

and certainly we were amply repaid for our labour, and could not help feeling we were treading on classic ground. The Parthenon, or temple of the virgin, stands first in pre-eminence; we went on the top, and the various figures in relief over the entrance, were most spirited in the execution,—the horses in particular, and even now, at the immense distance of time, are very perfect: they represented all the circumstances that related to the birth of Minerva, and shows, when put to the push, they could be like chambermaids. Every other erection was in keeping, and the stone so beautifully chiselled it looked almost alive. It is to be lamented that so much injury should have been sustained in the last conflict with the Turks; the dilapidation has been immense, but still much remains to admire. We then proceeded to the prison of Socrates, consisting of three small apartments cut in the solid rock about six feet square. At the foot of the mount, stands the tomb of Philopappus, a Greek warrior, contiguous to which, and just above the prison, is a mound called the Pnyx, where all their celebrated orators used to harangue and deliver their lectures to the crowds around them. The

above mound was famous for the assemblage of married women who were barren, (considered a great calamity and disgrace with the Athenians). It was here they offered up their vows,—made presents to their priests, to invoke the presiding deities to render them fruitful,—voluntarily underwent the whimsical ceremony of sliding down on an inclined plane, as it was considered the launch could produce a friction, and promote a circulation of the blood favorable to their wishes; and it is said, the ladies declared it was rough riding at first, but they soon got used to it, and after a time the hill became as smooth as glass. Close to the Pnyx is the temple of Theseus, the only ruin with a roof on it; it has a very light and airy appearance, and must have been in its day what I should call pretty, but not grand; it is too narrow for its height and length.

We returned from our trip much gratified; took our dinner and dessert with some of the honey from the Hymettus, and repeated Virgil's line, "*Amor habendi melle cecropias apes urget.*" (N. B.) tastes too strong of thyme to please me, so I washed it down with a bottle of Chateau Murgeaux, and came on board as tender as any

Pnyx sliding lady could wish to be. Her motives enabled her to endure it like a philosopher, but I did not stand in need of curry'combing, and my saddle resembled one more than any thing else, and I say as a Maltese mother would,—“Nyx John, no Pnyx for me.” They in general can produce eight or ten pledges of their affections.

CHAPTER XXXII.

September 6th, pays his respects to the Admiral to thank him.—Admiral's remarks.—Pompey's pillar in sight.—Description and remarks on Alexandria.—Preparations for a sail up the Nile.—Reached the Nile after a forty-eight miles sail down the Canal, and a splendid view bursts on his sight.—Appearance of the Natives.—17th, at day light, saw one of the wonders of the world, the Pyramids.—Arrived at Grand Cairé.

SEPTEMBER 6th, I paid my respects to our excellent Chief, to thank him for the opportunity he had afforded me to see so many of the lions. "Well Pitt, I am glad you have been gratified so far; and now Alfred is going where you will have an opportunity of seeing one of the greatest lions of the day, Mahomet Ali." Took my leave, and ran over for Suda in the Island of Candia; and on the 7th, made sail for Alexandria. Mount Ida in the S. E. capped with snow.

On the 11th of September I was enjoying my

wine after dinner with Captain Maunsell, my much esteemed friend, and old East India acquaintance of twenty-two years standing, when the Officer of the watch reported "Pompey's Pillar" in sight; left the table, and my attention was soon engrossed by the scene before me, and brought a variety of incidents to my recollection of this most interesting spot, and particularly so to the scholar and the British Officer. Infancy—I see the unfortunate Pompey taking leave of Cornelia, who was almost frantic at their parting. "He spoke, but she unmoved at his commands, thus loud exclaiming, stretched his eager hands, whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone? Still must I weep our common griefs alone." Infancy—I see him fall by the assassin Septimius, as he was about to land near the eminence, where the column now stands. I landed not far from the celebrated watch tower, Pharos or light-house, built by Ptolemy 1st, King of Egypt, 285 years before Christ. I proceeded to Cleopatra's needles in the first place; one was erect, and the other laying upon the ground half covered with sand. I looked in vain for the great temple of Isis, and had pointed out to me what was supposed to be

the site of the Alexandrian library. The city still covers a large space of ground, and daily increasing; but the same fault and bad taste exists here, as in all Turkish and Asiatic, as well as Arabian cities: the houses are very mean, the streets very narrow, and abominably filthy, and nothing approaching to comfort to be seen any where,—grandeur is quite out of the question. I visited the very spot where Buonaparte and his savans landed, and rode over the battle field, and rolled in Egyptian dust, (for any donkey threw me,) as I was chaunting—"On that famed spot in ancient lore, where Isis and Osiris once held sway, where kings who sleep in Pyramedic pride; but now for British valour far more famed, since Nelson's band achieved a glorious day, and crowned with laurels Abercrombie died."

Visited Cæsar's camp, where he bravely repulsed Photinus; here he fell in with, and was captivated by the charms of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, so famous for her attractions as well as talents. Entered also by invitation an Arab tent, and was received by a pretty young Egyptian; I gave her a dollar, and she gave a kiss, for which her brother gave her a crack with his slipper upon her seat of

honor, that made her both roar and run; no insult can surpass a blow with a slipper, but a pull by the beard. Our Arab appeared to be disposed to walk with us, but we carried too many guns for him; after all, they are made up a great deal with their turbans and robes,—strip them to the skin, they could not show candle to one of our barge's crew. Here too I was in the neighbourhood of Aboukir, the thoughts of which, always makes an English sailor stand on tiptoe.

On the 13th, arrangements having been made to that effect with Colonel Campbell, the Consul General at Alexandria, (an old acquaintance of mine at Jamaica,) respecting boats, &c., Captain Maunsell, Lieutenant Edmonstone, and myself, with five Mids, accompanied by Selim our Janissary, &c., repaired on board one of their country boats to go up the Nile, very differently fitted up to Cleopatra's galley, when she sailed down the river Cydorus to Tarsur, to have an interview with Mark Anthony. As all the orders for our reception emanated from Mahomet Ali, I fully expected we were going *en prince*, and with all that magnificent eastern splendour I had been accustomed to in India, and at any rate, with the comfortable

accommodation I always enjoyed in my situation at Malta;—not that I expected our galley to be “covered with gold, or our sails of purple silk, and the oars of silver, keeping time to the sound of flutes and cymbals, or that we should recline upon couches spangled with stars of gold, or such other ornaments as poets and painters usually ascribe to Venus:” but at the same time must confess myself woefully disappointed with our conveyance, which was a caique or country boat of twenty-five tons, forty-five feet long, and nineteen wide, with one hatchway to contain stinking ballast and our provisions, covered over with rough boards, badly fitted to the comings or ledges, and neither lock or key. We had a smaller boat for the Mids, and with a cook and four servants we started up the canal Mahmondieh with a rattling breeze, and having dined before we left Alexandria, (sailor like) made the best of a bad bargain, and as good stowage as our confined space would admit. Our cabin, consisting of a kind of hurricane box, six feet long, six feet wide, and four feet high; the after cabin, three feet long. The fore cabin was covered with a mat, a Turkey carpet, and an ottoman of velvet

cushions round three sides of it, where we could lay down, two at a time only. A spar, or what you would call a pole, was secured to the main mast and poop, and having provided ourselves with sails, we made a capital awning, under which two cots were slung, and with a spanking breeze and colours flying, away we went. At 10, P. M., the young gentlemen joined us, and we supped together, making tables of our cases of provender, of which, our outfit was abundant; our trunks served us for seats, and after a splendid repast, accompanied with several songs, among which, "the battle of the Nile" was not forgot, sent the youngsters on board, and prepared for rest, but swarming with rats, fleas, musquitoes, and other Egyptian plagues:—I passed the night on deck.

On Saturday the 14th, at day-light, landed at a village, and after sacrificing to the graces, getting supplies of delicious fruit, mutton, milk, and eggs, we were off again, and at 10 arrived at the head of the canal, forty-eight miles, when the splendid Nile burst upon our sight,—it was magnificent. Here a lock separates the head of the canal from the river, at a town of some note called Hutfi. After a little battling the watch with the natives,

our dragoman seized two boats, unloaded them, washed them out, transhipped all our traps, and after a detention of $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, we were once more under weigh, touched at Fonah, where there is a manufactory for red caps, worn all over the Mediterranean ; it was an extensive building, and employed 1200 men and boys : passed several villages on each side, and at very small distances were wells, pocotlas, mills, and all sorts of simple contrivances to irrigate the land, and poverty, misery, and slavery, displayed in every countenance the dreadful effects of despotic and unbounded sway. . It was for the most part a flat, uninteresting country,—here and there a few clumps of trees. The appearance of the natives was nothing new to me ; their complexions, figures, features, tattooings, &c., are all familiar to me. The veil of the women is the most uncouth (not merely unbecoming) part of their dress. In the first place their robes are nothing but a succession of cloths thrown over them, without any regard to comfort, elegance, or setting off the person to advantage. When walking out, their costume partakes of the mummi, the eyes being only visible ; the veil resembles a jelly bag, or elephant's

trunk, the upper part is secured round the head below the eyes, covers the nose, cheeks, and mouth, and comes to a point below the neck.

On Thursday the 17th, at day-light, saw one of the wonders of the world,—the Pyramids; and at 10, Grand Cairo, the capital of Egypt in the distance. At noon we landed at Bulao; mounted our baggage on camels, ourselves on donkies, and proceeded by invitation to Mr. Galloway's, chief engineer to Mahomet Ali, our party consisting of nine, with five servants; refreshed, dined, and passed a most delightful evening, and nothing could surpass the hospitality of our excellent host. Settled matters to wait upon the Governor of Cairo, having sent to know when it would please his Excellency to receive us. The answer was very gracious, and that we should be furnished with suitable conveyances and attendants the following day at 10 o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

September 18th, after breakfast, mounted horses, and proceeded to the city in state.—Anecdote of a Scotchman.—Interview with the Governor.—His remarks on our Midshipmen.—After taking pipes and coffee with the Governor, took leave of him.—Saw the mint, foundry, Joseph's hall.—Proceeded to the City of the Dead.—Visited the Mosque.—The Mad House in a terrible state.—The Slave Market.—Saw Napoleon's residence.—Description of the beautiful gardens at Shudruh, and Ali's summer retreat.—September 20th, leaves for Alexandria, after an absence of nine days.—Dined with the Consul General of Egypt, Colonel Campbell.—Introduced to Mahomet Ali.—September 30th, left Alexandria.—Gave Sir P. Malcolm a journal of his excursion.—October 7th, sailed for Malta, and arrived November 27th, 1833.

ON Wednesday, September the 18th, after breakfast, mounted our horses, splendidly caparisoned; the housings, &c., were of crimson velvet bordered with gold. We were attended by the Vice Consul, Mr. Galloway, our host, with horsemen armed and mounted in advance to clear the way, and others

in the rear to close the cavalcade, with two grooms at the head of every horse, but they were all too much of the Bucephalus caste to please me, and I preferred a donkey, that I might not have so far to fall. We were all prepared, with Osman, (our interpreter,) a Scotchman, taken in Fraser's expedition, 1807, who turned Turk in preference to losing his head, and was bought by a Pasha, who gave him his liberty when he died, and left him a comfortable legacy. He is employed on all occasions by government, on visits of ceremony by English travellers, who call upon him also in all cases of necessity; he keeps a sort of lodging house, and makes it out very well, but still he is a renegade, and estimated accordingly; but Sawney is a philosopher, and says "hout teet, man, they would have humbugged me, and as a live dog is better than a dead lion, why I just humbugged them, and am as much of a Turk as you are, but only a bit of a hypocrite, and when I saw 420 heads stuck upon spikes over the gate way we shall pass through, I felt mine set very gingerly upon my shoulders, and so do you see here I am." We had no right to press him any further, and off we started through the main street

which appeared to me to be as long as St. Giles's and Oxford Streets, but not quite so wide; and but for our guard, should have been capsized again and again by the camels, but by dint of pushing, pricking, and basting, we made tolerable good way. In passing through the gates to the castle, we called to mind the treacherous and bloody deed of Mahomet Ali, in butchering the Mamelukes.

We were received by the Governor (standing,) which is considered a great compliment, and exclusively paid to the English, as they say,—but I have read Haji Baba. We were seated on the Divan, in a hall of audience, commanding an extensive view of the Nile, Cairo, and its neighbourhood, with the Pyramids in the distance. His Excellency was very much struck with our Mids, particularly Mr. George Briggs, son to our excellent Admiral Superintendent, Sir Thomas Briggs; he was a fine, handsome youth, with that open and ingenuous countenance which is always sure to make an impression: there were four others. Lords Kenn and Compton, Mr. Law, a connexion of the Lord Chancellor of England, and Mr. Coote, the Captain's nephew. The Governor observed, what a pity it was to tear such fine

children from their families, but had often heard the English were obliged to press their countrymen into a service so perilous and repulsive, and was astonished when Captain Maunsell mentioned their rank in society.

He was a short, thick set old man, with a cheerful laughing face in spite of his white beard, (an emblem of gravity,) and has a son in our Navy, who has become a downright John Bull, and always appears in the English costume, and in consequence of his son being one of us, the attention was in proportion, and we saw every thing. We took our leave after pipes and coffee, with the same professions of kind feeling, &c., and visited his state apartments, which were gorgeous, with a great deal of gilt gingerbread in the style, but nothing strikingly elegant. Saw the mint, foundry, ruins of Joseph's hall, and went down into the well; the wild beasts were no great show, only lions, tigers, and elephants, and their dens were in a dirty state.

We then proceeded to the City of the Dead, and tombs of the last Caliph, and visited a mosque for a wonder. The tombs were large, but without much decoration; no relief from groves of

cypress trees, and this place smelt so strong of corrupted mortality, that I got upon my donkey, and rode out of the stench as fast as I could. We went to the mad-house next, the first I was ever in, and God forbid I should ever see another. It was a quadrangle with dens built round it; the poor wretches in all the stages of the disease, perfectly naked, and chained to the wall, male and female, the place filthy and stinking: I left it hastily, shuddering with pity and disgust. The slave market was the next, nothing new to me; the girls were generally twelve or fourteen, from Nubia: their features were pleasing, and they appeared quite unconscious of their wretched condition, and scrambled for the cakes we took them, tumbling over each other in a perfect state of nature. There were some very pretty faces, and their persons bright and shining, being well oiled. Left this capital of Egypt, took some refreshment, and mounted once more for the gardens at Shudruh, along a very wide and smooth road under an avenue of flourishing trees, upon the right bank of the Nile. Passed Napoleon's residence, and where poor Kleber was assassinated in the garden.

Upon our arrival we passed in by a small door,

not a magnificent entrance like the gardens of Haroun Alraschid Caliph of Bagdad, as described in the Arabian Nights, in the story of Noureddin and the beautiful Persian, which was rather an advantage, for we were more surprised and gratified with the contrast, and the taste displayed in laying out the grounds, its extra neatness, and here and there relieved by alcoves and fountains, with every variety of shrub and flower. But the Bijou of this enchanting spot, and where it would appear the person who designed it had the Caliph's pavillion in view, on the banks of the Tigris, where the fair Persian and Noureddin were conducted by Scheich Ibrahim. It is the chief embellishment of Ali's summer retreat on the banks of the Nile, and is 250 feet long, and 200 broad.

On its sides run four galleries or colonnades, composed of elegant pillars of the finest Parian marble, surrounding a sunken court six feet deep, paved throughout with the same beautiful material. At each corner of the colonnade is a terrace, over which, water passes into the court below in a murmuring cascade, having on its ledges, figures of fish sculptured so true to nature, that they appear to move in the flowing stream ; the whole

supply of water rises again through a fountain in the centre, and re-appears in a beautiful "*jet d'eau*," lofty, sparkling, and abundant. In fine weather the Pasha occasionally resorts to this splendid fountain with the ladies of his Harem, who row about in the flooded court for the amusement of His Highness in a state of nature; the whole most brilliantly lighted up.

A building called a palace is not at all in keeping to these beautiful grounds, the interior displaying a great deal of richness, with a great deal of dirt, quite in character with Grand Cairo, which is a city of palaces, mosques, filthy contemptible sheds and dwellings, dirty allies, narrow bazaars, no pavement as usual for the protection of foot passengers, and independent of other nuisances, the strings of camels without ceremony capsize and walk over you, neddy and all, if you do not get out of their way, which requires at times some ingenuity, and always a sharp look out.

On the 20th of September, after a stay with our generous host of three days, we took our departure once more for Alexandria, in a boat pulling four oars, arrived at that city at sun-rise,

after an absence of nine days, highly gratified with our trip, and at the same time delighted it was over. Had a good scrub, a delightful breakfast, and a refreshing nap, clear of vermin and other nuisances, and in the evening dined with the Consul General of Egypt, Colonel Campbell, an old friend of mine in Jamaica, who took us to wait upon the lion of the day, Mahomet Ali. We heard prayers at the palace for a wonder, but Mahomet is a free thinker. We were ushered first into a receiving room, when his approach was announced, and we followed him into a spacious audience hall, magnificently lighted up in the centre by a large chandelier, the divan or sofas round the top, and two sides of green velvet and gold. I could not keep my eyes off this extraordinary man, the Napoleon of the day ; he was plainly dressed in the costume of a Turk, all in white, with the exception of his shawl of many colours, and very slovenly put on ;—his stature short and thick set, and stooping from age made him look more so, for he was upwards of seventy ; his complexion sallow, and nothing particularly striking or pleasing in his countenance,—indeed it was a very common every day face, that you might

see in a vender of sherbet, figs, and rhubarb, with the exception of his eye, where there was a devil lurking, and partook a vast deal more of the fox than the fawn. He was very affable, chatty, and approachable; complimentary beyond measure, of an inquiring mind, and very quick in his questions. In the words of a celebrated author on the subject of the qualifications of this prince, he says,—“No one has attempted to conceal, that there is in the temper of Ali, intermingled with many good qualities, a deep tincture of barbarism and fierceness.”

The Mahmondieh or canal communicating with the bank of the Nile, forty-eight miles from Alexandria, is a great undertaking, and the benefits he derives there from are immense. His Dock Yard and public buildings bespeak great activity, and to which he gives a great deal of his personal attendance. Here I will take my leave of him, by observing that I would not accept an appointment however lucrative, to serve under such a capricious Despot, upon any terms of future emolument.

No man could ever feel himself safe with him, after the treacherous and bloody butchery of the

Mamelukes ; we took our leave of Mahomet Ali, and my friend Colonel Campbell, and on the 30th of September left this extraordinary spot so interesting in the page of history, sacred as well as profane. Touched at Candia and Spezzia for orders, and joined our excellent Commander, Sir Pulteney Malcolm at Smyrna, on the 18th of October, with the greater part of his squadron. Wrote him a sort of journal of our trip, with which he was much pleased, and invited me to dine with him, and a continued scene of festivity prevailed all the time I was there. Took a trip to Smyrna, for the squadron was at Vourla, eighteen miles off. Went over the same ground I trod thirty-one years ago, and found it just as populous and filthy as ever.

On the 6th of November I took leave of Sir Pulteney and all the squadron : left the " Alfred " for a passage in the " Barham," and on the 7th sailed for Malta, where we arrived on the 12th, and such a ship for sailing I never was on board before, she literally flew through the water. I was quite delighted to see all my old friends again, and resumed my duties as far as I could in quarantine, by surveying " Barham's " stores, &c.,

and on the 27th of November hauled down the yellow flag, and once more took possession of my house, and went on in the jog-trot way as usual. Paid my visits, but in some way or another, the close of the year 1833 was not so cheering. Much exacted from us by the boards at home, so that we are becoming discontented, and jaded to death.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The year 1834 commences with great depression of spirits arising from dyspepsy.—Departure of Sir P. Malcolm, March 23rd.—Dined with the Royal Fusileers, and drank health and happiness to him.—Marriage of Miss Briggs.—Sends in all his papers of service, and testimonials from Officers.—April 1st, 1837 closed his public career, and retired on a pension of £280 a year.—General remarks on the profession to which he had been brought up.

THE year 1834 begins with great depression of spirits, arising from dyspepsy, and God knows how it is to end, and I begin to apprehend it would have been more advisable to have taken a trip to my native country for six months, for I find I am giving in fast, and a vast deal too much with the doctors to please me; added to which, the reform restrictions are so oppressive, it has ceased to be a desirable or comfortable office to hold, and much more is exacted than our means can accomplish, so that discontent pervades the Establishment

throughout, where the spirits are acted upon from physical causes, and rendered more acute by the many alterations, reductions, and alarming inquiries that keep the mind in a continual state of excitement.

On the 10th of February, there was every appearance of a gregale, which induced me to go off to every vessel in the squadron, to caution them to let go one or two anchors if necessary: "St. Vincent" did not think it was necessary, and at 2, A. M., she broke from her moorings, and went on shore, and then of course threw all the blame upon the Dock Yard. The anxiety, the fatigue, the vexation, and the colds from exposure for four days together, with the enquiries and reflections upon a system already violently acted upon by disease, soon began to show itself, and from that period my constitution (tough as it was) displayed the first symptoms of decay in a variety of shapes, the principal of which, was an unconquerable wretchedness of mind, loss of appetite and rest, and thus it has continued ever since, with a few intervals of relief, at which time I rallied to that degree, that no one could suppose there was any thing the matter with me, until all at once I had

another knock down blow, that shook the fabric to its very foundation. A description of one day will serve.

March 2nd, 1834, called upon Dr. Liddell, and was not able to speak to him from a gush of grief. My mind is evidently out of order, and he recommends all that he can do by way of diversion to cheer my spirits, but I fear that is past his mark, and I expect madness will succeed my present sensations.

On the 5th, our new Commander in Chief, Sir Josias Rowley, signalized; an old companion in arms in the river Plate, &c., in 1807, 1808, and 1809. We are all distressed beyond measure at the loss of Sir Pulteney Malcolm. No Officer so completely won upon the affections of those who had to do duty under him. On Sunday the 23rd, Sir Pulteney Malcolm sailed with every demonstration of respect and affection, as were displayed, sufficiently convincing of the genuine and general feeling, by salutes and tears; in fact the parting was distressing. Dined with the Royal Fusileers, and drank health and happiness to him in a bottle of champagne.

I have only one circumstance for the remainder

of this year to mention, to break through the monotony of this now miserable existence, which is the marriage of my most excellent friend, Captain Martin of H. M. S. "Caledonia," to Miss Briggs, the only daughter of our worthy Admiral Superintendent, Sir Thomas, who also honors me with his friendship, and constantly showering his kindnesses upon me. We have now been known to each other upwards of thirty years, and I was at Madras when he was married to the finest lady in India, the present Lady Briggs, who is looking as well as ever, and as young as her daughter. It is quite delightful to see them now, blessed with such a charming family, with the proud addition of so distinguished and accomplished Officer and gentleman for a son-in-law, as Captain Martin. I hail with sensations of pride and pleasure, the day I first became known to him. Such associations as these attach one to life, otherwise there are few inducements to make it any longer desirable to me, and the year 1836 is only remarkable for a gradation from bad to worse, and after the 26th of May, in which month I became blind, an accumulation of disorders assailed me, so that I

was at last laid upon my back. with very little prospect of ever being able to do duty again.

Finding myself a mere wreck and the shadow of a man, I sent in all my papers of service, and testimonials from Officers I had done duty under forty-two years; applied to retire from official life, with that pension my country thought me entitled to, and the 1st of April, 1837, I closed my public career with a pension of £280 a year, being £20 less than I had on my return from Trincomalee in 1823.

Feeling a presentiment that I shall not survive the winter, I will fill up these few pages (which I have inadvertently skipped) with a few remarks in reference to the profession I have been brought up in, particularly as I have heard many strictures against those nursed in it, but a few degrees beyond the brute creation. The English gentleman who chooses the profession, with a mind well stored, and in consequence expanded, ought to make him a most agreeable and desirable companion. No necessity to fetter and perplex it with calculations how to make money, for he knows to a farthing how much is due to him. His table is found him, and if at the point of

death, he has no occasion to trouble himself about paying the undertaker's bill, for his hammock is his coffin : the dark blue sea he has been nurtured in—his grave. Debarred a great deal from the pleasure of the society of the fair sex, the best of them requires a little polish ; but that deficiency is made up by a playfulness of manner, a certain peculiarity of thinking, speaking, and acting, very different from the landsman, so that in an inland country he is looked upon as a nondescript, but his society is at all times much courted. His devotion to the fair is unbounded, and friendship formed when boys is never forgotten, and the thoughtless young Middy and the Admiral are just the same.—“Sweet is the memory of our early days,” is delightfully verified in the meeting of old messmates ; the one whom fortune has smiled upon, has his hand, heart, and purse open for his less lucky messmate, and will assist him with all his interest. His run on shore is generally just long enough to spend all his ready cash, when he is off to sea again, for three or four months, which gives him time to reflect and replenish, and recruit his health.

An assemblage of youth, the sons of gentlemen

generally, compose a Midshipman's birth ; it is a little Government within itself, partaking it is true of a great deal of the despotic : they try all they can to reclaim a loose fish, and very soon bring a quarrelsome man to his bearings, and correct severely the exuberances of a bad temper ; but if a downright incorrigible, unprincipled fellow, he is very soon turned out of the ship and service.

In points of service they vie with each other in deeds of daring, as all our Naval Biographers sufficiently testify ; read any thing to surpass it if you can. In social life, as I said before, he is a most agreeable, diverting, playful, good natured companion as ever lived ; but do not tread upon his toes, for once get the steam up to a high pressure, look out for your safety valve. To conclude : to blend the sailor, the officer, and the gentleman together, the lesson from Dr. Dudley is a very excellent specific.

“ Prepare thy son early with instruction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth, so shall he rise like a cedar on the mountains ; his head shall be seen above the trees of the forest.” As far as myself is concerned, if I had my life to spend over again, the sea would be my profession.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO HIS SISTER.

Dock Yard, Malta, Aug, 20th, 1834.

I cannot refrain from noticing the beauty of the water in the evening. I dined yesterday at the Artillery mess, Fort St. Elmo, on the right hand side coming into the harbour. The moon was beautiful and in all her splendour; not a ripple disturbs the sea,—a true Italian sky, powdered with stars, and not the shade of a cloud to be seen in the whole expanse,—the Maltese boats gliding gently through the water, and the silence only broken by four voices, in the greatest harmony, singing in the style and melancholy of the Canadian boat song. I was enchanted with the

effect when a novelty, but it was off, like all common customs, and becomes fatiguing by repetition and long residence; but still it is excessively pretty.

From dinner I repaired to the Palace Square, took my coffee and curaçoa, had a chat with the lads of the village, started at midnight in my own splendid boat, and glided over the water to my retreat, which I consider one of the most comfortable houses in Malta.

Malta, September 1836.

I am labouring under a recurrence of what is termed moon blindness: I see as well as ever by day, but by candle light every thing puts on a deep red appearance,—this is my chief ailment at present, and a grievous one it is; my optics have had long and the severest trials by day and by night.

I am at present the oldest Master Attendant in the British Naval Service. I have laboriously climbed to the top of the tree, and that is the utmost of my ambition; and although in years not so old as those who have home yards, yet in heavy

service I have exceeded them, having stood for so many years the appalling ordeal of contagious climates, both in the eastern and western parts of the globe to my own amazement. I can scarcely believe it to be other than fiction, when I reflect on the multitude, I may say, which I have seen drop from the effects of climate, and here I am, heart whole as a biscuit, while many of my brother Officers are toddling about with gout and rheumatism, and obliged to soak their crusts.

I am glad to hear you are all alive; that is right, keep up the steam. I am just returned from a Festa; crowds of Maltese ladies were assembled, bedizened in 'all their best, but no adornment in my eyes can make them equal to my own country women; the York and Lancaster will ever be my taste. I promenaded with them for three hours, and enjoyed myself. You know the fairer sex ever to have been objects of my greatest delight and interest: my reading just now is Segur on women, and I agree with him, that we are made heroes in the nursery, and there gain most of our estimable principles; all our evil doings are imbibed afterwards, by intercourse with the world. I do live in hopes of once more seeing

my native country women in our own glorious little Island.

I am marking out my pleasures in anticipation, and one will certainly be a trip to Windsor, to spin a yarn with my agreeable messmates, the Royal Fusileers ;—*nous verrons*.

You allude to disappointments : take no trouble on my account with regard to the legacy, and I exclaim with Job Thornbury,—“ D—n the grid-irons and frying pans :—women mostly have an eye and taste for old teapots and cups and saucers.”

Malta, April 23rd, 1837.

This is the day of St. George, the patron of our Isle, and who was neither more or less than a pork contractor,—a great rogue, and was sacrificed for his villainies, and made a saint of. Gibbon gives you all the particulars.

I have been made so joyous at my old friend Copeland having been posted by our dear young Queen,—God bless her for it. He is as gallant an Officer as holds a station in Her Majesty's service, and is the hydrographer on this quarter. He has been employed for the last twelve years

surveying the coasts and harbours of the Mediterranean, a most fatiguing, harassing and anxious duty, and requires first rate talents to effect. You must be exposed to all sorts of weather, taking angles on the tops of mountains, &c., and numbers die in the undertaking. He is here and invalided, but we all hope he may recover to enjoy his promotion. He and I have been down at the same time; the Bulletins—Copeland and Pitt not expected to live through the night, but both are revived. I have left my room fine drawn as a tailor, too weak to witness the loyal and heart felt animated scene of the reception of England's beloved Dowager Queen, the first glorious honor of the kind Malta has ever known, and being the widow of a Naval King, she is deeply rooted in our hearts, and Johnny is quite in his glory. I can only illuminate, and will do my best in that way to manifest the sincere feelings of a British tar's faithful heart, and you may be perfectly assured how much I regret my inability to appear.

July, 1837.

A gloomy month; Zepho, one of my servants seized with cholera, and dead in two hours: my invaluable young man Carto mending fast, and the barometer of my spirits is rising in proportion, but I continue a poor creature; this nothing-to-do kind of existence I feel very irksome. My chief occupations now are walking and reading; I walk in the Dock Yard when strength enables me to do so, and I still like the smack of the whip. I have taken a house about three hundred yards from my old residence, and you shall have a drawing when I am installed. I can see every ship going out and coming into port; it is a fine airy situation, the approach a good carriage road,—a terraced dwelling,—the entrance by large folding doors,—lion knockers *a l' anglaise*. The dining room on one side, the steward's pantry for glass and crockery on the other; out offices, a spacious passage, a very nice kitchen, a court yard with two wells,—so much for the ground floor: up stairs, a beautiful staircase, a drawing room larger than my blue room at the Dock Yard house, a sitting room, three bed rooms, &c., and

a fine look out at the top of the house, commanding the grand harbour, and all this for ten pounds a year, but without health what is it. The cholera is still raging, we have lost about four thousand this touch. The packet signal is given. Adieu.

My contemplation is of a very serious nature just now, as I am about to lose my valued and estimable friend Admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, whose term of station closes here, and he is about to return to England, and when he is gone, how will the charms of Malta be curtailed : as for me, I might as well be in the back settlements of America, and become a stoic of the woods, "a man without a tear." In my state of debility, I dread the parting, for at the best of times my heart was never of adamantine mixture, but I must let gratitude surmount all other feelings, and thank my lucky stars that I have not only enjoyed the society, but the friendship of two such Admirals as Sir Thomas Briggs, and Admiral Ross ; they are a pride, honour, and glory to a nation, and sources of delight and pleasure to all who knew them.

I have been acquainted with Sir Thomas for

twenty-seven years, and of course have rejoiced in all the happy occurrences which it has been his lot to experience, and which he has so richly merited. If I mount my pegasus upon this pedestal, my declamatory powers will know not when to pause; my flights are too sudden to bear much connection, and for digression you will think me as bad as Sterne, but I even like to roam, and hate to be fettered. I certainly have had a thousand regrets and self reproach that I have not put more restraint on my expenses, but it is now too late, and grieving is a folly. I am sorry to say my timbers are failing me sadly, and I am now dependent for amusement on the kind attention of friends and visitors

I am as tender and delicate as a young lady, although I do not look much like one. I have just had a visit from some kind and fair darlings, all looking as brisk and frisky as a bottle of Ashburton pop; they have quite cheered me with their good natured laughing countenances, perfect signals for mirth. It has been with us a dreary rainy winter. I cannot refresh myself by blowing a cloud as Jack calls it. Should I regain my strength, I do hope to see dear old England once

more ; you have no idea how high she holds her head among all the powers in the Mediterranean.

August 17th, 1837.

I am waiting for my artist to take a sketch of my new dwelling, which for excellence is called the montpelier of Malta ; I think you will like it much, the situation is most picturesque, standing on a hill which commands the Dock Yard and creek, with an extensive view of the Island, surrounded as far as the eye can reach with embrasures, curtains, glaces, cavaliers, bastions, draw bridges, sentries, appearing on such pinnacles you would almost fancy them posted in the air. Quere,—did you ever see Lodoiska, and do you recollect the tower wherein she is confined?—in just such a position is erected a convent, not fifty yards from my shop, from whence Lodoiska (Mrs. Crouch) sings to Floreski (Mr. Kelly) that beautiful air, “Ye streams that round my prison creep.” I sung it by a beautiful moonlight in my best voice, and rejoiced was I to find the power of so doing had returned ; since which, I have been occasionally entertained with an *airiette*, accom-

panied by the guitar, and I suppose if I were thirty years younger, I should be mounting a rope ladder, and scaling the walls.

Never fear, as for the nuns,—none of them for me.

Malta, January, 1838.

I am greatly pleased with your remarks on my inestimable and noble friend, Admiral Ross ; he is certainly one of the stars of the first magnitude, and is as good a specimen of the Naval character as you will meet with in the British Naval annals, and as great a hero. I could tell you of such feats as would appear almost like romance of history : it is enough to add, that on comparing notes, he and I in former days have repeatedly been in close contact, having very frequently met at Jamaica, when I was in the packet service in 1795, and again in 1798, and 1802. In the first instance he was Sir Hyde Parker's Flag Lieutenant ; in the the second he was a Commander, and in 1802 a Post Captain as Flag Lieutenant. He was often on board the "Countess of Liecester" packet ; it happened to be at the period of the Maroon war,

and we might have been wanted at a moment's notice. In 1795, I was with that mad fellow Reddin, and I had all the executive to perform, being conversant in the packet service; and as Reddin was always drunk after ten o'clock every morning, I had to apply for assistance to stock our ship with water. We met frequently upon that occasion, and again in 1801 and 1802, in the "Townsend" packet, Captain Dodd, and at Jamaica in 1824, I was immediately under his command.

Malta, February, 1838.

I have sent you some extracts from my journal, the statement of facts, and when I am in a less weakly state than at present, I can furnish you with more, as I have lots of materials. You will set me down as a great egotist, which is one of Jack's characteristics, as he mostly makes himself the hero of his narration, and from the Admiral down to the Mid, we all have a forebitter to veer away upon.

We are noted for the marvellous, and very fond of spinning a yarn. The sea life at times sub-

jects you to the liability of several weeks exposure to the expansive and magnificent view of sea and sky without variety, which cannot but dispose the mind to contemplation, and in fine weather, sharpens the imagination, and leads you imperceptably into the mazes of fancy and invention, and by the assistance of a retentive memory, I have been considered a top sawyer in my early days.

The confinement for any length of time on board a ship,—the same society day after day, and week after week, promotes the desire of making yourselves entertaining to each other, and as necessity is the mother of invention, you may readily understand what a beautiful situation a ship on a long voyage is, for the fertilization of imagery; but now “the dream of life is nearly o’er, and I am settled down into the lean and slippered pantaloon.”

To give you an idea, I here insert a dialogue I over heard, between two fore-mast men. “I was in Jamaica” says Johnny to his listener, “in that dreadful hurricane, that laid Port Royal in a heap of Ruins, and in a moment I was on the palisades, burying a messmate, when all at once I found I was taken off my legs, and in less than a minute

was sitting on the nether edge of a cloud." "And pray how did you get down?" "Why I waited for a rainbow, and got upon it, and slid down." "But was it long enough?" "No, so I held fast for a shower, and then I came down by the stream." So much for the visionary.

Malta, February 17th, 1839.

The packet arriving from England last night, and the mail closing to-morrow for England again, I considered myself in great luck, until I saw the date of yours, the 31st of January, and makes them much later than I anticipated; but as the Italian says, *nonimporte*, it becomes a matter of little consequence.

February 16th. A bleak and cold morning, with a predisposition to fever: like a loyal subject, I ventured over the water to see the Queen Dowager, who was attended by all the court, &c., to point out where the first stone of our new church was laid; whether I got a check of perspiration, or what it was, or the nature of the disease, or rather attack, I know not, nor will any of them tell me yet; when I came to my senses I found

myself in bed, where I have been ever since. I am very weak in consequence, but eat like a tiger, although I have felt ever since my upper works out of order, and my memory going rapidly to leeward; I have also lost the use of my hands, all which smells strong of apoplexy, it is just the critical age. The doctors laugh at me, and say I am *molières malade imaginaire*. and worth fifty dead men. It may be so,—*mais nous verrons*. Carlo's picture comes by this packet: the young man's vanity has induced the artist to make him by far too fine; his own face and figure are remarkable for bluntness and honesty, although certainly a good likeness, but too *mimini pimini*. He is a tough hardy sailor looking fellow, with a fist to knock a bullock down, and instead of a delicate white hand, more resembles a piece of raw meat, and the great fault in the artist is, he appears in a brown stud, and that not a pleasant one. Now his smile is particularly winning, and his eyes lively and sparkling; he is twenty-seven years of age, with a bushy head of hair and whiskers, and there is master Carlo for you. The faithful creature sleeps within two doors, and by my bedside at every touch of the bell.

The Queen is gone : I have nothing new to tell you, and only dropped this to let you see all was right, and God bless you.

P. S. Like Samson, with all my strength, I am loosing all my hair, and recollection too.

*Spring Hill Cottage, Malta,
June 11th, 1839.*

You will see by this tumble-down-dick kind of a hand, that there is something naturally wrong in my flipper, and sometimes for days I have not the slightest use of them, and it as unexpectedly returns. To make matters as bad as they possibly can be, my amanuensis is as great a cripple as myself, and we are both tied by the leg ; his is more serious than mine, being erysipelas, and he has been on crutches for two months. My legs continue to swell very much during the day, but nearly all gone by the next morning. I am in no pain at all, have no appetite, and have not touched any meat these four months, nor gone down stairs, so that I am loosing flesh, and look like " death on the pale horse."

Z

You and I appear to be going it neck and neck, but you must not tumble down stairs at this time of life, I did not bargain for that, it shakes one more than is pleasant. Malta, a city of ups and downs, has received the weight of my poor shattered old bones several times, and I find every tumble tells.

I have been debilitated to delirium, but am now pulling up. Bouchier called a few days back, and I was pleased to find Ward and Calvert were holding their chins well above water. Miss Lander I am told has arrived, and is considered very pretty. I received a charming cheering letter from Sir Thomas Briggs, who intends writing to you.

Malta is as usual, and I have nothing new to communicate; I merely wrote this to satisfy you I was alive and in my senses. I hope Carlo's picture has reached you before this.

The Landers are constant in their inquiries about you, and Mrs. L—— begs to say she takes her three miles trip every fine day. She is nearly thirty years older than I am.

Remember me most kindly to John, Mrs. West,

and all the young Zephyrs, and with the hope you
will have no more tumbles,

I remain,

Yours as ever,

WILLIAM PITT.

P. S. It was a tumble, or between that and a
jump that injured me.

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